

JOAN OF ARC,

A N

Gal g Wa

EPIC POEM,

B Y

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



ΕΙΣ ΟΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΑΜΤΝΕΣΘΑΙ ΤΗΕΡΙ ΠΛΑΤΡΗΣ.

ΟΜΗΡΟΣ.

BOSTON:

Printed by MANNING & LORING,
For J. NANCREDE, No. 49, Marlbro'-Street.

1798.

31



D

V
T
A
B
C
I

T
C
R

JOAN OF ARC,

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Dunois (*the Bastard of Orleans*) carried away by his wounded Steed, faints with loss of blood. JOAN discovers and heals him. They proceed to the King. Narrative of the Maid. She relates the Capture of Harfleur, and the expulsion of the inhabitants by Henry the 5th. Her education with Bizardo. The annunciation of her mission and subsequent life.

WAR's varied horrors, and the train of ills
That follow on Ambition's blood-stain'd path
And fill the world with woe ; of France preserv'd
By maiden hand, what time her chiefs subdued,
Or slept in death, or lingered life in chains, 5
I sing : nor wilt thou FREEDOM scorn the song.
I sing : nor wilt thou FREEDOM scorn the song.

Sunk was the sun : o'er all the expanse of air
The mists of evening deepening as they rose
Chill'd the still scene ; when thro' the forest gloom,
Rapt on with lightning speed, in vain Dunois 10

Now check'd with weaker force the unheeded rein,
Now rais'd the unheeded voice. Swift as the storm
Tremendous urges o'er the dangerous cape
His sweeping pinions, rush'd the steed ; for deep
The heavy-hanging arrow's barbed point 15
Gor'd his red flank. Impatient of defeat
Shame and Revenge boil'd in the Bastard's breast.
Adown his batter'd arms the tide of life
Roll'd purpling ; soon its grasp the nerveless hand
Relax'd, and faint and fainter wax his limbs. 20
Dim rolls the shadowy eye—he droops—he falls.
Chill drop the dews of night. The new-born sun
Refulgent smiles around. From trance reviv'd
In dubious life Dunois unseals his eyes,
And views a form with mildly-melting gaze 25
Hang o'er his wounds: loose to the morning breeze
Waved her brown hair, and on her rubied cheek
Hung Pity's crystal gem. Fearful awhile
Lest wandering Fancy's unsubstantial shapes
Had mock'd the vagrant sense, silent he gaz'd, 30
And gazing wonder'd; o'er his aching soul
Soon Memory rush'd and woke with ruthless hand
Each sleeping care.

“ O France,” he cried, “ my country !”
When soft as breeze that curls the summer clouds
At close of day, stole on his ear a voice 35
Seraphic. “ Son of Orleans ! grieve no more.
His eye not slept, tho' long the All-Just endur'd
The woes of France ; at length his bar'd right arm

Volleys red thunder. From his veiling clouds
Rushes the storm, Ruin, and Fear, and Death. 40
Take Son of Orleans the relief of Heaven :
Nor thou the wintry hour of adverse fate
Deem useless : Tho' unhous'd thou roam awhile,
The keen and icy wind that shivets thee
Shall brace thine arm, and with stern discipline 45
Firm thy young heart for fearless enterprise.
As who, through many a summer night serene
Had hover'd round the fold with coward wish ;
Horrid with brumal ice, the fiercer wolf
From his bleak mountain and his den of snows 50
Leaps terrible, and mocks the shepherd's spear."

So spake the delegated Maid. Meantime
From many a potent herb the juice she press'd ²
Medicinal, and touch'd with lenient hand
Each gaping wound, where life as loath to fly 55
Sat trembling : not the plants Medea cull'd
On Colchis' plain, nor those ingredients dire
Erichtho mingled on Pharsalia's field,
Making the foul retenant its cold corse,
More potent ; thro' his frame with force divine 60
The subtle spirit ran, and every limb.
Fill'd with unwonted vigor ; from the ground
On nimble feet he sprang, and knelt, and spake.
" O more than mortal ! thou whose powerful hand
Avails to check the rapid step of death, 65
Snatching his prey even from the open'd grave.
O Powerful ! O Benignant ! for myself

Thus saved, I thank thee ; for my country, more ;
 Angel of Heaven ! for surely thou wilt aid
 My country, and mine arm nerv'd with new life 70
 Shall on these proud invaders pour the war
 With tenfold fury." " Son of Orleans, cease ;"
 With loveliest smile she said, " nor thus misgive
 What Heaven alone can claim. To Heaven return
 The grateful prayer ; to Heaven, whose bounteous
 will 75

Me, most unworthy, delegates to wield
 His thunder. Hear Dunois the tale of Her,
 Offspring of frail Mortality, yet doom'd
 To save her country. Lead me to the king,
 And as we journey on, these lips shall tell 80
 'The wonderous work of Fate.'

She paus'd ; meantime,
 As down the steep descent with many a step
 They urge their way, her eye with wistful gaze 85
 Views the departing scene ; so his last glance
 High from the deck the wretched exile sends
 To all that life holds dear ; the glist'ning tear,
 Soften'd her eye and all the Woman reign'd.
 Soon the delusion dies ; in distance lost 90
 Fades every spot belov'd ; the hillock's top,
 The oak wide-branching, and the rising smoke
 Slow o'er the copse that floated on the breeze
 Melt in the morning clouds. She dried the tear,
 Then thus :

"Near Harfleur's wall, where rolls the Seine 95
Full to the sea his congregated waves,
Dwelt Albert once.—Seat of my earliest years !
Still busy Fancy loves with fairy touch
To paint its faded scenes : even now mine eye
Darts thro' the past its retrospective glance, 100
And calls to view each haunt of sportive youth,
Each long-lost haunt I lov'd : the woodbin'd wall,
The jasmine that around the straw-roof'd cot
Its fragrant branches wreath'd, beneath whose shade
I wont to sit and mark the setting sun 105
And hear the redbreast's lay. Nor far remote
As o'er the subject landskip round I gaz'd,
The tow'rs of Harfleur rose upon the view.
A foreign master holds my father's home !
I, far away, remember the past years, 110
And weep. The invader came. High o'er the waves
Rides the proud armament in dreadful pomp
That wafted slaughter ; to the pebbled shore
The anxious natives throng, and gaze upon
The approaching ruin. On the fav'ring gale, 115
The banner'd lion floats. Then might be heard,
(That dreadful emblem of destruction seen,)
The mother's anguish'd shriek, the old man's groan
Of deep despondence. Desolate the cot ;
Silent the hamlet haunts of Innocence ; 120
For the poor villagers remembering all
Their grandsires told of war, fled wing'd with fear
To Harfleur's shelter ; thither me, yet young,

(For scarce four summers o'er my head had beam'd
Their radiance) bore my fire ; the well barr'd gate,
The massy wall, the turrets guarded strength,
Too fondly wish'd, too fondly deem'd secure.

" Firm on the battlements the natives stand, 3
Hedlefs of Death that rode the iron storm.
Fire-brands and darts and stones and javelins 130
(Vainly destructive) thinn'd the hostile host.

The intrepid foe rush onward. Fourteen years,
Young as I was, have not effaced the scene
From bleeding memory. The widow's cry,
The shrieks of anguish and the yell of war 135
And Death's deep groan, yet vibrate on my heart,
Yet wake the strings of grief ! 'Twere long to tell
The vast variety of woe that fill'd

Unhappy Harfleur. Long Estouteville strove,
Long Gaucour's forceful arm repell'd the foe. 140
In vain they strove, for weak were the wide walls
And few the gallant garrison, worn out
With days of ceaseless toil, and fearful nights
Of unseen peril. O'er the wasted town

The dreadful engines of destruction hurl'd 145
Their ponderous ruin : then my father died !

Spirit of Albert ! bend from yon high Heaven
Thy head ; look down---behold thine orphan child !
She goes to fill her destiny ; like thee,
Leaving domestic joys, in rugged arms. 150
To clasp her limbs ;--like thee to dare the war,
To die---yet not inglorious ! Wild with woe

O'er my poor father's shatter'd corse I lay,
And kiss'd his rigid cheek, and tore my vest
To bind his mangled limbs ; nor, now bereft 155
Of him the only parent of my youth,
Fear'd I the horrors that prevail'd around.
Suddenly all was still : anon burst forth
The shout of conquest : from their long-lov'd homes⁴
Thrust forth, the unhappy natives wander o'er 160
The wasted plain, in want and wretchedness,
Feebly I followed ; one who knew and lov'd
My fallen father, sav'd his helpless child.
Long time he journeyed on in hopes to gain
Beyond old Arden, in his sister's home 165
A safe asylum ; and we now had reach'd
The wood, with many a painful day's hard toil,
When by the rankling wound that prey'd upon him
Worn out, he fell. My agonizing shrieks
Pierced thro' the forest, and a holy man 170
Drew near : he bore him to his rock-roof'd cell,
And many a precious balm, and virtuous herb
The aged leech applied ; his earthly cares
Were fruitless, for worn nature funk to rest.
Yet of a Judge, all just, all merciful, 175
A God of Love, inspir'd the hermit told,
And solaced his departing soul with strains
Of sweetest piety, and bade it rise
On Faith's strong wings to Heaven. Thus, once again
Bereav'd of friends, the sport of adverse fate, 180
On his turf'd grave I pour'd the orphan tear.

" Rude was Bizardo's cell ; the beetling rock
Frown'd o'er its ivied entrance ; the hewn stone
Form'd his rough seat, and on a bed of leaves
The aged hermit took his nightly rest. 185

A pure stream welling from the mossy rock
Crept murmuring thro' the wood, and many a flow'r
Drank on its side the genial sap of life.

The rich soil wasted not in worthless weeds

Its nurture ; for Bizardo's patient hand

190

Cultur'd each healing and salubrious herb ;

And every fruit that courts the summer sun

Bloom'd for the holy hermit's blameless food.

Oft would the sage exclaim, " Ah why should man,
Stern tyrant of the field, with blood pollute

195

His festive board ; Nature has spread around

The unguilty food of life abundantly.

How frolic in the sun yon little fawn

Strains his young limbs ; now browzes the sweet grass,

Now o'er the plain leaps lightly ; that man's heart

Were hard and alien from humanity

Who could endure to gore his innocent side !

Sport on, poor forester ! sport on secure,

Fearless of one by hard misfortune school'd

To feel for others. Here my infant years

205

Roll'd on at length in peace ; he taught my knees

To bend in prayer to that all-gracious God

Whose parent power had call'd me into life ;

And who, from every perilous chance preserv'd,

Had to the friendless orphan given a friend. 210

Of every herb that blooms amid the grove,
Or on the high cliff drinks a purer air
He bade me know the virtue ; with the morn
Up from the homely couch we rose to pour
The soul-expanding prayer : his eyes would beam
Seraphic rapture, as with eloquent tongue
He told the works of Heaven to thankless man.
How from the womb of darkness nature rose
Refulgent : at the Godhead's high command
How matter teem'd with life : the earth put forth 220
Her various stores : the groves of Paradise
Gave their mild echoes to the choral song
Of new-born beings : and the last best work
Form'd in God's image, reared the lordly face
To Heaven. But when Bizardo told how man 225
Fell from perfection, from angelic state,
Plung'd deep in sin, and pluck'd the fruit of woe,
And bow'd the knee to fiends, and mock'd at God,
Till Christ expiring on the sacred cross
Pour'd forth the atoning life ; the tears ran down
His aged cheeks with woe-mixt gratitude.

“ Forgive the prolix tale ! Oh I could dwell
Forever thus ; for weeks, and months, and years,
Roll'd undistinguish'd down the stream of Time,
Till fourteen summers smiling o'er my head 235
Saw my young mind rich with the precious lore
Of virtue, and the leeches healing art
By him--the good man--taught.

“ One morn it chanc’d,
As wandering thro’ the wilds my steps stray’d on,
And from the high grass brushed the morning dew,
The track of blood alarm’d me ; void of fear,
For the innocent fear little ; eagerly
I traced the stain, thinking some mangled fawn
Or lamb had from the savage wolf escap’d,
And I might haply heal its bleeding wounds. 245
It led me where outstretch’d on the red earth
There lay a youth wounded, and faint ; his hair
Clotted with gore ; fast from his side stream’d out
The blood ; on his pale cheek the cold dews stood,
And from his hand the blood-stain’d sword had fall’n.
Fearful to leave, yet impotent alone
To bear him to our cell--my echoing voice
Calls on Bizardo’s aid ; he heard ; our hands
Enwove the osier car ; the cave receives
The senseless stranger. O'er his couch I bent 255
With pious vigilance and fearful hope,
Watching the wounded man till fugitive life
Dubious return’d. His eyes gazed wistful round
And ere again the heavy lids clos’d on them
Beam’d languid gratitude. Long time elapsed 260
Ere thro’ his frame the temperate current roll’d
Of former strength : for deeply had he felt
The ruffian’s sword, and distant many a league
Domremi lay the stranger’s native home.

“ Scarce eighteen years had nerv’d the stripling’s
arm ; 265

Yet *Theodore* had view'd each deathful scene :
And oft the tear from his averted eye
He dried ; mindful of fertile fields laid waste,
Dispeopled hamlets, the lorn widow's groan,
And the pale orphan's feeble cry for bread. 270
But when he told of those fierce sons of guilt
That o'er this earth which God had fram'd so fair
Spread desolation, and its wood-crown'd hills
Make echo to the merciless war dog's howl ;
And how himself from such foul savagery 275
Had scarce escap'd with life, then his stretch'd arm
Seem'd, as it wielded the resistless sword
Of Vengeance : in his eager eye the soul
Was eloquent ; warm glow'd his manly cheek ;
And beat against his side the indignant heart. 280
" Meantime autumnal gales had swept the grove,
And to the cold blast now the fullen oak
Spread his unfoliag'd arms ; the cloud-clad sky
Frown'd o'er the drear and melancholy scene.
At length the snows fell fast, and drifting deep 285
Choak'd up the road ; yet felt not *Theodore*
One tedious hour of all the live-long day.
Oh ! he would sit and mark the driving storm,
Whilst o'er the high-heap'd hearth, of a bad world
And of the woes that Man creates for Man 290
He told. Then gazing round our peaceful cell,
Here (he would cry) let *Theodore* remain,
Till at the last his wasted lamp of life
Ently go out." Yet were not then the hours

Devoid of sorrow ; for our anxious eyes
Beheld Bizardo waining to the tomb.

In the full of years he funk : his eyes grew dim,
And on the bed of leaves his feeble frame
Lay helpless. Patiently did he endure,
In faith anticipating blessednes,

Already more than Man in that dread hour
When Man is meanest. His were the best joys
The pious know, and his last prayer was praise.
I saw him die : I saw the dews of Death
Starting on his cold brow : I heard him then

Pour out a blessing on me---Son of Orleans !
I would not wish to live to know that hour,
When I could think upon a dear friend dead,
And weep not. Aching at the heart we delv'd
The narrow house, and o'er the inearthed corse

Heapt we the grass-green sod. The spring came on;
I felt a pang that may not be express'd
Leaving that little cell where many a year

Had past in peace. We journeyed on our way,
Seeking the distant home of Theodore;

And at the last saw o'er the budding copse
The curling smoke rise slow : onward he speeds
Elate of heart. The watch dog with hoarse bark
Announc'd the coming guest ; then, wild with joy
Soon as Remembrance spake his long-loved Lord,

Fawn'd on his feet and howl'd with ecstasy.

*Twas happiness indeed, one face of bliss
Shines thro' the house : the eager ploughman qui-

295

300

305

310

315

The labouring team, for Theodore is come.

Fast down his mother's cheek roll'd the warm tear
Of transport, to her breast she claspt her child,

'Long wept as one no more ; nor me forgot,
But welcomed me even with a mother's smile.

Here past my unruffled days. Sometimes at morn
With pleasing toil to drive the woolly flock 330

To verdant mead or stream, sometimes to ease
The lowing cattle of their milky lead,

My grateful task ; as with a parent's love
Would *Eleanor* partake each peaceful hour.

Hours of delight, ye are forever gone ! 335

I shall no more with cheerful toil prepare
The rural cates for high solemnity

At holy hour ; no more amid the dance
Move in brisk measures with the blameless train.

The cot's calm quiet and the village sports 340

These leave I willingly, these do I change
For the camp's din, the clangor of the war,

The pomp of slaughter : such the high command
Of Duty ; that command I shall obey.

"Dunois ! I dwelt in happiness, my soul 345

Slumber'd ; and never feeling wretchedness

I never dreamt of what the wretched feel.

The night was comfortless ; the loud blasts howl'd,
And as we sat around the social hearth

We heard the rain beat hard ; driven by the storm
A warrior mark'd our distant taper's light. 350

We heapt the fire : the friendly board was spread :

The bowl of hospitality went round,

"The storm beats hard," the stranger cried, "safe
hous'd,

Pleasant it is to hear the pelting rain.

I too were well content to dwell in peace, 355

Resting my head upon the lap of Love,

But that my Country calls. When the winds roar,

Remember sometimes what a soldier suffers,

And think of Conrade." Theodore replied,

"Success go with thee. Something I have seen 360

Of war, and of its dreadful ravages.

My soul was sick at such ferocity;

And I am well content to dwell in peace

Albeit inglorious, thanking that good God

Who made me to be happy." "Did that God,"

Cried Conrade, "form thy heart for happiness

When Desolation royally careers

Over thy wretched country? did that God

Form thee for peace when Slaughter is abroad,

When her brooks run with blood, and Rape, and

Murder, 370

Stalk thro' her flaming towns? live thou in peace,

Young man! my heart is fleshly: I do feel

For what my brethren suffer." As he spake,

Such mingled passions charactered his face

Of fierce and terrible benevolence, 375

That I did tremble as I listened to him.

Then in mine heart tumultuous thoughts arose

Of high achievements, indistinct, and wild,

And vast, yet such they were that I did pant
As tho' by some divinity posses'd.

380

“ But is there not some duty due to those
We love ?” said Theodore ; and as he spake
His warm cheek crimson'd. “ Is it not most right
To cheer the evening of declining age,
With filial tenderness repaying thus, 385
Parental love ?” “ Hard is it,” Conrade cried,
“ Aye, very hard, to part from those we love ;
And I have suffer'd that severest pang.
My Agnes ! I have left an aged mother ;
I have left one, on whom my fond heart doats 390
With love unutterable. Should I live
Till France shall see the blessed hour of Peace,
I shall return. My heart will be content,
My highest duties will be well discharg'd
And I may dare be happy. There are those 395
Who deem these thoughts wild fancies of a mind
Strict beyond measure, and were well content
If I should soften down my rigid nature
Even to inglorious ease, to honor me.
But pure of heart and high of self-esteem 400
I must be honored by myself. All else,
The breath of Fame, is as the unsteady wind
Worthless.” So saying from his belt he took
The encumb'ring sword. I held it, list'ning to him,
And wistless what I did, half from the sheath 405
Drew the well-temper'd blade. I gaz'd upon it
And shuddering, as I felt its edge, exclaim'd,

It is most horrible with the keen sword
To gore the finely fibred human frame !
I could not strike a lamb. He answer'd me, 410
“ Maiden, thou hast said well. I could not strike
A lamb. ‘ But when the invader’s savage fury
Spares not grey age, and mocks the infant’s shriek
As he does writhe upon his cursed lance,
And forces to his foul embrace, the wife . . . 415
Even on her murder’d husband’s gasping corse !
Almighty God ! I should not be a man
If I did let one weak and pitiful feeling
Make mine arm impotent to cleave him down.
Think well of this, young Man,” he cried and feiz’d
The hand of Theodore ; “ think well of this
As you are human, as you hope to live
In peace, amid the dearest joys of home ;
Think well of this : you have a tender mother,
As you do wish that she may die in peace, 425
As you would even to madness agonize
To hear this maiden call on you in vain
For aid, and see her dragg’d, and hear her scream
In the blood-reeking soldier’s lustful arms.
Think that there are such horrors ; that even now !
Some city flames, and haply as in Rouen
Some famish’d babe on his dead mother’s breast
Yet hangs for food. Oh God ! I would not lose
These horrible feelings, tho’ they tear mine heart.”
“ When we had all betaken us to rest, 435
Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolv’d

The high-soul'd Warrior's speech. Then rose the
thought

Of all the miseries that my early youth
Had seen in that beleager'd city, where 6
Death never rested, and the morning sun 440
Made steam the fearful havoc of the night ;
Till at the break of day I slept ; nor then
Repos'd my heated brain ; for to my view
Arose strange forms, sent as I do believe
From the Most High. I saw a town hemm'd in 445
Like Harfleur, round with enemies begirt,
Where Famine on a heap of carcases
Half envious of the unutterable feast
Mark'd the gorg'd raven clog his beak with gore.
I turn'd me then to the besieger's camp, 450
And there was revelry ; the loud lewd laugh
Burst on mine ears, and I beheld the chiefs
Even at their feast plan the device of Death.
My soul grew sick within me : then methought
From a dark lowering cloud, the womb of tempests,
A giant arm burst forth, and dropt a sword
That pierc'd like lightning thro' the midnight air.
Then was there heard a voice, which in mine ear
Shall echo, at that hour of dreadful joy
When the pale foe shall wither in my rage. 460
" From that night I could feel my burthen'd soul
Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.
I sat in silence, musing on the days
To come. Anon my raptur'd eye would glance

A wild prophetic meaning. I have heard 465
Strange voices in the evening wind. Strange forms
Dimly discovered throng'd the twilight air.
They wondered at me who had known me once
A cheerful, careless damsel. I have seen
Theodore gaze upon me wistfully 470
Till he did weep. I would have told him all
The mighty future labouring in my breast,
But that methought the hour was not yet come.

“ At length I heard of Orleans, by the foe
Wall'd in from human succour ; to the event 475
All look with fear, for there the fate of France
Hung in the balance. Now my troubl'd soul
Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every eye,
I lov'd to wander where the forest shade
Frown'd deepest ; there on mightiest deeds to brood
Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
Throb fast. Anon I paus'd, and in a state
Of half expectance listen'd to the wind.

“ Last evening lone in thought I wandered forth.
Down in the dingles depth there is a brook 485
That makes its way between the craggy stones
Murmuring hoarse murmurs. On an aged oak
Whose root upturn by tempests overhangs
The stream, I sat, and mark'd the deep red clouds
Gather before the wind, whilst the rude dash 490
Of waters rock'd my senses, and the mists
Rose round : there as I gazed, a form dim-seen
Descended, like the dark and moving clouds

That in the moon-beam change their shadowy shapes.
His voice was on the breeze ; he bade me hail 495
The missioned Maid ! for lo ! the hour was come.
Then was the future present to my view,
And strange events yet in the womb of Time
To me made manifest. I sat entranc'd
In the beatitude of heavenly vision. 500
At length a wounded courser dropping blood
Rush'd by me. I arose and sought the spot
Where thou hadst fallen ; there the Most High
vouchsaf'd
That aid miraculous which thou hast known.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

Preternatural agency. JOAN and Dunois rest at a cottage. Their host speaks of the battle of Azincour, and the massacre of the prisoners after that defeat. The siege of Rouen related and the miseries of the besieged. The useless inhabitants sent out of the town. Behaviour of Henry to them. Capture of Rouen and execution of Allain Blanchard, its gallant defender.

No more of Usurpation's doom'd defeat,
Ere we the deep preluding strain have pour'd
To the Great Father, Only Rightful King,
Eternal Father ! King Omnipotent !
Beneath whose shadowy banners wide unfurl'd
Justice leads forth her tyrant-quelling Hosts.
Such Symphony requires best Instrument.
Seize then, my Soul ! from Freedom's trophied
Dome
The Harp which hanging high between the shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas, oft gives 10
A fitful music to the breezy touch

Of patriot Spirits that demand their fame.
For what is Freedom, but the unfetter'd use
Of all the Powers which God for use had given?
But chiefly this, with holiest habitude 15
Of constant Faith, him First, him Last to view
Thro' meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as thro' clouds that veil his blaze.
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet 20
For infant minds; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
Things from their shadows. Know thyself, my Soul!
Confirm'd thy strength, thy pinions fledged for flight
Bursting this shell and leaving next thy nest
Soon upward soaring shalt thou fix intense
Thine eaglet eye on Heaven's eternal Sun!
But some there are who deem themselves most free,
When they within this gross and visible sphere 30
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent
Proud in their meanness: and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working Tools, uncaus'd Effects, and all 35
Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves,
Untenanting Creation of its God.
But Properties are God: the naked mass
Acts only by its inactivity.
Here we pause humbly. Others bolder think 40

That as one body is the aggregate
Of atoms numberless, each organiz'd ;
So by a strange and dim similitude,
Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
Form one all-conscious Spirit, who directs 45
With absolute ubiquity of thought
All his component monads, that yet seem
With various province and apt agency
Each to pursue its own self-centering end.
Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine ; 50
Some roll the genial juices thro' the oak ;
Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air ;
And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed
Yoke the red lightning to their vollying car.
Thus these pursue their never-varying course, 55
No eddy in their stream. Others more wild,
With complex interests weaving human fates,
Duteous or proud; alike obedient all,
Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious, o'er dark realms 60
Arrogate power ? yet these train up to God, ♦
And on the rude eye unconfirm'd for day
Flash meteor lights better than total gloom.
As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head
The Laplander beholds the far off sun 65
Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary Night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam

- Guiding his course, or by Niemi's lake 70
Or Baldá-Zhiok, or the mossy stone ²
Of Solfar-Kapper, while the snowy blast ³
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge
Making the poor babe at its mother's back
Scream in its scanty cradle : he the while 75
Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
He marks the streamy banners of the North,
Thinking, himself those happy spirits shall join
Who there in floating robes of rosy light
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the power 80
That first unsensualizes the dark mind
Giving it new delights ; and bids it swell
With wild activity ; and peopling air,
By obscure fears of Beings invisible
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall 85
Of the present impulse, teaching self control
Till Superstition with unconscious hand
Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
Nor yet without permitted power impres'd,
I deem those legends terrible, with which 90
The polar Ancient thrills his uncouth throng :
Whether of pitying spirits that make their moan
O'er slaughter'd infants, or that Giant Bird
Vuokho, of whose rushing wings the noise
Is Tempest, when the unutterable Shape 95
Speeds from the Mother of Death his destin'd way ♦
To snatch the murderer from his secret cell !
Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance

Pierces the untravell'd realms of ocean's bed
 (Where live the innocent, as far from cares 100
 As from the storms and overwhelming waves
 Dark-tumbling on the surface of the deep) ,
 Over the abyrm even to that uttermost cave
 By mishap'd Prodigies beleager'd, such
 As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea.
 There dwells the fury Form, whose unheard name
 With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath
 Unsleeping SILENCE guards, worn out with fear
 Lest haply escaping on some treacherous blast
 The fatal Sound let slip the Elements 110
 And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
 Arm'd with Torngarsuck's power, the Spirit of
 good,

Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
 Of the Ocean stream. Wild phantasies! yet wise,
 On the victorious goodness of high God 115
 Teaching Reliance and medicinal Hope,
 Till, from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth
 With gradual steps winning her difficult way
 Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be Beings of higher class than Man, 120
 I deem no nobler province they possess
 Than by disposal of apt circumstance
 To rear some realm with patient discipline,
 Aye bidding PAIN, dark ERROR's uncouth child,
 Blameless Parenticide! his snakey scourge 125
 Lift fierce against his Mother! Thus they make

Of transient Evil ever-during Good
Themselves probationary, and denied
Confess'd to view by preternatural deed
To o'erwhelm the will, save on some fated day 130
Headstrong, or with petition'd might from God.

And such perhaps the guardian Power whose ken
Still dwelt on France. He from the Invisible World
Burst on the MAIDEN's eye, impregnning Air
With Voices and strange Shapes, illusions apt, 135
Shadowy of Truth. And first a landscape rose
More wild and waste and desolate, than where
The white bear drifting on a field of ice
Howls to her funder'd cubs with piteous rage
And savage agony. Mid the drear scene 140
A craggy mafs uprear'd its misty brow,
Untouch'd by breath of Spring, unwont to know
Red Summer's influence, or the cheerful face
Of Autumn ; yet its fragments many and huge
Astounded ocean with the dreadful dance 145
Of whirlpools numberless, absorbing oft
The blameless fisher at his perilous toil.
Upon the topmost height the MAIDEN saw
A meteor-lighted dome : to every blast
Shook the wide fabric, tottering as to fall, 150
Forever tottering ; round the tempests yell'd
Tremendous, music hoarse ! yet to the ear
Of him who there had rule, the Dynast stern,
Not undelightful. His perturbed flight
Anxious and gloomy, speeding hitherwards, 155

She saw the dark-wing'd Shape : with all its towers
The palace nods : such was AMBITION's voice
Obedient first, fierce servant of fierce Lord,
Cowl'd SUPERSTITION comes, her loosen'd robes
Float on the breeze and half exposed to view 160
The rusted dagger. By her side crept on
Mitred HYPOCRISY, with meekest mien
And step demure, and cross, which to his heart
He prest, and seem'd with heaven-ward eye to pour
The pious prayer ; yet never prayer he pour'd 165
Save when with secret glance he view'd the crowd
Admiring near. REVENGE unwilling quits
The mangled corse ; and prodigal of death
Next SLAUGHTER strode ; his falchion yet unsheathe'd
Reeks from the wound, loose flow his long black
locks, 170

The wide roll of his eye is terrible,
And each limb quivers. CRUELTY comes next,
With savage smile grasping a widowed dove.
And FURY next beating her own swoln breast
Rush'd at the call ; and ENVY hidcous form 175
Gnawing her flesh, and tearing from her head
The viper turn'd to bite : and HORROR wild
With creeping flesh. DESPAIR, his fullen arms
Folded ; aye muttering dark and half-form'd words
Of dreadful import. Aged AVARICE next 180
Hugg'd to his heart his bags, and cast around
(Unwilling tho' to lose the golden sight,)
The fearful look. And fitful JEALOUSY

Anxious for misery came : and feverish **LUST**
Hot from the convent. Palsied **FEAR** fled on, 185
And ever as he fled his ghastly eye
Reverts. Then stalk'd along the giant form
Of proud **OPPRESSION**, on his crowned brow
Sate Desolation, and his pitiless frown
Dispeopled countries : him behind a train 190
Loathly and horrible, of nameless fiends
Outnumbering locusts. Last, as fill'd with fear,
SUSPICION ever-watchful clos'd the train :
Pale meagre spectre, ribb'd with iron plates,
Sleepless, and fearful of the friendly meal, 195
Worn out with anxious vigilance of life.

These at the palace meet, there, porter fit,
REMORSE forever his sad vigils kept,
His heart the viper's feast : worn down his face,
If face it were when scarce the shrivell'd skin 200
Wrap'd o'er the bone, proclaim'd the gnawing pang :
Inly he groan'd, or starting wildly, shriek'd,
Aye as the fabric tottering from its base
Threaten'd destruction, tho' oft announc'd withheld,
Tho' still withheld, expected. These the maid 205
Mark'd as they steer'd their dusky flight along ;
And lo ! she was amidst them. Paved with bones
The floor breath'd pestilence : the emblazon'd walls
With ensigns and with blood-stain'd arms were hung,
The trophies of **AMBITION**. On his throne 210
That Form portentous rear'd his giant bulk,
More huge than he, who with his hundred arms

Scatter'd confusion o'er the host of Gods
Briareus : or the monster brethren twain,
Whose stature swelling ev'ry hour gave hopes 215
Of equalling highest Heaven : nor larger he
Illusive, 'gainst whose head the thunderer Thor
Sped frustrate his full force. A fable helm
Shades his brown face, where glow'd thro' each
dark tint

The fire of anger ; in his hand he grasp'd 220
The desolating spear : his broad black brow
In thought contracted spake his brooding soul,
Sullenly silent. "Maid beloved of Heaven !
(To her the tutelary Power exclaim'd)
Of CHAOS the adventurous progeny 225
Thou seest ; foul missionaries of foul fire,
Fierce to regain the losses of that hour
When LOVE rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings
Over the abyss flutter'd with such glad noise,
As what time after long and pestful Calms 230
With slimy shapes and miscreated life
Pois'ning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
Wakens the merchant sail, uprising. NIGHT
An heavy unimaginable moan
Sent forth, when she the PROTOPLAST beheld 235
Stand beauteous on Confusion's charmed wave.
Moaning she fled, and entered the Profound
That leads with downward windings to the Cave
Of darkness palpable, desart of Death,
Sunk deep beneath GEHENNA's massy roots. 240

There many a dateless age the Beldame lurk'd
And trembled : till engender'd by fierce HATE,
Fierce HATE and gloomy HOPE, a DREAM arose
Shap'd like a black cloud mark'd with streaks of fire.
It rous'd the Hell-hag ; she the dew-damps wip'd
From off her brow, and thro' the uncouth maze
Retraced her steps ; but ere she reach'd the mouth
Of that drear labyrinth, shudd'ring she paus'd
Nor dar'd re-enter the diminish'd Gulph.

As thro' the dark vaults of some moulder'd tower
(Which fearful to approach, the evening hind
Circles at distance in his homeward way)
The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plaining

groan

Of prison'd spirits ; with such fearful voice
NIGHT murmur'd, and the sound thro' Chaos went,
Leapt at the call her hideous-fronted brood !
A dark behest they heard, and rush'd on earth,
Since that sad hour in camps and courts adored
Rebels from God and Monarchs o'er Mankind !
These are the fiends that o'er thy native land 260
Spread Guilt and Horror. Maid belov'd of Heaven !
Dar'st thou inspir'd by the holy flame of Love
Encounter such fell shapes, nor fear to meet
Their wrath, their wiles ? O Maiden, dar'st thou die ?

“ FATHER OF HEAVEN ! I will not fear,” she said,
“ My arm is weak, but mighty is thy sword.”

She spake, and as she spake the trump was heard
That echoed ominous o'er the streets of Rome,

When the first Cesar totter'd o'er the grave
By **FREEDOM** delv'd : the trump whose chilling blast
On Marathon and on Plataea's plain
Scatter'd the Persian. From his obscure haunt
Shriek'd **FEAR**, the ghastliest of **AMBITION**'s throng,
Fév'rish, yet freezing, eager-pac'd, yet flow ;
As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds 275
AGUE, the biform Hag ! when early Spring
Beams on the marsh-bred vapours. "Lo ! she goes !
To Orleans lo ! she goes---the Mission'd Maid !
The Victor Hosts wither beneath her arm !
And what are Crecy, Poictiers, Azincour 280
But noisy echoes in the ear of Pride ?"
AMBITION heard and started on his throne ;
But straight a smile of savage joy illum'd
His grisly features, like the sheety Burst
Of Lightning o'er the awaken'd midnight clouds 285
Wide-flash'd. For lo ! a flaming pile reflects
Its red light fierce and gloomy on the face
Of **SUPERSTITION** and her goblin Son,
Loud-laughing **CRUELTY**, who to the stake
A female fix'd, of bold and beauteous mien, 290
Her snow-white limbs by iron fetters bruis'd,
Her breast expos'd. *JOAN* saw, she saw and knew
Her perfect image. Nature thro' her frame
One pang shot shiv'ring ; but, that frail pang soon
Dismiss'd, "Even so (the exulting Maiden said) 295
The sainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,
And thus they witness'd God ! But now the Clouds

Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
Loud Songs of Triumph ! O ye Spirits of God, 300
Hover around my mortal agonies !”

She spake : and instantly faint melody
Melts on her ear, soothing, and sad, and slow,
Such measures as at calm'ly midnight heard
By aged Hermit in his holy dream 305

Foretel and solace death ; and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-rob'd multitude of slaughter'd Saints
At Heaven's wide open'd portals gratulant

Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The harmony 310⁸
Entranc'd the maid, till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seiz'd and confus'd/ ecstasy.

At length awak'ning slow she gaz'd around ;
But lo ! no more was seen the ice-pil'd mount
And meteor-lighted dome. An Isle appear'd, 315
Its high, o'erhanging, rough, broad-breasted cliffs
Glass'd on the subject ocean. A vast plain

Stretch'd opposite, where ever and anon
The Ploughman following sad his meagre team
Turn'd up fresh skulls unstirr'd, and the bones 320
Of fierce, hate-breathing Combatants, who there

All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
Death's gloomy reconcilement ! O'er the fields
Stepp'd a fair Form repairing all she might,
Her temples olive-wreath'd ; and where she trod,
Fresh flowerets rose and many a foodful herb,

But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
And anxious pleasure beam'd in her faint eye.
As she had newly left a couch of pain,
Pale Convalescent! (Yet some time to rule 330
With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
That blest prophetic Mandate then fulfill'd,
PEACE be on earth !) An happy while but brief
She seem'd to wander with assiduous feet,
And heal'd the recent harm of chill or blight, 335
And nurs'd each plant that fair and virtuous grew.
But soon a deep precurse found moan'd hollow:
Black rose the clouds, and now, (as in a dream)
Their redd'ning shapes transform'd to warrior hosts,
Cours'd o'er the sky, and battled in mid air. 340
The Sea meantime his billows darkest roll'd,
And each stain'd wave dash'd on the shore a corse.
Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven
Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,
His hideous features blended with the mist, 345
The long black locks of SLAUGHTER. PEACE beheld,
And o'er the plain with oft-reverted eye
Fled, till a place of tombs she reach'd, and there
Within a ruin'd sepulchre obscure
Found hiding-place. The delegated Maid 350
Gaz'd thro' her tears, then in sad tones exclaim'd,
"Thou mild-ey'd Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore
fled?

The name of JUSTICE written on thy brow
Resplendent shone; but all they, who unblam'd

Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee HAPPINESS. 355

Ah! why uninjur'd and unprofited

Should multitudes against their brethren rush?

Why sow they guilt, still reaping misery!

Lenient of care, thy songs, O PEACE! are sweet,

As after showers the perfum'd gale of Eve, 360

That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples;

And gay thy graffy altar pil'd with fruits.

But boasts the shrine of Demon WAR one charm?

Save that with many an orgie strange and foul

Dancing around with interwoven arms 365

The Maniac SUICIDE and Giant MURDER

Exult in their fierce union! I am sad

And know not why the simple Peasants crowd

Beneath the Chieftain's standard!" Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit reply'd, 370

" When Luxury and Lust's exhausted stores

No more can rouse the appetites of KINGS;

When the low flattery of their reptile Lords

Falls flat and heavy on the accustomed ear;

When Eunuchs sing, and Fools buffoon'ry make, 375

And Dancers writhe their harlot limbs in vain:

Then War and all its dread vicissitudes

Pleasingly agitate their stagnant hearts,

Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,

Insipid Royalty's keen Condiment. 380

Therefore, uninjur'd and unprofited

(Victims at once and executioners)

The congregated husbandmen lay waste

The vineyard and the harvest : as along
The Bothnic Coast or southward of the Line 385
Tho' hush'd the winds, and cloudless the high noon,
Yet if LEVIATHAN, weary of ease,
In sports unwieldy toss his island bulk,
Ocean behind him billows, and, before,
A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand. 390
And hence for times and seasons bloody and dark
Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,
And War, his strained sinews knit anew,
Still violate th' unfinished Works of Peace.
But yonder look---for more demands thy view." 395

He said ; and straightway from the opposite Isle
A Vapor rose, pierc'd by the MAIDEN's eye.
Guiding its course OPPRESSION sat within,
With terror pale and rage, yet laugh'd at times
Musing on Vengeance : trembled in his hand 400
A Sceptre fiercely-grasp'd. O'er ocean westward
The Vapor sail'd, as when a Cloud exhal'd
From Egypt's fields, that steam hot Pestilence,
Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
Till o'er some death-doom'd Land distant in vain
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain
Facing the Isle, a brighter Cloud arose
And steer'd its course which way the Vapor went.
ENVY sat guiding---ENVY, hag abhor'd !
Like JUSTICE mask'd, and doom'd to aid the fight
Victorius 'gainst OPPRESSION. Hush'd awhile
The Maiden paus'd, musing what this might mean ;

But long time pass'd not, ere that brighter Cloud
 Return'd more bright : along the Plain it swept ;
 And soon from forth its bursting sides emerg'd 415
 A dazzling Form, broad-bosom'd, bold of Eye,
 And wild her hair save where by Laurels bound.

Not more majestic stood the healing God
 When from his Bow the arrow sped, that flew
 Huge Python. Shriek'd AMBITION's ghastly throng,
 And with them those, the locust Fiends that crawl'd
 And glitter'd in CORRUPTION's slimy track.
 Great was their wrath, for short they knew their
 reign.

And such Commotion made they and Uproar
 As when the mad Tornado bellows thro' 425
 The guilty Islands of the western main,
 What time departing for their native shores,
 Eboe, or Koromantyn's plain of Palms,
 The infuriate Spirits of the Murder'd make
 Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.
 Warm'd with new Influence the unwholsome Plain
 Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the Morn :
 The Sun, that rose on FREEDOM, rose in blood !

“ MAIDEN beloved, and Delegate of Heaven !
 (To her the tutelary Spirit said) 435
 “ Soon shall the Morning struggle into Day,
 The stormy Morning into cloudless Noon.
 Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand---
 But this be thy best Omen, SAVE THY COUNTRY !”
 Thus saying, from the answering MAID he pass'd,

And with him disappear'd the goodly Vision.

“ Glory to thee, FATHER of Earth and Heaven !
All-conscious PRESENCE of the Universe !
Nature's vast ever-acting ENERGY !

In will, in deed, IMPULSE of All to all ; 445
Whether thy LAW with unrefracted Ray
Beam on the PROPHET's purged Eye, or if
Diseasing Realms the ENTHUSIAST wild of thought
Scatter new frenzies on the infected Throng,
THOU Both inspiring, and predooming Both, 450
Fit INSTRUMENTS and best of perfect END.

Glory to thee, Father of Earth and Heaven !”
Return, adven'trous Song ! to where Dunois
With eager ear heard from the MAID her tale
Of early youth and Mission from on high. 455
And now beneath the Horizon west'ring slow
Had sunk the orb of Day : a milder Light
Softend the scene, fading thro' every hue
Till twilight's deep'ning mists o'ershadow'd all.
The trav'llers wend, beguiling the long way 460
With converse, till the dewy Damps of Night
Rose round. Far off a glimm'ring taper's ray
Gleam'd thro' the embowered gloom : to that they
turn.

An aged man came forth ; his scant grey locks
Waved on the night breeze. Time had written deep
On his shrunk face the characters of age,
Them louting low with rustic courtesy
He welcom'd in, on the white-ember'd hearth

Then heapt fresh fuel, and with friendly care
Spread out the homely board : fatigued they eat 470
The country cakes and quaff the nut-brown bowl.
“ Strangers, your fare is homely,” said their Host,
“ But such as we poor men earn with hard toil :
In faith ye are welcome to it. I do love
A soldier, my old heart seems young again. 475
Poor and decrepit as I am, my arm
Once grasp’d the fword full firmly, and my limbs
Were strong as thine, Sir Warrior ! God be with
thee,

And send thee better fortune than old BERTRAM !
I would that I were young again to meet 480
These haughty English in the field of fight.
Such as I was when on the fatal plain
Of Azincour I met them. “ Wert thou then
A sharer in that dreadful day’s defeat ?”
Exclaim’d the Bastard, “ didst thou know the chief
Of Orlcans ?” “ Know him !” the old veteran cried,
“ I saw him ere the bloody fight began
Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up,
The long lance quivering in his mighty grasp.
Full was his eye and fierce, yet beaming still 490
On all his countrymen cheerful and mild,
Winning all hearts. Looking at thee, Sir Knight,
Methinks I see him now, such was his eye
So mild in peace, such was his manly brow.
Beshrew me but I weep at the remembrance.” 495

"Full was his eye," exclaim'd the Bastard Son
Of Orleans, "yet it beam'd benevolence.

I never yet saw love so dignified !

There lived not one his vassal but adored

The good, the gallant Chief. Amid his halls 500

High blazed the hospitable hearth, the pilgrim

Of other countries seeing his high towers 10

Rejoiced, for he had often heard of Orleans :

He lives, my brother ! bound in the hard chain

He lives most wretched." The big tear roll'd down

The Warrior's cheeks. "But he shall live, Dunois,"

Exclaim'd the Mission'd Maid, "but he shall live

To hear good tidings ; hear of Liberty,

Of his own liberty by his brother's arm

Achiev'd in hard-fought battle. He shall live 510

Happy. The memory of his prison'd years

Shall heighten all his joys, and his grey hairs

Go to the grave in peace." "I would fain live

To see that day," replied their aged host,

"How would my heart leap once more to behold

The gallant generous chieftain ! I fought by him

When all the hopes of victory were lost,

And down his batter'd arms the blood stream'd fast

From many a wound. Like wolves they hemm'd

us in

Fierce in unhop'd for conquest : all around 520

Our dead and dying countrymen lay heap'd.

Yet still he strove, I wonder'd at his valor !

Was not a man that on that fatal day

Fought bravelier." "Fatal was that day to France,"
Exclaim'd the Bastard, "there Alencon died 525
Valiant in vain ; and he the haughty chief
D'Albert, who rashly arrogant of strength
Impetuous rush'd to ruin. Brabant fell,
Vandemont and Marle, and Bar, and Faquenberg,
Her noblest warriors : daring in despair 530
Fought the fierce foe---ranks fell on ranks before
them :

The prisoners of that shameful day out-summ'd
Their victors ! " 11

" There are those," old Bertram cried,
" Who for his deeds will honor Henry's name.
That honor that a conqueror may deserve 535
He merits, for right valiantly he fought
On that disastrous day ; but when the field
Was won, and those who had escap'd the carnage
Had yielded up their arms, it was most foul
On his defenceless prisoners to glut 12 540
The blunted sword of conquest. Girt around
I to their mercy had surrendered me,
When lo ! I heard the dreadful groan of death--
Not as amid the fray, when man met man
And in fair combat gave the mortal blow ; 545
Here the poor captives, weaponless and bound,
Saw their stern victors draw again the sword,
And groan'd and strove in vain to free their hands
And bade them think upon their plighted faith,
And pray'd for mercy in the name of God 550

In vain : Their King had bade them massacre,
And in their helpless prisoners' naked breasts
They drove the sword. Then I expected death,
And at that moment death was terrible ;
For the heat of flight was over ; of my home 555
I thought, and of my wife and little ones
In bitterness of heart. The gallant man,
Whose by the chance of war I had become,
Had pity, and he loos'd my hands and said,
“ Frenchman ! I would have killed thee in the battle,
But my arm shrinks at murder---get thee hence.”
“ It was the will of Heaven that I should live
Childless and old to think upon the past
And wish that I had perish'd !” The old man
Wept as he spake. “ Ye may perhaps have heard
Of the hard siege so long by Rouen endur'd,
I dwelt there strangers, I had then a wife
And I had children tenderly beloved,
Who I did hope should cheer me in old age
And close mine eyes. The tale of Misery 570
Mayhap were tedious, or I could relate
Much of that dreadful siege.” The Maid replied
Anxious of that devoted town to learn.
Thus then the veteran---“ From that field of shame
To France so fatal, Azincour escap'd ; 575
I speeded homewards and abode in peace.
Henry as wife as brave had back to England 13
Led his victorious army ; well aware
That France was mighty, that her warrior sons,

Impatient of a foreign victor's sway, 580
Might rise impetuous, and with multitudes
Tread down the invaders. Wisely he return'd,
For the proud Barons in their private broils
Wasted the strength of France. I dwelt at home
Peaceful though lowly, with my little store 585
Content. I lov'd around the cheerful hearth
To tell of all the perils I had known :
My children they would sit and listen eager,
And bless the all-good Father who preserv'd me.

“ Ah me---when war the masters of mankind, 590
Woe to the poor man ! If he sow the field,
He shall not reap the harvest : if he see
His blooming children rise around, his heart
Aches at the thought that they are multiplied
To the sword ! Again from England the fierce foe
Rush'd on our ravag'd coasts. In battle bold,
Savage in conquest, their victorious King
Swept like the desolating tempest round,
Dambiere's submits---on Caen's subjected walls
Proudly in conquest wav'd the English flag. 600
Bulwark of Normandy, Rouen still remain'd ;
Nor unresisted round our massy walls
Fix'd they their camp. I need not tell Sir Knight
How oft and boldly on th' invading host
We burst with fierce assault impetuous forth ; 605
For many were the warrior sons of Rouen. ¹⁴
O'er all that gallant Citizen was fam'd
For virtuous hardihood pre-eminent

Blanchard. He gathering his compatriots round,
With his own courage kindling every breast, 610
Had bade them vow before Almighty God
Never to yield them to the usurping foe ¹⁵
While yet their arms could lift the spear ; while yet
Life was to think of every pledge that man
Most values. To the God of Hosts we vow'd ; 615
And we had baffled the besieging power,
But our cold-hearted Foeman drew around
His strong entrenchments. From the watch-tower's
top

In vain with fearful hearts along the Seine
We strain'd the eye, and every distant wave 620
That in the sun-beam glitter'd, fondly thought
The white sail of supply. Ah me ! no more
Rose on our aching sight the food-fraught bark ;
For guarded was the Seine, and our stern foe
Had made a league with Famine. How my heart ¹⁶
Sunk in me when at night I carried home
The scanty pittance of to-morrow's meal !
You know not, strangers ! what it is to see
The asking eye of hunger ! Still we strove
Expecting aid, till sickening Expectation 630
Felt never hope, and yet most keen the pang
Of disappointment. Tho' with christian zeal
Ursino would have pour'd the balm of peace ¹⁷
Into our wounds, ambitious ear best pleas'd
With the War's clamor and the groan of Death,
Was deaf to prayer. Day after day fled on ;

We heard no voice of comfort ; never aid
Arriv'd. And now the loathliest food was sought
And now the wretched ones lay in our streets
Crying for food, and dying as they cry'd--- 646
Oh God it was a dreadful sight to see !
Yet still we struggled nobly. Blanchard still
Spoke of the savage fury of the foe,
Of captives massacred at Azincour,
Of ravaged Caen, and of her gallant sons 645
In cold blood murder'd. Then his scanty food 18
Sharing with the most wretched, he would bid us
Bear with our miseries cheerly. Thus distress'd
Lest all should perish thus, our chieftains doom'd
The helpless ones---dreadful alternative,
To seek their fates. I never shall forget
The horrors of that hour ! Oh God forbid
That my worst foe should ever feel such pang.
Then as our widow wives clung round our necks,
And the deep sob of anguish interrupted 655
The prayer of parting---even the pious priest
As he implor'd his God to strengthen us,
And told us we should meet again in Heaven,
He groan'd and curs'd in bitterness of heart 19
That merciless man---The wretched crowd pass'd on :
My wife---my children---thro' the gates they pass'd---
Then the gates clos'd---Would I were in my grave
That I might lose remembrance. What is man
That he can hear the groan of wretchedness
And feel no fleshly pang ! Why did the All-Good

Create these warrior scourges of mankind,
These who delight in slaughter? I did think
There was not on this earth a heart so hard
Could hear a famish'd woman cry for bread,
And know no pity. As the outcast train 670
Drew near, the English Monarch bade his troops
Force back the miserable multitude. 20
They drove them to the walls—it was the depth
Of Winter—we had no relief to grant.
The aged ones groan'd to our foe in vain, 675
The mother pleaded for her dying child
And they felt no remorse!" The Mission'd Maid
Starts from her seat—" The old and the infirm
The mother and her babes--and yet no lightning
Blasted this man!" "Aye Lady," BERTRAM cried,
" And when we sent the herald to implore 22
His mercy on the helpless, he relax'd
His stern face into savage merriment,
Scoffing their agonies. On the high wall
I stood and mark'd the miserable outcasts, 685
And every moment thought that Henry's heart,
Hard as it was, must feel. All night I stood--
Their deep groans sounded on the midnight gale.
Fainter they grew, for the cold wintry wind
Blew bleak; fainter they grew, and at the last 690
All was still, save that ever and anon
Some mother shriek'd o'er her expiring child
The shriek of frenzyng anguish. From that hour
On all the busy turmoil of the world

I gaz'd with strange indifference ; bearing want 695
With the sick patience of a mind worn out.

Nor when the Traitor yielded up our town ²²
Ought heeded I as through our ruin'd streets,
Thro' putrid heaps of famish'd carcasses
Pass'd the long pomp of triumph. One keen pang
I felt, when by that bloody King's command
The gallant Blanchard died. Calmly he died, ²³
And as he bow'd beneath the axe, thank'd God
That he had done his duty. I survive,
A solitary, friendless, wretched one, 705
Knowing no joy save in the faith I feel
That I shall soon be gather'd to my fires,
And soon repose there where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest.

“ And happy,” cried the delegated Maid, 710
“ And happy they who in that holy faith
Bow meekly to the rod ! a little while
Shall they endure the proud man's contumely,
The hard wrongs of the great. A little while
Tho' shelterless they feel the wintry wind, 715
The wind shall whistle o'er their turf-grown grave,
And all beneath be peace. But woe to those,
Woe to the Mighty Ones who send abroad
Their train'd assassins, and who give to Fury
The flaming firebrand ; these indeed shall live 720
The heroes of the wand'ring minstrel's song,

But they have their reward : the innocent blood
Stems up to Heaven against them. God shall hear
The widow's groan." So spake she and arose,
And they betook them to their homely rest.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

DUNOIS and the Maid arrive at Chinon. DUNOIS announces the Mission of JOAN. Despondency and incredulity of the King. He attempts to deceive her. She discovers and addresses him. CHARLES still incredulous convenes the Doctors of Theology. They assemble and examine the Maid. Event of that Examination.

THE early sun beams on the latticed cot ;
Up spring the travellers, and along their way
Holding high converse speed. So as they pass,
Fast by a spring that welling at his feet
With many a winding crept along the mead, 5
A Knight they saw. He at his plain repast
Felt the West wind play round his ungirt brow.
Him, drawing near the Bastard recogniz'd,
The gallant friend of Orleans, the brave chief
Du Chastel ; and the mutual greeting pass'd, 10
They on the streamlet's mossy brink reclin'd,
Paus'd on their way, the frugal fare partook,

And drank the running waters. "Art thou bound
For the court, Dunois?" exclaim'd the aged Knight,
"I deem'd thee far away, coop'd in the walls 15
Of Orleans; a hard siege her valiant sons
Right loyally endure." "I left the town,"
Dunois reply'd, "thinking that my prompt speed
Might seize the hostile stores, and with fresh force
Re-enter. Fastolffe's better fate prevail'd, 20
And from the field of shame my maddening horse
Bore me, for the barb'd arrow gor'd his flank.
Fatigued and faint with that day's dangerous toil,
My deep wounds bleeding, vainly with weak hand
Check'd I the powerless rein. Now thus reviv'd
By Heaven's high aid, I seek the Court, and thence
To that beleaguer'd town shall lead such force
That the proud English in their fields of blood
Shall perish." "I too," Tannegui reply'd,
"May haply in the battle once again 30
Serve him my Royal Master; in his cause
My youth adventur'd much, nor can my age
Find better close than in the clang of arms
To die for him whom I have liv'd to serve.
Thou art for the Court; Son of the Chief I lov'd!
Be wise by my experience. Look not thou
For happiness in that polluted scene.
Thou seest me here, Dunois, a banish'd man,
A not unwilling exile, to appease
The proud and powerful Richemont, who long time
Most sternly jealous of the royal ear

With midnight murder leagues, and down the Loire,
Rolls the black carcass of his strangled foe.
Now confident of strength at the King's feet
He stabs the King's best friends, and then demands,³
As with a conqueror's imperious tone,
The post of honor. Son of that lov'd Chief
Whose death my arm avenged, may thy days
Be happy ; serve thy country in the field,
And in the hour of peace amid thy friends 50
Dwell thou without ambition." So he spake.
But when the Bastard told the wond'rous tale,
How interposing Heaven had its high aid
Vouchsaf'd to France, the old man's eyes flash'd fire,
And rising from the bank, the stately steed 55
That graz'd beside he mounts. " Farewell, Dunois,
Thou too the Delegate of Heaven, farewell !
I go to raise the standard—we shall meet
At Orleans." O'er the plain he spurr'd his steed.
They journey on their way till Chinon's towers 60
Rose to the distant view ; imperial seat
Of Charles, for Paris with her servile sons
A headstrong, mutable, ferocious race,
Bow'd to the invader's yoke, since that sad hour
When Faction o'er her streets with giant stride 65
Strode terrible, and Murder and Revenge,
As by the midnight torch's lurid light ⁴
They mark'd their mangled victims writhe con-
vuls'd,
Listen'd the deep death groan. Ill-fated scene !

Thro' many a dark age drench'd with innocent
blood,

70

And one day doom'd to know the damning guilt
Of BRISSOT murder'd, and the blameless wife
Of ROLAND! Martyr'd patriots---spirits pure,
Wept by the good ye fell! Yet still survives
Sow'd by your toil and by your blood manur'd 75
Th' imperishable seed, soon to become
That Tree, beneath whose vast and mighty shade
The sons of men shall pitch their tents in peace,
And in the unity of truth preserve
The bond of love. For by the eye of God 80
Hath Virtue sworn, that never one good act
Was work'd in vain. In Paris triumph'd now
Th' Invader. On a cradled infant's head
Had Bedford placed the crown of Charlemagne,
And factious nobles bow'd the subject knee. 85
In homage to their King, their Sovereign Lord,
Their baby Mighty One. "Belov'd of Heav'n,"
So spake the Son of Orleans as they pass'd,
"Lo these the walls of Chinon, this the abode
Of Charles our monarch. Here in revelry 90
He of his armies vanquish'd, his fair towns
Subdu'd, hears careless and prolongs the dance.
And little marvel I that to the cares
Of empire still he turns the unwilling ear,
For loss on loss, defeat upon defeat, 95
His strong holds taken, and his bravest Chiefs
Or'dead or captur'd, and the hopes of youth

All blasted, have subdu'd the royal mind
Undisciplin'd in Fortitude's stern school.

So may thy voice arouse his sleeping virtues !” 100

The mission'd Maid reply'd, “ Go thou, Dunois,
Announce my mission to the royal ear.

I on the river's winding banks the while
Would roam, collecting for high enterprize
My thoughts, troubled tho' firm. He who essays 105
Achievements of vast import, will perforce

Feel his heart heave ; and in my breast I feel
Such perturbation.” On the banks of Vienne
Devious the Damsel turn'd. Thro' Chinon's gates

The Son of Orleans press'd with rapid step 110
Seeking the King. Him from the public view

He found secluded with his blameless Queen,
And her partaker of the unlawful bed,

The lofty-minded Agnes. “ Son of Orleans !” 5
So as he enter'd cried the haughty fair, 115

“ Thou art well come to witness the disgrace,
The weak, unmanly, mean despondency

Of this thy Sovereign Liege. He will retreat
To distant Dauphine, and fly the war !

Go, then, unworthy of thy rank ! retreat 120
To distant Dauphine, and fly the war,

Recreant from Battle ! I will not partake
A fugitive's fate, but to my home returning

In bitterness of memory curse the hour
When to a coward basely I resign'd 125

My virgin worth.” “ Nay Agnes,” Charles replied,

“ Add not the anguish of thy keen reproach !
I have enough of sorrow. Look around,
See this fair country ravag’d by the foe,
My strong holds taken, and my bravest Chiefs 130
Fall’n in the field, or captives far away.
Dead is the Douglas—cold thy warrior frame,
Illustrious Buchan ; ye from Scotland’s hills,
Not mindless of your old ally distress’d,
Rush’d to his succour : in his cause ye fought, 135
Ye perish’d. Gallant, rash, ill-destin’d Narbonne !
Thy mangled corse waves to the winds of Heaven.
Cold, Graville, is thy sinewy arm in death.
Fall’n is Ventadaur. Silent in the grave
Rambouillet sleeps. Bretagne’s unfaithful chief 140
Leagues with my foes, and Richemont or in arms
Defies my weak control, or from my side,
(A friend more dreaded than the enemy)
Drives my best servants with the assassin fword.
Soon must the towers of Orleans fall. But now 145
These sad thoughts boot not, Welcome to our court,
Dunois ! We yet can give the friendly feast,
And from the heavy cares of empire win
One hospitable day of merriment.”

The Chief reply’d, “ So may thy future years
Pass from misfortune free, as all these ills
Shall vanish like a vision of the night !
To thee, to France I come the messenger
Of aid from Heaven. The delegated Maid
With me, whom Providence all-wise decrees 155

The saviour of the realm. Me, gash'd with wounds,
And in mine own blood senseless on the plain,
This more than mortal, with celestial touch,
Woke to new life." Astonish'd by his speech
Stood Charles. "At one of meaner estimation 160
I should have smil'd, Dunois. Thy well-known
The loyalty of all thy noble house, [worth,
Compel me even to this a most strange tale
To lend a serious ear. A woman sent
From Heaven, the Saviour of this wasted realm, 165
Whose magic touch awoke thee to new life
When gash'd with wounds and senseless! Son of
Orleans,

'Ill now beseems ought hazardous. My state
Totters upon destruction. Is my person
Known to this woman?" "She has liv'd retir'd,"
The Bastard answer'd, "ignorant of courts,
And little heeding, till the Spirit of God
Rous'd her to this great work." To him the King,
"She knows not then my person. Thou, Dunois,
Lead here the Maiden. On the throne meantime,
I the while mingling with the menial throng,
Some courtier shall be seated. If this Maid
Be by the holy spirit of God inspir'd,
That holy spirit will gift her with the power
To pierce deception. But if strange of mind 180
Enthusiast fancy fire her wilder'd brain,
Thus prov'd, she to obscurity again
May guiltlessly retire. Our English foes
Might well exult to see the sons of France

Led by a frenzied female." So he said ; 185
And confident in faith the son of Orleans
Sought on the banks of Vienne the mission'd Maid.

Soon is the court conven'd ; the jewell'd crown
Shines on a menial's head. Amid the throng
The Monarch stands, and anxious for the event, 190
His heart beats high. She comes—the inspir'd Maid!
And as the Bastard led her to the throne,
Quick glancing o'er the mimic Majesty,
Fix'd full her eye on Charles. "Thou art the King.
I come the avenging Delegate of Heaven, 195
Wielding the wrathful weapon, from whose death,
Their stern hearts palsied by the arm of God,
Far, far from Orleans shall the English wolves
Speed their disastrous flight. Monarch of France !
Spread the good tidings through thy ravag'd realm.
The Maid is come--the mission'd Maid--whose hand
Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
Place on thy head the crown." In wonder mute
The courtiers heard. The astonish'd King exclaim'd,
"This is indeed the agency of Heaven ! 205
Hard, Maiden, were I of belief," he cried,
"Did I not now with full and confirm'd faith
Thee the redeemer of this ravag'd realm
Believe. Not doubting therefore the strange will
Of the All-Wise, nor those high miracles 210
Vouch'd by the Son of Orleans, do I now
Delay to marshal the brave sons of France

Beneath thy banners ; but to satisfy
Those who at distance from this most clear proof
May hear and disbelieve, or yield at best 215
A cold assent. These fully to confirm
And more to manifest thy holy power,
Forthwith with all due speed I shall convene
The Doctors of Theology, wise men
And skilful in the mysteries of Heaven. 220
By these thy mission studied and approv'd
As needs it must be ; of these holy men
The sanction to the dubious minds of all
Shall bring conviction, and the firm belief
Lead on thy favor'd troops to mightiest deeds, 225
Surpassing human credibility."

Well pleas'd the Maiden heard. Her the King
leads

From the disbanding throng, meantime to dwell
With Mary. Watchful for her Lord's return
She sat with Agnes. Agnes proud of heart, 230
Majestically fair, whose large full eye
Or flashing anger, or with scornful scowl
Deform'd her beauteous features. Yet with her
The lawless idol of the Monarch's heart,
Mary, obedient to her husband's will, 235
Dwelt peaceful, from the proudly generous mind
Of Agnes winning friendship. Soon the Maid
Lov'd the mild Queen, and sojourning with her,
Expects the solemn summons. Thro' the realm
Meantime the King's convoking voice was heard,

And from their palaces and monasteries
Swarm'd forth the Doctors, men acute and deep,
Grown grey in study ; Priests and Bishops hasten
To Chinon.--Teachers wise and with high names,
Seraphic, Subtile, or Irrefragable, 245
By their admiring pupils dignified.

Nor SUPERSTITION to embrace the hour
Neglects. She hastens from the English court,
Where mad Ferocity led the holy war,
Arm'd with the mitred helmet. By her side 250
Inanely learn'd, came reverend IGNORANCE,
His grey eye large and rayless ; o'er his beads
Aye wont to mutter forth the drowsy prayer.
And meet companion came with these the form
Of CRUELTY, like monk Dominican 255
His garb. One hand Tertullian's volume grasp'd,
Volume beloved ! and high the other rear'd
The thirsty sword, whose impious hilt display'd
The cross. These join'd the theologic train.

The Doctors met—from cloister gloom recluse 260
Or from the haunts luxurious of the abode,
Episcopal they met, and sought the place
Of judgment. Very ancient was the dome,
The floor with many a monumental stone
O'erspread, and brass-ensculptur'd effigy 265
Of holy abbots honor'd in their day,
Now to the grave gone down. The branching arms
Of many a ponderous pillar met aloft,
Wreath'd on the roof emboss'd. The windows gleam'd

Awful and dim their many-colour'd light
Thro' the rich robes of Eremites and Saints,
Trees, mountains, castles, ships, sun, moon, and stars,
Splendid confusion ! the pure wave beneath
Reflects and trembles in the purpling beam.
On the altar burns that mystic lamp whose flame 275
May not be quench'd. Circling round the vase
They bow the knee, uttering the half-heard prayer ;
Mysterious power communicating thus
To the hallowed water, deem'd a mightier spell
O'er the fierce fiends of Satan's fallen crew, 280
Than e'er the hell-hags taught in Theffaly,
Or they who sitting on the rifled grave,
Seen by th' exhalations lurid light,
Partake the Vampire's banquet. This perform'd,
The Maid is summon'd. Round the holy vase 285
Mark'd with the mystic tonsure and enrob'd
In sacred vests, a venerable train
They stand. The delegated Maid obeys
Their summons. As she came a loveliest blush
O'er her fair cheek suffus'd, such as became 290
One mindful still of maiden modesty,
Tho' of her own worth conscious. Thro' the aisle
The cold wind moaning as it pafs'd along
Wav'd her dark flowing locks. Before the train
In reverend silence waiting their sage will, 295
With half averted eye she stood compos'd.
So have I seen the simple snow-drop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth

In early spring, so seen its gentle bend
Of modest loveliness amid the waste 300
Of desolation. By the maiden's side
Proud in conviction stood the warrior Son
Of Orleans, to avow his deep wounds heal'd
By power miraculous vouchsaf'd from Heaven
To her the inspir'd damsel. As he stood, 305
Viewing with steady eye the magic rites
Of preparation, thus the arch Priest spake
Severe. "Woman, if any fiend of hell
Lurk in thy bosom so to prompt the vaunt
Of inspiration, and to mock the power 310
Of God and holy church, thus by the virtue
Of water hallow'd by the name of God
That damned spirit adjure I to depart
From his possessed prey. Detected thus
Thy impious wiles, to th' ecclesiastic arm 315
Thou must deliver'd purge in flames the crime
Atrocious." Thus he spake, and dash'd the wave
With hand unsparing on the virgin's face :
The water shone upon her glowing cheek
Like morning dew-drops on the opening rose. 320
Indignant at th' unworthy charge the Maid
Felt her cheek flush, but soon the transient glow
Fading, she answer'd meek. "Most holy Sires,
Ye reverend Fathers of the Christian church
Most catholic ! before your view I stand 325
A poor weak woman. Of the grace vouchsaf'd,
How far unworthy conscious : yet tho' mean,

Guiltless of ill, and chosen by highest Heaven
The minister of aid. Strange voices heard,
The dark and shadowing visions of the night, 330
And that miraculous power that thro' the frame,
Then gor'd with wounds and senseless, of Dunois,
Pour'd rapid the full tide of life and health,
These portents make me conscious of the God
Within me--he who gifted my purg'd eye 335
To know the Monarch 'mid the menial throng,
Unseen before. Thus much it boots to say,
The life of simple virgin ill deserves
To call your minds from studies wife and deep,
Not to be fathom'd by the weaker sense 340
Of man profane." Blushing the Maiden spake.
Thus then the Father : " Brethren, ye have heard
The woman's tale. Beseems us now to ask
Whether of holy church a duteous child
Before our court appears, so not unlike 345
Heaven might vouchsafe its gracious miracle :
Or silly heretic whose erring thoughts
Monstrous and vain perchance might stray beyond
All reason, and conceit strange dreams and signs
Impossible ? Say, woman, from thy youth 350
Hast thou (as rightly mother church demands)
To holy Priest confes'd each secret sin,
So purg'd by grace to him vouchsaf'd from Heaven,
Of absolution ?" " Father," she replied,
" In forest shade my infant years train'd up 355
Knew not devotion's forms. The chaunted mass,

The silver altar and religious robe,
The mystic wafer and the hallowed cup,
God's priest created, are to me unknown.
Beneath no high arch'd roof I bow'd in prayer, 360
No solemn light by storied pane disguis'd,
No trophied pillars, and no imag'd cross
Wak'd my young mind to artificial awe,
To fear the God I only learnt to love.

I saw the eternal energy pervade 365

The boundless range of nature, with the Sun
Pour life and radiance from his flamy path,
And on the lowliest flowret in the field
The kindly dew-drops shed. All nature's voice
Proclaim'd the all-good Parent; nor myself 370
Deem'd I by him neglected. This good Power
My more than Father taught my youth to know,
Knowing to love, and loving to adore.

At earliest morn to him my grateful heart
Pour'd forth the unstudied prayer, that spake my
thanks 375

For mercies oft vouchsaf'd, and humbly ask'd
Protection yet to come. Each flower, that bloom'd
Expanding in the new-born spring, call'd forth
The soul of full devotion. Every morn
My soaring spirit glorified the God 380
Of light, and every evening thank'd the Power
Preserving thro' the day. For sins confess'd
To holy Priest and absolution given
I knew them not; for ignorant of sin

Why should I seek forgiveness ? Of the points 385
Abstruse of nice religion, and the bounds
Subtile and narrow which confine the path
Of orthodox belief, my artless creed
Knew nought. 'Twas nature taught my early
youth

Religion--Nature bade me see the God 390
Confest in all that lives, and moves, and is."

She spake energetic. The full force of truth
Breath'd from her lips. Appall'd the Doctors stood
In vacant wonder, listening to the sounds
Unwonted ; till at last a Priest replied : 395

" Woman, of holy church thou seem'st to scorn
Profane the mighty power ; nay more, thy lips
Confess that Nature taught thee thy religion.
This is heretical, and thou thyself
Hast proved it impious ; for thou hast declared 400
Masses and absolution, and the use
Of mystic wafer are to thee unknown.

How then could nature teach thee true religion,
Depriv'd of these ? Nature can teach to sin,
But 'tis the Priest alone can teach remorse, 405
Can bid St. Peter ope the gates of Heaven,
And from the penal fires of purgatory
Absolve the soul. Could nature teach thee this ?
Or tell thee that St. Peter holds the keys,
And that his successors' unbounded power 410
Extends o'er either world ? Altho' thy life
Of sin were free, if of this holy truth

Ignorant, thy soul in liquid flames must rue
Transgression." Thus he spake, the applauding look
Went round. Nor dubious to reply the Maid 415
Was silent. " Fathers of the holy church,
If on these points abstruse a simple maid
Like me, should err, impute not you the crime
To self-will'd wisdom, vaunting its own strength
Above Omnipotence. 'Tis true my youth, 420
Conceal'd in forest gloom, knew not the sound
Of mass high chaunted, nor with trembling lips
I touch'd the mystic wafer: yet the Bird
That to the matin ray prelusive pour'd
His joyous song, methought did warble forth 425
Sweeter thanksgiving to Religion's ear
In his wild melody of happiness,
Than ever rung along the high-arch'd roofs
Of man. Yet never from the bending vine
Pluck'd I its ripen'd clusters thanklessly, 430
Of that good God unmindful who bestow'd
The bloodless banquet. Ye have told me, Sires,
That nature only teaches man to sin!
If it be sin to seek the wounded lamb,
To bind its wounds, and bathe them with my tears,
This is what Nature taught! No, REVERENDS! no,
It is not Nature that can teach to sin:
Nature is all Benevolence--all Love,
All Beauty! In the greenwood's simple shade
There is no vice that to the indignant cheek 440
Bids the red current rush. No misery there--

No wretched mother, that with pallid face
And famine-fall'n, hangs o'er her hungry babes,
With such a look, so wan, so woe-begone,
As shall one day, with damning eloquence, 445
Against the mighty plead ! Nature teach sin !
O blasphemy against the Holy One,
Who made us in the image of himself,
Who made us all for Happiness and Love,
Infinite happiness—infinite love, 450
Partakers of his own eternity,

Solemn and slow the reverend Priest replied,
“ Much, woman, do I doubt that all-wise Heaven
Would thus vouchsafe its gracious miracles
On one fore-doom'd to misery ; for so doom'd 455
Is that deluded one, who, of the mass
Unheeding, and the Church's saving power,
Deems nature sinless. Therefore, mark me well,
Brethren, I would propose this woman try
The holy ordeal. Let her, bound and stript, 460
(Lest haply in her clothes should be conceal'd
Some holy relic so profan'd) be cast
In the deep pond ; there if she float, no doubt
Some fiend upholds, but if she instant sink
O'erwhelm'd, sure sign that Providence displays 465
Her free from witchcraft. This done, let her walk
Blinded and bare o'er ploughshares heated red,
And o'er these past, her naked arm plunge deep
In scalding water. If from these she pass
Unhurt, to holy father of the church

Most blessed Pope, we then refer the cause
For judgment : and this Chief, the Son of Orleans,
Heal'd, as he says, even at the point of death,
By her miraculous touch, shall pass with her
The sacred trial." "Grace of God!" exclaim'd
The astonish'd Bastard ; "Plunge me in the pool,
O'er red-hot ploughshares make me dance to please
Your dotard fancies ! Fathers of the church,
Where is your gravity ? what elder-like
This fairer than Susannah would you eye ? 480
Ye call for ordeals—and I too demand
The noblest ordeal, on the English host
To prove in victory the mission sent
From favoring Heaven. To the Pope refer
For judgment ! Know ye not that France even now
Stands tottering on destruction !" Starting wild,
With a strange look, the mission'd Maid exclaim'd,
"The sword of God is here ! the grave shall speak
To manifest me !" Even as she spake,
A pale blue flame rose from the trophied tomb 490
Beside her. A deep silence thro' the dome
Dwelt awful. Sudden from that house of death
The clash of arms was heard, as tho' within
The shrouded warrior shook his mailed limbs.
"Hear ye," the Damsel cried ; "these are the arms
That shall flash terror o'er the hostile host.
These, in the presence of our Lord the King,
And the assembled people, I shall take
From this the sepulchre, where many an age

Incorruptible they have lain conceal'd,
Destin'd for me, the Delegate of Heaven." 500
Recovering from amaze, the Priest replied :
" Thou art indeed the Delegate of Heaven !
What thou hast said surely thou shalt perform !
We ratify thy mission. Go in peace."

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT,

A Messenger arrives from Orleans, representing the Distress of that city, and requesting immediate succours. JOAN, in the presence of the King and assembled people, takes the armour of Orlando from his tomb in the church of St. Catharine of Fierbois. Strange conduct of the Messenger. The Maid recognizes him. She meets with Theodore. Returns despondently to the palace, and after expressing her disgust at the licentiousness of the court, announces her intention of marching on the morrow to relieve Orleans.

THE feast was spread—the sparkling bowl went round,

And to the assembled court the minstrel harp'd
The song of other days. Sudden they heard
The horn's loud blast. "This is no time for cares,
Feast ye the messenger without," cried Charles, 5
Enough is given of the wearying day
To the public weal." Obedient to the King
The guard invites the traveller to his fare.
"Nay, I shall see the monarch," he replied,

“ And he shall hear my tidings, duty-urg’d : 10
For many a long league have I hasten’d on,
Not now to be repell’d.” Then with strong arm
Removing him who barr’d his onward way,
The hall he enters. “ King of France ! I come
From Orleans, speedy and effectual aid 15
Demanding for her gallant garrison,
Faithful to thee, tho’ thinn’d in many a fight,
And wither’d now by want. Thee it beseems
Forever anxious for thy people’s weal,
To succour these brave men whose honest breasts 20
Bulwark thy throne.” He said, and from the hall
With upright step departing, in amaze
At his so bold deportment left the court.
The King exclaim’d, “ But little need to send
Quick succour to this gallant garrison,
If to the English half so firm a front
They bear in battle !” “ In the field, my liege,”
Dunois replied, “ that man has serv’d thee well.
Him have I seen the foremost of the fight,
Wielding so fearfully his blood-red sword, 30
His eye so fury-fired, that the pale foe
Let fall their palsied arms with powerless stroke,
Desperate of safety. I do marvel much
That he is here, Orleans must be hard press’d
When one the bravest of her garrison 35
Is thus commiffion’d.” Swift the Maid exclaim’d,
“ I tell thee, Chief, that there the English wolves
Shall never pour their yells of victory.

The will of God defends those fated walls,
And resting in full faith on that high will 40
I mock their efforts. But the night draws on ;
Retire we to repose. To-morrow's sun
Breaking the darkness of the sepulchre,
Shall on that armor gleam, thro' many an age
Kept holy and inviolate by time." 45
She said, and rising from the board, retired.

Meantime the herald's brazen voice proclaim'd
Coming solemnity : and far and wide
Spread the strange tidings. Every labour ceas'd ;
The ploughman from the unfinish'd furrow hastes ;
The armorer's anvil beats no more the din
Of future slaughter. Thro' the thronging streets
The buzz of asking wonder hums along.

On to St. Catherine's sacred fane they go ;
The holy fathers with the imag'd cross 55
Leading the long procession. Next, as one
Suppliant for mercy to the King of kings,
And grateful for the benefits of Heaven,
The Monarch pass'd ; and by his side the Maid ;
Her lovely limbs rob'd in a snow-white vest : 60
Wistless that every eye dwelt on her form,
With stately step she paced ; her labouring soul
To high thoughts elevate ; and gazing round
With the wild eye, that of the circling throng
And of the visible world unseeing, saw 65
The shapes of holy phantasy. By her
The warrior Son of Orleans strode along

Preeminent. He, nerving his young limbs
With manly exercise, had scaled the cliff,
And dashing in the torrent's foaming flood, 70
Stemm'd with broad breast its fury : so his form,
Sinewy and firm, and fit for loftiest deeds,
Tower'd high amid the throng effeminate ;
His armor bore of hostile steel the marks,
Many and deep. His pictur'd shield display'd 75
A Lion vainly struggling in the toils,
Whilst by his side the cub with pious rage,
His young mane floating to the desart air,
Rends the fall'n huntsman. Tremouille him behind,
The worthless favourite of the slothful Prince, 80
Stalk'd arrogant, in shining armor clasp'd
With gold and gems of richest hues emboss'd,
Gaudily graceful, by no hostile blade
Defaced, and rusted by no hostile blood ;
Trimly-accoutred court habiliment, 85
Gay, lady-dazzling armor, fit to adorn,
In dangerless manœuvres some review,
The mockery of murder ! followed him
The train of courtiers, summer-flies that sport
In the sun-beam of favor, insects sprung 90
From the court dunghill, greedy blood-suckers,
The foul corruption-gender'd swarm of state.
As o'er some flowery field the busy bees
Pour their deep music, pleasant melody
To the tired traveller, under some old oak 95
Stretch'd in the chequer'd shade ; or as the sound

Of far-off waters down the craggy steep
Dash'd with loud uproar, rose the murmur round
Of admiration. Every gazing eye
Dwelt on the mission'd Maid. Of all besides, 100
The long procession and the gorgeous train,
Tho' glittering they with gold and sparkling gems,
And their rich plumes high waving to the air,
Heedless. The consecrated dome they reach,
Rear'd to St. Catherine's holy memory. 105
Her death the altar told, what time expos'd
A virgin victim to the despot's rage,
The agonizing rack outstretch'd her limbs,
Till the strain'd muscles crack'd, and from their
 sockets

Started the blood-red eyes. Before her stood 110
Glutting his iron sight, the giant form
Of Maximin, on whose rais'd lip Revenge
Kindled a savage smile ; whilst even the face
Of the hard executioner relax'd,
And sternly soften'd to a maiden tear. 115

Her eye averting from the storied woe,
The delegated damsel knelt and pour'd
To Heaven the prayer of praise. A trophied tomb
Close to the altar rear'd its antique bulk.
Two pointless javelins and a broken fword, 120
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior
 slept

The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone
And rude-ensculptur'd effigy o'erlaid

The sepulchre. Above stood VICTORY,
With lifted arm and trump as she would blow 125
The blast of Fame, but on her outstretch'd arm
DEATH laid his ebon rod. The Maid approach'd---
DEATH dropt his ebon rod---the lifted trump
Pour'd forth a blast whose sound miraculous
Burst the rude tomb. Within the arms appear'd
The crested helm, the massy bauldrick's strength,
The oval shield, the magic-temper'd blade.
A sound of awe-repress'd astonishment
Rose from the crowd. The delegated Maid
O'er her white robes the hallowed breast-plate threw,
Self-fitted to her form. On her helm'd head
The white plumes nod, majestically flow.
She lifts the buckler and the magic sword,
Gleaming portentous light. The amazed crowd
Raise the loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven,"
The Maid exclaim'd, " Father all merciful !
Devoted to whose holy will, I wield
The sword of Vengeance, go before our hosts !
All-just avenger of the innocent,
Be thou our Champion ! God of Love, preserve 145
Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms."

She spake, and lo again the magic trump
Breath'd forth the notes of conquest. The white
plumes
Responsive o'er the martial Maiden's head,
Triumphant waved. They rais'd the chaunted mafs

"Thee, Lord, we praise, our God." The assembled
Join'd the loud hymn in choral harmony. [throng
As thro' the parting crowd the Virgin pass'd,
He who from Orleans on the yesternight
Demanded succour, clasp'd with warmth her hand,
And with a bosom-thrilling voice exclaim'd,
" Ill-omen'd Maid ! victim of thine own worth,
Devoted for the King-curst realm of France !
Ill-omen'd Maid, I pity thee." So saying,
He turn'd into the crowd. At his strange words 160
Disturb'd, the warrior Virgin pass'd along,
And much revolving in her troubled mind,
Retreads the palace : there the feast was spread,
And sparkling with the red dew of the vine-yard,
The bowl went round. Meantime the minstrel struck
His harp : the Palladins of France he sung ;
The warrior who from Arden's fated fount
Drank of the bitter waters of aversion,
And loathing beauty, spurn'd the lovely Maid,
Suppliant for Love ; soon doom'd to rue the charm
Revers'd : and that invulnerable Chief
Orlando, he who from the magic horn
Breath'd such heart-withering sounds, that every foe
Fled from the fearful blast, and all-appall'd,
Spell-stricken Valour hid his recreant head. 175

The full sound echoed o'er the arched roof,
And listening eager to the favorite lay,
The guests sat silent. When into the hall
The Messenger from that besieged town,

Stalk'd stately. "It is pleasant, King of France, 180
To feast at ease and hear the harper's song ;
Far other music hear the men of Orleans !

DEATH is among them ; there the voice of Woe
Moans ceaseless." "Rude unmannerly intruder!"
Exclaim'd the Monarch, "cease to interrupt 185
The hour of merriment ; it is not thine
To instruct me in my duty." Of reproof
Heedless, the stranger to the minstrel cried,
"Why harpest thou of Good Rinaldo's fame
Amid these walls ? Virtue and Genius love 190
That lofty lay. Hast thou no loose lewd tale
To pamper and provoke the appetite ?
Such should procure thee worthy recompense :
Or rather sing thou of that mighty one,
Who tore the ewe lamb from the poor man's bosom,
That was to him even as a daughter ! Charles,
This holy tale would I tell, prophet-like,
And gazing on thee cry, "Thou art the man!"

He said, and with a quick and troubled step
Retired. Astonish'd at his daring phrase, 200
The guests sat heedless of the minstrel's song,
Pondering the words mysterious. Soon the harp
Beguil'd their senses of anxiety.

The court dispers'd : retiring from the hall,
Charles and the delegated damsel sought 205
The inner palace. There awaited them
The Queen : with her JOAN loved to pass the hours,
By various converse cheer'd ; for she had won

'The Virgin's heart by her mild melancholy,
The calm and duteous patience that deplo'rd 210
A husband's cold half-love. To her she told
With what strange words the messenger from Orleans
Had rous'd uneasy wonder in her mind ;
For on her ear yet vibrated the voice,
" Ill-omen'd Maid, I pity thee !" when lo ! 215
Again that man stalk'd to the door, and stood
Scowling around. " Why dost thou haunt me thus ?"
The Monarch cried, " is there no place secure
From thy rude insolence ? unmanner'd Man !
I know thee not ! "

" Then learn to know me, Charles !" 220
Solemnly he replied ; " read well my face,
That thou mayest know it on that dreadful day,
When at the throne of God I shall demand
His justice on thee !" Turning from the King,
To Agnes as she enter'd, in a tone 225
More low, more awfully severe, he cried,
" Dost thou too know me not ? " She glanced on him,
And pale and breathless hid her head convuls'd
In the Maid's bosom. · " King of France !" he said,
" She lov'd me ! day by day I dwelt with her ; 230
Her voice was music---very sweet her smiles !
I left her ! left her Charles, in evil hour,
To fight thy battles. Thou meantime didst come,
Staining most foul her spotless purity ;
For she was pure---my Agnes ! even as snow 235
Fall'n in some cleft where never the fierce sun

Pours his hot ray---most foul, for once most fair;

My poor polluted Agnes! ---Thou bad man!

Thou hast almost shaken my faith in Heaven.

I see thee rioting in sloth and guilt,

240

And yet thou restest, pillowing thy head

Even on her bosom! I, though innocent

Of ill, the victim of another's vice,

Drag on the loathsome burthen of existence,

And doubt Heaven's justice!"

So he said, and frown'd 245

Dark as that man who at MOHAMMED's door

Knock'd fierce and frequent; from whose fearful look

Bath'd with cold damps, every beholder fled,

Even he the prophet almost terrified,

Endur'd but half to view him, for he knew 250

AZARIEL, stern-brow'd Messenger of Fate,

And his death-day was come. Guilt-petrified

The Monarch sat, nor could endure to face

His bosom-probing frown. The mission'd Maid

Read anxious his stern features and exclaim'd 255

"I know thee, Conrade!" Rising from her seat,

She took his hand, for he stood motionless,

Gazing on Agnes now with full-fix'd eye,

Dreadful though calm: him from the Court she

And to the river's banks resisting not,

[drew,

Both sadly silent led; till at the last

As from a dream awaking, Conrade look'd

Full on the Maid, and falling on her neck,

He wept. "I know thee, Damsel!" he exclaim'd,

" Dost thou remember that tempestuous night, 265
 When I, a weather-beaten traveller, sought
 Your hospitable doors ? ah me ! I then
 Was happy ! you too sojourn'd then in peace.
 Fool that I was, I blam'd such happiness,
 Arraign'd it as a guilty selfish sloth, 270
 Unhappily prevailing, so I fear me,
 Or why art thou at Chinon ?" Him the Maid
 Answering, address'd : " I do remember well
 That night : for then the holy Spirit first,
 Wak'd by thy words, possess'd me."

Conrade cried, 275

" Then I have one more sin to answer for !
 Oh Maiden, thou wert happy ! thou hadst liv'd
 Blessing and blest, if I had never stray'd
 Needlessly rigid from my peaceful path.
 And thou hast left thine home then, and obey'd 280
 The feverish fancies of thine ardent brain !
 And hast thou left him too, the youth whose eye
 For ever glancing on thee, spake so well
 Affection's eloquent tale ?" So as he said,
 Rush'd the warm purple to the Virgin's cheek. 285
 " I am alone," she answer'd, " for this realm
 Devoted." Nor to answer more the Maid
 Endur'd ; for many a melancholy thought
 Throng'd on her aching memory. Her mind's eye
 Beheld Domremi and the fields of Arc : 290
 She gaz'd amid the air with such sad look,
 Yet such sweet solacing of self-applause,

As he the virtuous exile feels, who, driven
By "that dark Vizier" from his native land,
Roams on the sea-beach, while the roaring waves
Rocking his senses, break upon the shore.
Lost in sad dreams his distant home he sees,
His friends, and haply too an aged Mother
That weeps for him in bitterness of heart.
All, all he loved fond fancy sees again, 300
Till the big tear-drop rushes o'er its orb,
And drowns the soft enchantment. By the hand
Her Conrade held and cried, " Ill-fated Maid !
That I have torn thee from Affection's breast,
My soul will groan in anguish. Thou wilt serve 305
Like me, the worthless Court, and having serv'd,
In the hour of ill abandon'd, thou shalt curse
The duty that deluded. Of the world
Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow-men,
I shall be seen no more. There is a path--- 310
The eagle hath not mark'd it ; the young wolf
Knows not its hidden windings : I have trod
That path, and mark'd a melancholy den,
Where one whose jaundiced soul abhors itself,
May pamper him in complete wretchedness. 315
There sepulchred, the ghost of what he was,
Conrade shall dwell, and in the languid hour,
When the jarr'd senses sink to a sick calm,
Shall mourn the waste of frenzy !" So he spake,
And clasping to his heart the Virgin's hand, 320
Sped rapid o'er the plain. She with dim eyes,

For gushing tears obscur'd them, follow'd him
Till lost in distance. With a weight of thought
Opprest, along the poplar-planted Vienne
Then wander'd, till o'erwearied on the banks 325
She laid her down, and watch'd its slowest stream
Dim purpling to the clouds, that still were pierc'd
By the sunk day-star's ray. The murmuring tide
Lull'd her, and many a pensive pleasing dream
Rose in sad shadowy trains at Memory's call. 330
She thought of Arc, and of the dingled brook,
Whose waves oft leaping on their craggy course
Made dance the low-hung willow's dripping twigs ;
And where it spread into a glassy lake,
Of that old oak, which on the smooth expanse 335
Imaged its hoary mossy-mantled boughs.
Wak'd by the thought, a tear ran down her cheek
Unconscious, when a voice behind address'd her,
“ Forgive the intrusion, Lady ! I would ask
Where I might meet that Heaven-commission'd Maid,
Call'd to deliver France.” The well-known tones
Thrill'd her : her heart throbb'd fast---she started up,
And fell upon the neck of Theodore. [youth,
“ Oh ! I have found thee !” cried th' enraptur'd
“ And I shall dare the battle by thy side, 345
And shield thee from the war ! but tell me, JOAN,
Why didst thou brood in such strange mystery,
O'er this thy Heav'n-doom'd purpose ? trust me,
Maiden,
I have shed many tears for that wild gloom

That so estrang'd thee from thy Theodore ! 350
If thou couldst know the anguish I endur'd
When thou wert gone ! how thro' the live-long night
I vainly travers'd o'er thy wonted paths,
Making the forest echo to thy name !
Our mother too ! in sooth it was unkind 355
To leave us thus !?" Mindless of her high call,
Again the lowly shepherdess of Arc,
In half-articulated words the Maid
Express'd her joy. Of Elinor she ask'd,
How from a doating mother he had come 360
In arms array'd. "Thou wakest in my mind
A thought that makes me sad," the youth replied,
"For Elinor wept much at my resolve,
And eloquent with all a mother's fears,
Urg'd me to leave her not. My wayward heart 365
Smote me as I look'd back and saw her wave
Adieu ! but high in hope I soon beguil'd
These melancholy feelings by the thought
That we should both return to cheer her age,
Thy mission well fulfill'd, and quit no more 370
The copse-embosom'd cottage." But the Maid
Soon started from her dream of happiness,
For on her memory flash'd the flaming pile.
A death-like paleness at the dreadful thoughts
Wither'd her cheek ; the dews on her cold brow 375
Started, and on the arm of Theodore
Feeble and faint she hung. His eager eye
Concentring all the anguish of the soul,

And strain'd in anxious love, on her wan cheek
Fearfully silent gazed. But by the thought 380
Of her high mission rous'd, the Maiden's soul
Collected, and she spake. " My Theodore,
Thou hast done wrong to quit thy mother's home !
Alone and aged she will weep for thee,
Wasting the little that is left of life 385
In anguish. Go thee back again to Arc,
And cheering so her wintry hour of age,
Cherish my memory there." Swift he exclaim'd,
" Nay, Maid ! the pang of parting is o'erpast,
And Elinor looks on to the glad hour 390
When we shall both return. Amid the war
How many an arm will seek thy single life,
How many a sword pierce through thy brittle mail,
Wound thy fair face, or, driven with impious rage,
Gore thy white bosom ! JOAN, I will go with thee,
And spread the guardian shield !" Again the Maid
Grew pale ; for of her last and terrible hour
The vision'd scene she saw. " Nay," she replied,
" I shall not need thy succour in the war.
Me Heaven, if so seem good to its high will, 400
Will save. I shall be happier, Theodore,
Thinking that thou dost sojourn safe at home,
And make thy mother happy." The youth's cheek
A rapid blush disorder'd. " O ! the Court
Is pleasant, and thy soul would fain forget 405
An obscure Villager, who only boasts
The treasure of the heart." She look'd at him

With the reproaching eye of tenderness :

" Devoted for the realm of France, I go

A willing victim. The unpierc'd Veil

410

Was raised, and my gifted eye beheld

The fearful features of futurity.

Yes, Theodore, I shall redeem my country,

Abandoning for this the joys of life,

Yea, life itself !" then on his neck she fell,

415

And with a faltering voice, " return to Arc ;

I do not tell thee there are other maids

As fair : for thou wilt love my memory,

Hallowing to it the temple of thy heart.

Worthy a happier, not a better love,

420

My Theodore !"—Then, pressing his pale lips,

A last and holy kiss the Virgin fix'd,

And rush'd across the plain. She reach'd the court

Breathless. The mingled movements of her mind

Shook every fibre. Sad and sick at heart,

425

Fain to her lonely chamber's solitude

The Maiden had retir'd ; but her the King

Met on the threshold. He of the late scene

Forgetful and his crime, as cheerful seem'd

As tho' there had not been a God in Heav'n !

430

" Enter the hall," he cried, " the masquers there

Join in the dance. Why, Maiden, art thou sad ?

Has that rude madman shook thy gentle frame

With his strange frenzies ?" The disgusted Maid,

As sternly sorrowful she frown'd upon him,

435

Replied. " Yes, Charles ! that madman has indeed

Made me most sad. Much had I heard of courts,
Much of the vice and folly that enthralld
The masters of mankind. Incredulous
I heard, incredulous that man should bow 440
In homage to the slaves of appetite.
Thron'd in Infinity, the Eternal Justice
Gives or withholds success ; by his high will
Withering the uplifted Warrior's sinewy arm.
VICTORY is his ; on whom he delegates 445
His minister of wrath, the Genius waits
Stern-brow'd attendant. In the human heart
Dwells VIRTUE ; milder form ! and templd there
Loves her meet altar ; and, tho' oft dislodg'd,
Reluctantly she quits her lov'd abode, 450
And oft returns, and oft importunate
Reclaims her empire. Wilt thou, Charles, reject
The suppliant angel ? wilt thou thrust her from thee,
Turning thine ear from her unheeded cries,
To Riot's deaf'ning clamors ? King of France ! 455
To thee elated, thus above mankind
Subjected thousands gaze : they wait thy will,
They wait thy will to quit their peaceful homes,
To quit the comforts of domestic life,
For the camp's dissonance, the clang of arms, 460
The banquet of destruction. King of France,
Glows not thy crimson cheek--sinks not thine heart
At the dread thought of thousands in thy cause,
Mow'd by the giant scythe of Victory ?
Of widows weeping for their slaughter'd husbands ?

Of orphans groaning for their daily food ?
Oh that my voice in thunder might awake
The monitor within thee ! that thy soul
Might, like Manoah's iron-finew'd son,
Burst its base fetters !” The astonish'd King 470
Trembled like Felix, when the Apostle spake
Of righteousness to come. And now Dunois,
Poising a javelin, came with hasty step :
His eye beam'd exultation. “ Thou hast rous'd
The sleeping virtue of the sons of France ; 475
They crowd around the standard,” cried the chief.
“ My lance is ponderous ; I have sharp'd my sword
To meet the mortal combat. Mission'd Maid,
Our brethren sieged in Orleans, every moment
Gaze from the watch-tower with the sick'ning eye
Of expectation.” Rous'd from his amaze,
And trusting by religion's forms observ'd,
With scrupulous care, to atone for the foul breach
Of her first duties, thus the King exclaim'd :
“ O chosen by Heaven, defer awhile thy march, 485
That o'er the land my heralds may proclaim
A general fast.” Severe the Maid replied :
“ Monarch of France ! and canst thou think that God
Beholds well-pleas'd the mockery of a fast ? ”
Luxuriant lordly riot is content, 490
And willingly obedient to command,
Feasts on some sainted dainty. The poor man,
From the hard labor of the day debarr'd,

Loses his hard meal too. It were to waste
The hour in impious folly, so to bribe 495
The all-creating Parent to destroy
The works he made. Proud tyranny to Man,
To God foul insult ! Mortify your pride ;
Be clad in sackcloth when the conqueror's car
Rolls o'er the field of blood.—Believe me, King, 500
If thou didst know the untold misery
When from the bosom of domestic Love
But one—one victim goes ! if that thine heart
Be human, it would bleed !” Her heart was full,
And, pausing for a moment, she repress'd 505
The unbidden anguish. “ Lo ! they crowd around
The standard ! Thou, Dunois, the chosen troops
Marshal in speed, for early with the dawn
We march to rescue Orleans from the foe.”

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

The Maid receives a consecrated banner from the Arch-bishop. The troops under the command of JOAN and Dunois march towards Orleans. They meet with one of the female outcasts from that city. Her history previous to taking refuge there. Preparations for the ensuing siege. Encampment of the besiegers. Their progress, and the subsequent distresses of Orleans.

SCARCE had the earliest ray from Chinon's towers
Made visible the mists that curl'd along
The winding waves of Vienne, when from her couch
Started the martial Maid. She mail'd her limbs ;
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head ; 5
She girt the temper'd falchion by her side,
And, like some youth that from his mother's arms,
For his first field impatient, breaks away,
Poising the lance went forth. Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in order'd ranks their well-sharp'd spears,
Await her coming. Terrible in arms
Before them tower'd Dunois. His manly face
Dark-shadow'd by the helmet's iron cheeks.
The assembled court gaz'd on the marshall'd train,

And at the gate the aged Primate stood 15
To pour his blessing on the chosen host.
And now a soft and solemn symphony
Was heard ; and chaunting high the hallow'd hymn
From the near convent came the vestal maids.
A holy banner, woven by virgin hands, 20
Snow-white they bore. A mingled sentiment
Of awe, and eager ardor for the fight,
Thrill'd through the troops, as he the reverend man
Took the white standard, and with heav'nward eye
Call'd on the God of Justice, blessing it. 25
The Maid, her brows in reverence unhelm'd,
Her dark hair floating on the morning gale,
Knelt to his prayer, and stretching forth her hand
Receiv'd the mystic ensign. From the host
A loud and universal shout burst forth, 30
As rising from the ground, on her white brow
She placed the plumed casque, and wav'd on high
The banner'd lilies. On their way they march,
And dim in distance, soon the towers of Chinon
Fade from the eye reverted. The third sun, 35
Purpling the sky with his dilated light,
Sunk westering ; when embosom'd in the depth
Of that vast forest, whose prodigious track
Shadows the hills and vales of Orleannois,
They pitch their tents. The hum of occupation 40
Sounds ceaseless. Waving to the evening gale,
The streamers wanton ; and, ascending slow
Beneath the foliage of the forest trees,

With many a light hue tinged, the curling smoke
Melts in the impurpled air: leaving her tent, 45
The martial Maiden wander'd thro' the wood.

There, by a streamlet, on its mossy bank
Reclined, she saw a damsel: her long locks
Engarlanded, and as she nearer came,
The Virgin knew it for the willow weed. 50

Resting his head upon her lap, there lay
A dark-hair'd man, listening as she did sing
Sad ditties, and enwreathe to bind his brow
The melancholy rue. Scar'd at the sound
Of one in arms approaching, she had fled; 55
But Conrade, looking upward, recogniz'd
The Maid of Arc. "Fear not, poor Isabel,"
He said, "for this is one of gentle kind,
Whom even the wretched need not fear to love."

So saying, he arose and took her hand, 60
And held it to his bosom. "My fond heart,
Though school'd by wrongs to loath at human kind,
Beats high, a rebel to its own resolves.

Come hither, outcast One! and call her friend,
And she shall be thy friend more readily 65
Because thou art unhappy." Isabel

Saw a tear starting in the Virgin's eye,
And glancing upon Conrade, she too wept,
Wailing his wilder'd senses. "Mission'd Maid!"
The warrior cried, "be happy! for thy power 70
Can make this wanderer so. From Orleans driven,
Orphan'd by war, and torn away from one

Her only friend, I found her in the wilds,
Worn out with want and wretchedness. Thou, *JOAN*,
Wilt his beloved to the youth restore. 75
And, trust me, Maid! the miserable feel
When they on others bestow happiness
High joys and soul-ennobling." She replied,
Pressing the damsel's hand, in the mild tone
Of equal friendship, solacing her cares. 80
" Soon shall we enter Orleans," said the Maid;
" A few hours in her dream of victory
England shall triumph; then to be awak'd
By the loud thunder of Almighty wrath!
Irksome meantime the busy camp to me 85
A solitary woman. Isabel,
Wert thou the while companion of my tent,
Lightly the time would pass. Return with me,
I may not long be absent." So she spake.
The Wanderer in half-uttered words express'd 90
Grateful assent. " Art thou astonish'd, Maid,
That one though powerful is benevolent?
In truth thou well may'st wonder!" Conrade cried.
" But little cause to love the mighty ones
Has the low cottager! for with its shade 95
Does **POWER**, a barren death-dew-dropping tree,
Blast every herb beneath its baleful boughs!
Tell thou thy sufferings, Isabel! Relate
How warr'd the chieftains, and the people died.
The mission'd Virgin hath not heard thy woes, 100
And pleasant to my ear the twice-told tale

Of sorrow." Gazing on the martial Maid
She read her wish and spake. " Of lowly line,
Not distant far from Jenville, dwelt my sire.
Two brethren form'd our family of love. 105
Humble we were, but happy. Honest toil
Procur'd our homely sustenance. Our herds
Duly at morn and evening to my hand
Gave their full stores. The vineyard he had rear'd
Purpled its clusters in the southern sun; 110
And plenteous produce of my father's toil
The yellow harvest billowed o'er the plain.
We were content and envied not the great;
We fear'd them not, for we were innocent.
How cheerful seated round the blazing hearth 115
When all the labour of the day was done,
We pass'd the ev'ning hours! for they would sing
Or cheerful roundelay, or ditty sad
Of maid forsaken and the willow weed,
Or of the doughty Douzeperes of France, 120
Some warlike fit, the while my spinning wheel
Humm'd not unpleasing round!"

" Thus long we lived,
And happy. To a neighbouring youth my hand,
In holy wedlock soon to be combin'd,
Was plighted. My poor Francis!" Here she paus'd,
And here she wept awhile. " We did not dream
The desolating sword of War would stoop
To us. But soon as with the whirlwind's speed
Ruin rush'd round us. Mehun, Clery, fell,

The banner'd Lion waved on Gergeau's wall, 139
Baugenci yielded : soon the foe approach'd
The towers of Jenville." " Fatal was the hour
To luckless Isabel. For from the wall
The rusty sword was taken, and the shield
That long had mouldered on the mouldering nail,
To meet the war repair'd. No more was heard
The ballad, or the merry roundelay.

The clattering hammer's clank, the grating file
Harsh sounded thro' the day a dismal din.

I never shall forget their mournful sound ! 140

" My father stood encircling his old limbs
In long forgotten arms. " Come, boys," he cried,
" I did not think that this grey head again
Should bear the helmet's weight ! but in the field
Better to boldly die a soldier's death, 145
Than here be tamely butcher'd. My dear girl,
Go to the Abbey. Here is gold to buy
The kind protection of the holy church.
Fare thee well, Isabel ! if we survive
And conquer, we shall meet again : if not, 150
There is a better world !" In broken words
Lifting his looks to Heav'n ! my father breath'd
His blessing on me. As they strode away,
My brethren gazed on me and prest my hand
In silence, for they lov'd their Isabel. 155
From the near cottage Francis join'd the troop.
Then did I look on our forsaken home,
And almost sob my very soul away !

For all my hopes of happiness were fled,
Like a vain dream !” “ Perish these mighty ones,”
Cried Conrade, “ these prime ministers of death,
Who stalk elated o'er their fields of fame,
And count the thousands they have massacred,
And with the bodies of the innocent, rear
Their pyramid of glory ! Perish these, 165
The epitome of all the pestilent plagues
That Egypt knew ! who pour their locust swarms
O'er ravaged realms, and bid the brooks run blood.
FEAR and **DESTRUCTION** go before their path,
And **FAMINE** dogs their footsteps. **God of Justice,**
Let not the innocent blood cry out in vain !”

Thus whilst he spake, the murmur of the camp
Rose on their ear. First like the distant sound
When the full-foliag'd forest to the storm
Shakes its hoarse head. Anon with louder din ; 175
And thro' the opening glade gleam'd many a fire,
The Virgin's tent they enter'd. There the board
Was spread. The Wanderer, of the fare partook,
Then thus her tale renew'd. “ Slow o'er the hill
Whose rising head conceal'd our cot I pass'd, 180
Yet on my journey paus'd awhile, and gaz'd,
And wept—for often had I crost the hill
With cheerful step, and seen the rising smoke
Of hospitable fire. Alas ! no smoke
Curl'd o'er the melancholy chimneys now. 185
Orleans I reach'd. There in the suburbs stood
The Abbey—and ere long I learnt the fall

Of Jenville. On a day, a soldier ask'd
For Isabel. Scarce could my faltering feet
Support me. It was Francis, and alone— 190
The sole survivor of the fatal fight !
And soon the foes approach'd. Impending War
Soon sadden'd Orleans. There the bravest chiefs³
Assemble. Gallant D'Orval shines in arms,
And Xaintrailles ransom'd from the captive chain.
Graville, La Hire, and Thouars, and preserv'd
When fall'n and faint, Alencon on the field
Verneuil, to France so fatal ; and releas'd,
La Fayette from his hard captivity,
Bouffac, Chabannes, and over all renown'd 200
The Bastard Orleans. These within the town
Expect the foe. Twelve hundred chosen men
Well tried in war, uprear the guardian shield
Beneath their banners. Dreadful was the sight
Of preparation. The wide suburbs stretch'd 205
Along the pleasant borders of the Loire,
Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand
Of Ruin. These preventive Care destroys,⁴
Lest England, shelter'd by the friendly walls,
Securely should approach. The monasteries 210
Fell in the general waste. The holy monks
Uwillingly their long accustom'd haunts
Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook
Call'd to awakened Memory some trace
Of vision seen, or found miraculous. 215
Trembling and terrified, their noiseless cells

For the rude uproar of a world unknown,
The Nuns desert. Their Abbess, more composed,
Collects her maids around, and tells her beads,
And pours the timid prayer of piety. 220

The citizens with strong and ceaseless stroke
Dug up the violated earth, to impede
The foe. The hollow chambers of the dead
Echoed beneath. The brazen-trophied tomb
Thrown in the furnace, now prepares to give 225
The death it late recorded. It was sad

To see so wide a waste ; the aged ones
Hanging their heads, and weeping as they went
O'er the fall'n dwellings of their happier years ;
The stern and sullen silence of the men 230

Musing on vengeance : and but ill represt
The mother's fears as to her breast she clasp'd
Her ill-doom'd infant. Soon the suburbs lay
One ample ruin ; the huge stones remov'd,
Wait in the town to rain the storm of death. 235

" And now without the walls the desolate plain
Stretch'd wide, a rough and melancholy waste.
With upturn pavements and foundations deep
Of many a ruined dwelling--horrid scene !
Nor was within less drear. At evening hour 240
No more the merry tabor's note was heard,
No more the aged matron at her door
Humm'd cheery to her spinning wheel, and mark'd
Her children dancing to the roundelay.
It was a hurried, melancholy scene ! 245

The chieftains strengthening still the massy walls,
Survey them with the prying eye of fear.
The eager youth in dreadful preparation
Strive in the mimic war. Silent and stern
They urge with fearful haste their gloomy work. 250
All day the armorer's busy beat was heard,
All night it sounded. In the city dwelt
Such a dead silence of all pleasant sounds
As in the forest when the lowering clouds
Meet, and the deep and hollow wind is heard 255
That omens tempest : trembles to its voice
The grove, and casts a darker gloom around.

“ At length the foe approach. The watchman
sounds

His dreadful warning. From the lofty tower
Of old cathedral I beheld the scene. 160
Trembling as when upon some little rock
Islanded from the not-far-distant shore,
The shipwreck'd seaman difficultly escap'd
Stands, and beholds the tide fast rising round.

“ With standards proudly waving to the breeze,
Onward they move. The clarions breathe aloud
Their martial clangor, and the cheerful fife,
According to the thundering drum's deep sound,
Directs their measur'd march. Before the ranks
Stalks the stern form of Salisbury, the scourge 270
Of France ; and Talbot towered by his side,
Talbot, at whose dread name the foward child
Clings mute and trembling to his nurse's breast.

Suffolk was there, and Hungerford, and Scales,
And Fastolffe, victor in the frequent fight. 275

Dark as the autumnal storm they roll'd along,
That big with ruin chills the blacken'd vale ;
A countless host ! From the high tower I mark'd
The dreadful scene.—I saw the iron blaze

Of javelins sparkling to the noontide sun, 280
Their banners tossing to the troubled gale,
And--featful music--heard upon the wind
The modulated step of multitudes.

There in the midst, shuddering with fear, I saw
The dreadful stores of death. Tremendous roll'd
Over rough roads the harsh wheels. The brazen
Flash'd in the sun their fearful splendor far, [tubes
And last the loaded waggons creak'd along.
An awful scene ! that chill'd me as I gaz'd.

Thus from the black womb of the mutinous sky,
When the red lightning rushes, and illumines
With lurid light the cloud-clad hemisphere,
The traveller speeds across the plain, yet marks
All fearful as he is, with strange delight,
The forked flash. Meantime, a pensive train, 295
The fearful Nuns in sad solemnity
Pass to the temple. In this hour of ill,
Earnest of soul they pray to Heav'n for aid."

And now Dunois, for he had seen the camp
Well-order'd, enter'd. " One night more in peace
England shall rest," he cried, " ere yet the storm
Bursts on her guilty head ! then their proud vaunts

Forgotten or remember'd to their shame,
Vainly her chiefs shall curse the hour, when first
They pitch'd their tents round Orleans."

" Of that siege," 310

The Maid of Arc replied, " gladly I hear
The detail. Isabel, proceed ; for soon
Destin'd to rescue that devoted town,
All that has chanced, the ills she has endur'd,
I listen, sorrowing for the past, and feel 315
High satisfaction at the saviour power
To me commissioned." Thus the Virgin spake,
Nor Isabel delayed. " And now more near
The hostile host advancing pitch their tents.
Unnumber'd streamers wave, and clamorous shouts,
Anticipating conquest, rend the air
With universal uproar. From their camp
A herald comes. His garb emblazon'd o'er
With British lions, and foul blot to France !
The lilies from the field of Azincour 325
In slaughter pluck'd. The summons of the foe
He brought." The Bastard interrupting cried,
" I was with Gaucour and the assembled chiefs,
When by his office privileged and proud
That herald spake, as certain of success 330
As he had made a league with Victory."
" Nobles of France rebellious ! from the chief
Of yon victorious host, the mighty Earl
Of Salisbury, now there in place of him
Your Regent John of Bedford : in his name 335

I come, and in our sovereign Lord the King's
Henry. Ye know full well our master's claim
Incontrovertible to this good realm,
By right descent, and solemnly confirm'd
By your late Monarch and our mighty King 340
Fifth Henry, in the treaty ratified
At Troyes, wherein your Monarch did disclaim
All future right and title to this crown,
His own exempted, for his son and heirs
Down to the end of time. This sign'd and seal'd
At the holy altar, and by nuptial knot
Of Henry and your Princess, yields the realm,
Charles dead and Henry, to his infant son
Henry of Windsor. Who then dares oppose
My master's title, in the face of God 350
Of wilful perjury, most atrocious crime,
Stands guilty, and of flat rebellion 'gainst
The Lord's anointed. He at Paris crown'd,
With loud acclaim from duteous multitude
Thus speaks by me. Deliver up your town 355
To Salisbury, and yield yourselves and arms,
So shall your lives be safe. And---mark his grace!
If of your free accord, to him you pay
Due homage as your sovereign Lord and King,
Your rich estates, your houses shall be safe, 360
And you in favor stand, as is the Duke,
Philip of Burgundy. But---mark me well---
If obstinately wilful, you persist
To scorn his proffer'd mercy; not one stonē

Upon another of this wretched town 365
Shall then be left. And when the English host
Triumphant in the dust have trod the towers
Of Orleans, who survive the dreadful war
Shall die like traitors by the hangman's hand.
Ye men of France, remember Caen and Rouen!"

"He ceased. Nor Gaucour for a moment paus'd
To form reply. "Herald, to all thy vaunts
Of English sovereignty let this suffice
For answer: France will only own as King
Him whom the people choose. On Charles's brow
Transmitted thro' a long and good descent
The crown remains. We know no homage due
To English robbers, and disclaim the peace
Inglorious made at Troyes by factious men
Hostile to France. Thy master's proffer'd grace 380
Meets the contempt it merits, Herald, yes,
We shall remember Meaux, and Caen, and Rouen.
Go tell the mighty Earl of Salisbury,
That as like Blanchard, Gaucour dares his power;
Like Blanchard, he can mock his cruelty, 385
And triumph by enduring. Speak I well,
Ye men of Orleans?" "Never did I hear
A shout so universal as ensued
Of approbation. The assembled host
As with one voice pour'd forth their loyalty, 390
And struck their sounding shields. The towers of
Orleans
Echoed the loud uproar. The herald went,

The work of war began." "A fearful scene,"
Cried Isabel. "The iron storm of death
Clash'd in the sky. From the strong engines hurl'd
Huge rocks with tempest force convuls'd the air.
Then was there heard at once the clang of arms,
The bellowing cannon's, and the soldier's shout,
The female's shriek---the affrighted infant's cry :
The groan of death---Discord of dreadful sounds
That jarr'd the soul ! Nor while the encircling foe
Leagur'd the wall of Orleans, idly slept
Our friends. For winning down the Loire its way
The frequent vessel with provision fraught,
And men, and all the artillery of death, 405
Cheer'd us with welcome succour. At the bridge
These safely stranded mock'd the foeman's force.
This to prevent, Salisbury--their watchful chief, 6
Prepares the amazing work. Around our walls,
Encircling walls he builds, surrounding thus 410
The city. Firm'd with massiest buttresses,
At equal distance, sixty forts protect
The pile. But chief where in the sieged town
The six great avenues meet in the midst,
Six castles there he rear'd impregnable, 415
With deep-dug moats and bridges drawn aloft,
Where over the strong gate suspended hung
The dread portcullis. Thence the gunner's eye
From his safe shelter could with ease survey
Intended sally, or approaching aid, 420
And point destruction. It were long to tell

And tedious, how with many a bold assault
The men of Orleans rush'd upon their foes ;
How fell the Tournelles (where in time of peace
Justice had held her seat) and that strong tower
That shadowed from the bridge the subject Loire ;
Tho' numb'ring now three thousand daring men,
Frequent and fierce the garrison repell'd
Their far out-numb'ring foes. From ev'ry aid
Included, they in Orleans groan'd beneath 430
All ills accumulate. The shatter'd roofs
Gave to the midnight dews free passage there.
And ever and anon with hideous crash
Some house fell ; starting from his scanty rest
The wearied soldier. Thro' the streets were seen
The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haste
Piled up and steaming to infected Heaven.
For ever the incessant storm of Death
Showers down, and shrouded in unwholesome vaults
The wretched females hide, not idle there, 440
Wasting the hours in tears, but all employ'd,
Or to provide the hungry soldier's meal,
Or tear their garments to bind up his wounds :
A sad equality of wretchedness.

“ Now came the worst of ills, for Famine came !
The provident hand deals out its scanty dole,
Yielding so little a supply to life
As but protracted death. The loathliest food
Hunted with eager eye, and dainty deem'd.
The dog is slain, that at his master's feet 450

Howling with hunger lay. With jealous fear,
Hating a rival's look, the husband hides
His miserable meal. The famish'd babe
Clings closely to his dying mother's breast ;
And--horrible to tell !---where, thrown aside, 455
There lay unburied in the open streets
Huge heaps of carcases, the soldier stands
Eager to seize the carrion crow for food.
Oh peaceful scenes of childhood ! pleasant fields !
Haunts of my infancy, where I have stray'd 460
Tracing the brook along its winding way,
Or pluck'd the primrose, or with giddy speed
Chaced the gay butterfly from flower to flower !
Oh days in vain remember'd ! how my soul
Sick with calamity, and the sore ills 465
Of hunger, dwelt upon yoar ! quiet home
Thinking of you amid the waste of war,
I could in bitterness have curs'd the Great
Who made me what I was ! a helpless one,
Orphan'd, and wanting bread !”

“ And be they curst,” 470
Conrade exclaim'd, his dark eye flashing rage ;
“ And be they curst ! O groves and woodland shades,
How blest indeed were you, if the iron rod
Should one day from Oppression's hand be wrench'd
By everlasting Justice ! come that hour 475
When in the Sun the Angel of the Lord ⁸
Shall stand and cry to all the fowls of Heaven,
‘ Gather ye to the supper of your God,

That ye may eat the flesh of mighty men,
Of Captains, and of Kings !? Then shall be peace 480
When---Author of all ills that flesh endures,
O P P R E S S I O N, in the bottomless abyss.
Shall fall to rise no more !” The Maid pursued :
“ And now, lest all should perish, was decreed
That from the town the females and the infirm 485
Should, out-cast, seek their fate. I may not now
Recal the moment, when on my poor Francis,
With a long look I hung ! At dead of night,
Made mute by fear, we mount the secret bark,
And glide adown the stream with silent oars : 490
Thus thrown upon the mercy of mankind.
I wandered reckless where, till wearied out
And cold at heart, I laid me down to die :
So by this warrior found. Him I had known
And loved, for all loved Conrade who had known
him, 495

Nor did I feel so pressing the hard hand
Of want in Orleans, ere he parted thence
On perilous envoy. For of his small fare”—
“ Of this enough,” said Conrade, “ Holy Maid !
One duty yet awaits me to perform. 500
Orleans her envoy sent me, claiming aid
From her inactive sovereign. Willingly
Did I achieve the hazardous enterprize,
For Rumor had already made me fear

The ill that had fallen on me. It remains 505
Ere I do banish me from human kind,
That I re-enter Orleans, and announce
Thy march. 'Tis night---and hark! how dead a
silence!

Fit hour to tread so perilous a path!"
So saying, Conrade from the tent went forth. 510

BOOK THE SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

Conrade on his way to Orleans releases a French soldier. He enters that city. Council of the leaders. Their determination. Summons of the Maid to the English Generals. They receive it with scorn. The Maid attacks, defeats them, and enters Orleans in triumph at midnight, amid thunder and lightning.

THE night was calm, and many a moving cloud
Shadowed the moon. Along the forest glade
With swift foot Conrade past, and now had reach'd
The plain, where whilome by the pleasant Loire,
Cheer'd with the song, the rustics had beheld 5
The day go down upon their merriment ;
No song of Peace now echoed on its banks.
There tents were pitched---and there the centinel,
Slow pacing on his fullen rounds, beheld
The frequent corse roll down the tainted stream. 10
Conrade with wider sweep pursued his way,
Shunning the camp, now hush'd in sleep and still,
And now no sound was heard save of the Loire,
Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet

Alarm'd him. Nearer drew the fearful sound 15
As of pursuit---anon---the clash of arms !
That instant rising o'er a broken cloud
The moon beams shone, where two with combined
Prest on a single foe : he, warding still [force
Their swords, retreated in the unequal fight, 20
As he would make the city. Conrade shook
His long lance for the war, and strode along.
Full in the breast of one with forceful arm
Plunged he the spear of death ; and as, dismayed
By his fellow's fall, the other turn'd to fly, 25
Hurl'd the red weapon reeking from the wound,
And fix'd him to the plain. " Now haste we on,
Frenchman !" he cried. On to the stream they speed,
And plunging stemm'd with finewy stroke the tide.
Soon on the opposite shore arrived and safe. 30
" Whence comest thou ?" cried the Chief ; " on
what high charge
Commission'd ?" " Is it not the voice of Conrade ?"
Francis exclaim'd ; " and dost thou bring to us
" Tidings of speedy aid ? oh ! had it come
A few hours earlier ! Isabel is gone !" 35
" Nay, she is safe," cried Conrade, " her I found
When wilder'd in the forest, and consign'd
To the protection of that holy Maid,
The delegate of Heaven. One evening more
And thou shalt have thine Isabel. Now say, 40
Wherefore alone ? A fugitive from Orleans,
Or sent on dangerous service from the town ?"

"There is no food in Orleans," he replied,
"Scarce a meal more! the assembled Chiefs resolved
If thou shouldst bring no tidings of near aid 45
To cut their way to safety, or by death
Prevent the pang of famine. One they sought
Who venturesous in the English camp should spy
Where safest they might rush upon the foe.
The perilous task I chose, then desperate 50
Of happiness." So saying they approach'd
The gate. The centinel, soon as he heard
Thitherward footsteps, with uplifted lance
Challenged the darkling travellers. At their voice
He draws the strong bolts back, and painful turns 55
The massy entrance. To the careful chiefs
They pass. At midnight of their extreme state
Counselling they sat, serious and stern, To them
Conrade. "Assembled Warriors! sent from God
There is a holy Maid by miracles 60
Made manifest. Twelve hundred chosen men
Follow her hallowed standard. These Dunois,
The strength of France, arrays. With the next noon
Ye shall behold their march." Astonishment
Seized the convened Chiefs, and joy by doubt 65
Little repress'd. "Open the granaries!"
Xaintrailles exclaim'd. "Give we to all the host
With hand unsparing now the plenteous meal;
To-morrow we are safe. For Heaven all just
Has seen our sufferings and decreed their end. 70
Let the glad tidings echo thro' the town!"

God is with us !” “ Rest not in too full faith,”
D’Orval replied, “ on this miraculous aid.
Some frenzied female whose wild phantasy,
Shaping vain dreams, infects the credulous 75
With her own madness ! That Dunois is there,
Leading in arms twelve hundred chosen men,
Cheers me : yet let not we our little food
Be lavish’d, lest the warrior in the fight
Should haply fail, and Orleans be the prey 80
Of England !” “ Chief ! I tell thee,” Conrade cried,
“ I did myself behold the marble tomb
Burst, to the holy Maid disclosing arms
Held in the grave inviolate for her.
She is the Delegate of the Most High, 85
And shall deliver Orleans !” Gaucour then,
“ Be it as thou hast said. High Hope I feel,
For to no vulgar tale would Conrade yield
Belief, or he the Bastard. Our small stores
Must yield us ere another week elapse, 90
To death or England. Tell thro’ all our troops
There is a holy Virgin sent from God ;
They in that faith invincible shall war
With more than mortal fury.” Thus the Chief,
And what he said seem’d good. The men of Orleans,
Long by their foemen bayed, a victim band,
To war, and woe, and want, such transport felt
As when the Mexicans, with eager eye
Gazing to Huixachtla’s distant top,
On that last night, doubtful if ever morn 100

Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire,
 That kindled by the fierce Copolcan priest,
 Flames on the breast of some brave prisoner,
 A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze
 Beaming on Iztapalapan's near towers, 105
 Or on Tezcuco's calm lake flash'd far,
 Songs of thanksgiving and the shout of joy
 Wake the loud echo ; the glad husband tears
 The mantling aloe from the female's face,
 And children, now deliver'd from the dread 110
 Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,
 Hail the good omen, and expect the sun
 Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race.

Thus whilst in that besieged town the night
 Wain'd sleepless, silent slept the hallowed host. 115
 And now the morning came. From his hard couch,
 Lightly upstarting and bedight in arms,
 The Bastard moved along, with provident eye
 Marshalling the troops. All high in hope they
 march.

And now the sun shot from the southern sky 120
 His noon-tide radiance, when afar they hear
 The hum of men, and mark the distant towers
 Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,
 And many a streamer wantoning in air.
 These as they saw and thought of all the ills 125
 Their brethren had endur'd beleager'd there
 For many a month ; such ardor for the fight
 Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt

When to the assembled tribe Mohammed spake,
Asking for one his Vizier, Fierce in faith, 130
Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth,
“ Prophet of God ! lo—I will be the man !”
Nor did not Ali merit that high post,
Victorious upon Beder’s fertile vale,
And on mount Ohud, and before the walls 135
Of Chaibar, then when cleaving to the chest
His giant foe, he grasp’d the massy gate,
Shook with strong arm and tore it from the fort,
And lifted it in air—portentous shield !

“ Behold the towers of Orleans,” cried Dunois. 140
“ Lo ! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,
Of yore, at close of day the rustic band
Danced to the roundelay. In younger years
As oft I glided down the silver stream,
Frequent upon the lifted oar I paus’d 145
List’ning the sound of far-off merriment.
There wave the English banners ! martial Maid,
Give thou the signal—let me rush upon
These ministers of murder, who have sack’d
The fruitful fields, and made the hamlet haunts 150
Silent—or hearing but the widow’s groan.
Give thou the signal, Maiden !” Her dark eye
Fix’d sadly on the foe, the holy Maid
Answer’d him. “ Ere the bloody sword be drawn,
Ere slaughter be let loose—befits us send 155
Some peaceful messenger, who shall make known
The will of Heaven. So timely warn’d, our foes

Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace
Besieged Orleans. Victory is sad.

When even one man is murder'd." So she said, 160
And as she spake a soldier from the ranks
Advanced. " I will be thy Messenger,
Maiden of God ! I to the English camp
Will bear thy bidding." " Go," the Virgin cried,
" Say to the Chief of Salisbury, and the host 165
Attending—Suffolk, Fastolffe, Talbot, Scales,
Invaders of the country—say, thus says

THE MAID OF ORLEANS. " With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
Restore to Charles ; so bloodless you may seek 170
Your native England ; for the God of Hosts
Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
By long descent and voluntary choice
Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes 175
Arm'd with his sword—yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace : for ere the morrow dawns,
Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
The holy banner." To the English camp
Fearless the warrior strode. At mid-day meal, 180
With all the dissonance of boisterous mirth,
The British Chiefs carous'd and quaff'd the bowl
To future conquest. By the centinel
Conducted came the Frank. " Chiefs," he exclaim'd,
" Salisbury, and ye the representatives 185
Of the English King, usurper of this realm,

'To ye the leaders of the invading host
I come, no welcome messenger. Thus says
THE MAID OF ORLEANS. "With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys 190
Restore to Charles ; so bloodless may you seek
Your native England ; for the God of Hosts
Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
By long descent and voluntary choice
Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd 195
His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes,
Arm'd with his sword, yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace : for ere the morrow dawns,
Victorius upon Orleans' wall shall wave
The holy banner." Wonder made a pause ; 200
To this the laugh succeeds. "What!" Fastolffe cried,
"A woman warrior has your monarch sent
To save devoted Orleans?" By the rood
I thank his Grace. If she be young and fair
No worthless prize, my Lords. Go tell your Maid
Joyful we wait her coming." "Get thee gone,"
Sternly cried Talbot, "thou who think'st to scare
With girlish phantasies the English host
That scorns your bravest warriors. Hie thee hence,
Insolent herald ! tell this frantic girl, 210
This courtly minion, to avoid my wrath,
For if she dares the war, I will not stain
My good-blood-rusted sword—but she shall meet
The mockery of the camp." "Nay, scare her not,"
Replied their Chief, "go tell this Maid of Orleans, 215

That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight.
Nor let her fear that rude and iron chains
Shall gall her tender limbs ; for I myself
Will be her prison, and---” “ Contemptuous Man!
No more,” the Frank exclaimed, as to his cheek 220
Rush’d the red anger. “ Bearing words of peace
And timely warning, came I to your camp,
Here with rude mock’ry and stern insolence
Received. Bear witness, Chieftains! that the French,
Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war.” 225
So saying, he departed. Thro’ the tents
As him the sentinel conducted, round
He gaz’d and cried ; “ Oh ! I am sad to think
So many men shall never see the sun
Go down ! Ye English mothers, mourn ye now, 230
Daughters of England weep ! for hard of heart
Still your mad leaders urge the impious war,
And for their folly and their wickedness
Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.
Widow’d and friendless, ye shall sit and weep, 235
And, wanting bread, groan for the murdered ones
In whom your joys were murdered !” So he cried,
And they who heard him trembled. Thro’ the host
Ran the strange tidings. — For the fight they arm,
Eager for war no longer, nor of blood 240
Greedy, but palsied by religious dread.
Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear
Even from themselves ; some of the coming fray
Murmuring in hints half heard, tho’ understood ;

Some deadly pale and ominous of death, 245
Silently stood and breath'd the inward prayer.

Meantime the herald had with hasty steps
Rejoin'd the hallowed troops. "Maiden of God !
Vainly I proffer'd peace to the proud chiefs :
Their hearts are hardened."

Thro' the marshall'd band 250
Ran the loud cry, "Lead, lead us to the foe!"
The mission'd Maid exclaim'd, "Not upon us,
Not upon us, cry out the innocent blood!"
Given was the signal now : and now were heard
The clarion's clangor, and the trumpet's blast, 255
Soul-rousing sounds. Like two conflicting clouds,
Pregnant with thunder, rush'd the hostile hosts.
Then man met man—then on the batter'd shield
Rung the loud lance, and thro' the darken'd sky
Fast fell the arrowy storm. Amidst his foes 260
The Bastard's arm sway'd irresistible
The strokes of death ; and by his side the Maid
Led the fierce fight ; the Maid, tho' all unus'd
To the rude conflict, now inspir'd by Heaven,
Flashing her flamy falchion thro' the troops 265
That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
Scattered the trembling ranks. Nor plated shield,
Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,
Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she moved,
Like as the Angel of the Lord went forth 270
And smote his army, when the Assyrian King,
Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,

Blasphem'd the God of Israel. Yet the fight
Hung doubtful, where exempling hardiest deeds,
Salisbury mow'd down the foe, and Fastolffe strove,
And in the hottest doings of the war
Towered Talbot. He, remembering the past day
When from his name the affrighted sons of France
Fled trembling, all astonish'd at their force
And wontless valor, rages round the field 280
Dreadful in fury ; yet in every man
Meeting a foe fearless, and in the faith
Of Heaven's assistance firm. The clang of arms
Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war
Prepared, and confident of victory, 285
Speed forth the troops. Not when afar exhal'd
The hungry raven snuffs the steam of blood
That from some carcass-cover'd field of fame
Taints the pure air, wings he more eagerly
To riot on the gore, than rush'd the ranks ; 290
Impatient now for many an ill endur'd
In the long siege, to wreak upon their foes
Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray ;
The fwords that late flash'd to the evening sun,
Now lost in blood their radiance. O'er the host 295
Howl'd the deep wind that ominous of storms
Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The blacken'd night
Frown'd, and the thunder from the troubled sky
Roar'd hollow. Javelins clash'd and bucklers rang ;
Shield prest on shield ; loud on the helmet jarr'd
The ponderous battle axe ; the groan of death

Commingling frequent with the storm was heard,
And the shrill shriek of Fear. Amid the storm
SLAUGHTER exultant rides. His giant limbs
Bestride the whirlwind, and his red right arm 305.
Arrowed the lightning. Frantic **FURY** howls
Amid the thickest ranks, and from her torch
Tartarean flashes shook, and loud was heard
HORROR's dread shriek amid the wild uproar.

Lo ! where the holy banner waved aloft 310
The lambent lightnings play'd. Irradiate round
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
It shot miraculous splendor. Then their hearts
Sunk, and the English trembled. With such fear
Possessed, as when the combined host beheld 315
The sun stand still on Gibeon, at the voice
Of that king-conquering warrior, he who smote
The country of the hills, and of the south,
From Baal-gad to Halak, and their Kings,
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled 320
From that portentous banner, and the sword
Of France ; tho' Talbot with vain valiancy
Yet urged the war, and stemm'd alone the tide
Of conquest. Even their leaders felt dismay ;
Fastolffe fled fast, and Salisbury in the rout 325
Mingles, and all impatient of defeat,
Borne backward Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
The cry of conquest. Deeper grew the storm,
And darkness, hovering o'er on raven wing,
Brooded the field of death. Nor in the camp 330

Deem themselves safe the trembling fugitives.
On to the forts they haste. Bewilder'd there
Amid the moats by fear, and the dead gloom
Of more than midnight darkness, plunge the troops,
Crush'd by fast following numbers who partake 335
The death they give. As rushing from the snows
Of winter liquified, the torrent tide
Resistless down the mountain rolls along,
Till at the brink of giddy precipice
Arrived, with deaf'ning clamor down it falls : 340
Thus borne along, the affrighted English troops
Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid
The liquid death. Then rose the dreadful cries
More dreadful, and the dash of breaking waves
That to the passing lightning as they broke 345
Gleam'd horrible. Nor of the host so late
Triumphing in the pride of victory,
And swoln with confidence, had now escap'd
One wretched remnant, had not Talbot's mind,
Slow as he mov'd unwilling from the war, 350
What most might profit the defeated ranks,
Pondered. He reaching safe the massy fort
By St. John's name made holy, kindled up
The guiding fire. Not unobserv'd it blaz'd ;
The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
Of that proud city, in remembrance fond
Call'd London, light the beacon. Nor aloft
Did they not flame from every smaller fort, [moats
That firm entrenched with walls and deep-delv'd

Included Orleans. O'er the shadowy plain 360
They cast a lurid splendor ; to the troops
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller,
Wand'ring with parched feet o'er the Arabian fands,
The far-seen cistern ; he for many a league
Travelling the trackless desolate, where heaved 365
With tempest swell the desart billows round,
Pauses, and shudders at his perils past,
Then wild with joy speeds on to taste the wave
So long bewail'd. Swift as the affrighted herd
Scud o'er the plain, when frequent thro' the sky 370
Flash the fierce lightnings, speed the routed host
Of England. To the sheltering forts they haste,
Though safe, of safety doubtful, still appall'd
And trembling, as the pilgrim who by night
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl 375
Hears the wood echo, when from the fell beast
Escap'd, of some tall tree the topmost branch
He grasps close-clinging, still of that keen fang
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the big drops stand
On his cold quiv'ring limbs. Nor now the Maid
Greedy of vengeance urges the pursuit.
She bids the trumpet of retreat resound ;
A pleasant music to the routed ranks
Blows the loud blast. Obedient to its voice
The French, tho' eager on the invaders' heads 385
To wreak their wrath, stay the victorious sword.
Loud is the cry of conquest as they turn
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town

Unwilling had remained, haste forth to meet
The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held 390
That rais'd aloft amid the midnight storm,
Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced--
Deep through the sky the hollow thunders roll'd--
Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner
Wreath'd their red radiance.

Through the open'd gate 395
Slow past the laden convoy. Then was heard
The shout of exultation, and such joy
The men of Orleans at that welcome sight
Possess'd ; as when from Bactria late subdued,
The Macedonian Madman led his troops 400
Amid the Sogdian desart, where no stream
Wastes on the wild its fertilizing waves.
Fearful alike to pause, or to proceed ;
Scorch'd by the sun that o'er their morning march
Steam'd his hot vapors, heart subdued and faint ;
Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights
Burst the soul-gladdening sound ! for thence was seen
The evening sun silvering the tide below,
Where Oxus roll'd along. Clamors of joy
Echo along the street of Orleans, wont 410
Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry,
The mother's frantic shriek, or the dread sound,
When from the cannon burst its stores of death.
Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles,
And high-heap'd carcases, whence scar'd away 415

From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing
Rose the night-raven flow. In the English forts
Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night
Steals in the straggling fugitive ; as when,
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky 420
Serenely shines the sun ; with ev'ry breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

L

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

ARGUMENT.

Description of the English forts. The French troops attack and capture the forts of St. Loup and St. John. Attack of Fort London. Salisbury encounters the Maid. Event of that encounter. The Tournelles surrounded by the French, who dispatch a troop to Orleans for provisions, and encamp before it for the night.

STRONG were the English forts, by daily toil
Of thousands rear'd on high, what time, elate
With fancied conquest, Salisbury bade rise
The amazing pile, from succour to include
Besieged Orleans. Round the city walls 5
Stretch'd the wide circle, massy as the fence
Erst by the fearful Roman on the bounds
Of Caledonia rais'd, for, soul-enslaved,
Her hireling plunderers fear'd the car-borne chiefs
Who rush'd from Morven down. Strong battle-
Crested the mighty bulwark; on whose top [ments
Secure the charioteer might wheel along.
From base declining; at just distance rose
The frequent buttress, and thrice twenty forts
Lifted aloft their turret-crowned heads, 15

All firm and massy. But of these most firm
As though of some large castle each the Keep
Stood six square fortresses with turrets flank'd,
Piles of unequall'd strength—tho' now deem'd weak
'Gainst puissance more than mortal, and the flames
Shot from celestial banner. Safely hence
The skilful archer entering with his eye
The city, might himself the while unfeen,
Thro' the long opening, shower his winged deaths.
Loire's waves diverted fill'd the deep-dug moat 25
Circling the pile, a bulwark vast, as what
Round their disheartened camp and stranded ships
The Greeks uprear'd, a common sepulchre
Of thousands slaughter'd, and the doom'd death-
place

Of many a Chief, when Priam's patriot son 30
Rush'd in his wrath and scattered their pale tribes.

But cowering now amid their sheltering forts
Tremble the English host. Their leader's care
In anxious vigilance prepares to ward
Assault expected. Nor the Maid's intent 35
Did he not rightly aread : tho' vain the attempt
To kindle in their breasts the wonted flame
Of valor ; for by prodigies unmann'd
They wait the morning, or in silent dread,
Or pouring out their fears in many a prayer. 40

The morning came. The martial Maid arose,
Lovely in arms she moved. Around the gate
Eager again for conquest throng the troops.

High towered the Son of Orleans, in his strength
Poising the ponderous spear. His batter'd shield, 45
Witnessing the fierce fray of yesternight,
Hung on his sinewy arm. "Maiden of Arc,
Hail!" so, to her approaching, cried the Chief.
"Well hast thou prov'd thy mission, as, by words
And miracles attested when dismayed 50
The stern Theologists forgot their doubts,
So in the field of slaughter now confirm'd.
Yon well-fenced forts protect the fugitives,
And seem as in their strength they mock'd our force.
Yet must they fall."

"And fall they shall!" replied 55
The Maid of Orleans. "Ere the sun be set
The lily on that shattered wall shall wave
Triumphant---Men of France! ye have fought well
On that blood-reeking plain. Your humbled foes
Lurk trembling now amid their massy walls. 60
Wolves that have ravaged the neglected flock!
The Shepherd---the Great Shepherd is arisen!
Ye fly! yet shall not ye by flight escape
His vengeance. Men of Orleans! it were vain
By words to waken wrath within your breasts. 65
Look round. Your holy buildings and your homes---
Ruins that choke the way! your populous town---
One open sepulchre! Who is there here
That does not mourn a friend, a brother slain,
A parent famish'd---or his dear loved wife 70
Torn from his bosom---outcast---broken-hearted---

Cast on the mercy of mankind?" She ceased.
The cry of indignation from the host
Burst forth, and all impatient for the war
Demand the signal. These Dunois arrays 75
In four battalions. Xaintrailles, tried in war,
Commands the first; Xaintrailles, who oft subdued
By adverse fortune to the captive chain,
Still more tremendous to the enemy,
Lifted his death-fraught lance, as erst from earth 80
Antæus vaunting in his giant bulk,
When graspt by force Herculean, down he fell
Vanquisht; anon uprose more fierce for war.

Gancour o'er one presides. The steady friend
Of him imprison'd Orleans. Of his town 85
Belov'd guardian, he the dreadful siege
Firmly abiding, prudent still to plan
Irruption, and with youthful vigor swift
To lead the battle, from his soldiers love
Prompter obedience gained, than ever fear 90
Forced from the heart reluctant. The third band
Alençon leads. He on the fatal field
Verneuil, when Buchan and the Douglas died,
Fell senseless. Guiltless he of that day's loss,
Wore undisgraced awhile the captive chain. 95
The Monarch him grateful to his high rank
Had ransom'd, once again to meet the foe
With better fortune. O'er the last presides
Dunois the Bastard, mighty in the war.
His prowess knew the foes, and his fair fame 100

Confess'd, since when before his stripling arm
 Fled Warwick---Warwick, that King-making Chief,
 In after days the arbiter of England,
 Who, bearing on his sword her diadem,
 Gave or bereft at will. Yet by Dunois 105
 Baffled, and yielding him the conqueror's praise.
 And by his side the martial Maiden pass'd,
 Lovely in arms as that Arcadian boy
 Parthenopæus, when the war of beasts
 Disdaining, he to murder man rush'd forth, 110
 Bearing the bow, and those Dictæan shafts
 Diana gave, when she the youth's fair form
 Saw softened, and forgave the mother's fault.

Saint Loup's strong fort stood first. O'er this com-
 Nobled by valor, Gladdisdale ; and here [mands,
 The heir of Poyning's name, and Molyns lead
 The fearful garrison. As lowering clouds
 Swept by the hoarse wind o'er the blacken'd plain,
 Moved on the host of France : they from the fort,
 Through secret opening, shower their pointed shafts,
 Or from the battlements the death-tipt spear
 Hurl fierce, Nor from the strong arm only launch'd
 The javelin fled, but driven by the strained force
 Of the balista, in one carcas spent
 Stay'd not ; thro' arms and men it makes its way,
 And leaving death behind, still holds its course
 By many a death unclogg'd. With rapid march
 Right onward they advanced, and soon the shafts,
 Impell'd by that strong stroke beyond the host

Wasting their force, fell harmlesſ. Now they reach'd
Where by the bayle's embattled wall in arms
The Knights of England stood. There Poynings shook²
His lance, and Gladdisdale his heavy mace
For the death-blow prepared. Alençon here,
And here the Bastard strode, and by the Maid 135
That daring man who to the English host
Then insolent of many a conquest gain'd,
Bore her bold bidding. A rude coat of mail
Unhoſed, unhooded, as of lowly line
Arm'd him, tho' here amid the high-born chiefs 140
Preeminent for prowes. On his head ³
A black plume shadowed the rude featur'd helm.
Then was the war of men, when front to front ⁴
They rear'd the hostile hand, for low the wall
Where the bold Frenchman's upward driven spear,
Might pierce the foe. Then rang along the lists
The clash of battle. As Alençon moved
On his crown-creſted helm with ponderous blow
Fell Gladdisdale's huge mace. Back he recoil'd ⁵
Astounded. Soon recovering, his keen lance 150
Thrust on the warrior shield. There fast infix'd,
Nor could Alençon the deep driven spear
Recover, nor the foeman from his grasp
Wrench the contended weapon. Fierce again
He lifts the mace, that on the ashen hilt 155
Fell full. It shiver'd, and the Frenchman held
A pointless truncheon. Where the Bastard fought
The spear of Poynings, thro' his plated mail

Pierced, and against the iron fence beneath 6
Blunted its point. Again he speeds the spear; 160
At once Dunois on his broad buckler bears
The unharmed stroke, and aims with better fate
His javelin. Thro' his sword-arm did it pierce
Maugre the mail. Hot from the streaming wound
Again the weapon fell, and in his breast 165
Even thro' the hauberk drove. But there the war
Raged fiercest where the martial Maiden moved
The minister of wrath. For thither throng'd
The bravest champions of the adverse host.
And on her either side two warriors stood 170
Of unmatch'd prowess, still with eager eye
Shielding her form, and aiming at her foes
Their deadly weapons, of themselves the while
Little regarding. One was that bold man
Who bade defiance to the English Chiefs. 175
Firmly he stood, untir'd and undismay'd,
Tho' on his burgonet the frequent spear
Drove fierce, and on his arm the buckler hung
Heavy, thick-bristled with the hostile shafts,
Even like the porcupine when in his rage 180
Rous'd, he collects within him all his force,
Himself a quiver. And of loftier port
On the other hand towered Conrade. Firmly fenced,
A jazerent of double mail he wore,
Beneath whose weight one but of common strength
Had sunk. Untir'd the conflict he endur'd
Wielding a battle axe ponderous and keen,

That gave no second stroke. For where it fell,
Not the strong buckler nor the plated mail
Might save, nor crested casque. On Molyn's head,
As at the Maid he aim'd his javelin,
Forceful it fell, and shiver'd with the blow
The iron helm, and to his brain-pan drove
The fragments. At their comrades death amaz'd,
And for a moment fearful shrunk the foes. 195
That instant Conrade, with an active bound,
Sprung on the battlements. There firm he stood,
Guarding ascent. The warrior Maid of Arc,
And he the partner of that battle's fame,
Followed, and soon the exulting cry of France 200
Along the lists was heard, as waved aloft
The holy banner. Gladdisdale beheld,
And hastening from his well-defended post,
Sped to the fiercer conflict. To the Maid
He strode, on her resolv'd to wreak his rage, 205
With her to end the war. Nor did not JOAN
Read his stern purpose. Lifting up her shield
Prepared she stood, and pois'd her sparkling spear.
The English Chief came on; on high he rais'd
His mace, and all his might into one blow 210
Collected. As the Maiden rear'd her shield,
Before her rush'd the man of lowly line,
And on his buckler caught the mighty stroke,
And at that instant thro' the warrior's neck
Thrust the keen lance. Prone fell the English Knight.
Fast from the deadly wound the blood gush'd forth.

Then thro' the host contagious terror ran,
Their Chieftain slain. And lo ! where on the wall
Bulwark'd of late by Gladdisdale so well
The son of Orleans stood, and swayed around 220
His falchion, keeping thus at bay the foe,
Till on the battlements his comrades sprang,
And rais'd the shout of conquest. Then appall'd
The English fled ; nor fled they unpursued,
For mingling with the foremost fugitives, 225
The gallant Conrade rush'd ; and with the throng,
The Knights of France together o'er the bridge
Fast speeded. Nor the garrison within
Durst let the ponderous portcullis fall,
For in the entrance of the fort the fight 230
Raged fiercely, and together thro' the gate
The vanquish'd English and their eager foes
Pass'd in the flying conflict. Well I deem
And wisely did that daring Spaniard act
At Vera-Cruz, when he his yet sound ships 235
Dismantling, left no spot where treacherous Fear
Might still with wild and wistful eye look back.
For knowing no retreat, his desperate troops
In conquest sought their safety. Victors hence
At Tlascala, and o'er the Cholulans, 240
And by Otompan, on that bloody field
When Mexico her patriot thousands pour'd,
Fierce in vain valor on their ruffian foes.
There was a portal to the English fort
That opened on the wall ; a speedier path 245

In peace affording, whence the charmed eye
Might linger down the river's pleasant course.
Fierce in the gate-way raged the deadly war ;
For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,
And he of lowly line, bravelier than whom 250
Fought not in that day's battle. Of success
Desperate, for from above, the garrison
Could wield no arms so certain to bestow
Equal destruction ; of the portal's aid
The foe bethought them : then with lesser force 255
Their weapons fell : abandoned was the gate ;
And soon from Orleans the glad citizens
Beheld the hallowed banner on the tower
Triumphant. Swift along the lofty wall
The English haste to St. John's neighbouring fort,
Flying with fearful speed. Nor from pursuit
The victors ceased, but with the fugitives
Mingled and waged the war : the combatants,
Lock'd in the hostile grasp, together fall
Precipitate. But foremost of the French, 265
Dealing destruction, Conrade rush'd along :
Heedless of danger, he to the near fort
Pass'd in the fight ; nor did not then the Chief
What most might serve bethink him : firm he stood
In the portal, and one moment looking back 270
Lifted his loud voice : thrice the warrior cried,
Then to the war addrest him, now assail'd
By numerous foes, who arrogant of power
Threatened his single valor. He the while

Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash, 275
But of his own strength conscious, and the post
Friendly ; for narrow was the portal way
To one alone fit passage, from above
O'erbrow'd by no out-jutting parapet,
Whence death might crush him. He in double mail
Was arm'd ; a massy burgonet, well tried
In many a hard-fought field, helming his head ;
A buckler broad, and fenced with iron plates,
Bulwark'd his breast. Nor to dislodge the Chief
Could the English pour their numbers, for the way
By upward steps presented from the fort
Narrow ascent, where one alone could meet
The war. Yet were they of their numbers proud,
Tho' useless numbers were in that straight path,
Save by assault, unceasing to out-last 290
A single warrior who at length must sink
Fatigued with conquering, by long victory
Vanquish'd. There was amid the garrison
A fearless Knight who at Verneuil had fought,
And high renown for his bold chivalry 295
Acquir'd in that day's conquest. To his fame
The thronging English yield the foremost place.
He his keen javelin to transpierce the Frank
Hurl'd forceful : harmless in his shield it fix'd,
Advantaging the foe, for by his side 300
The battle-axe, an unfit weapon there,
He hung, and seized the spear ; then in himself
Collected stood, and calm. Nor the English Knight

Remain'd unweapon'd : to have sped so ill,
Indignant, from behind he snatch'd a lance 305
And hurl'd with fiercer fury. Conrade lifts
The ponderous buckler. Thro' three iron folds
Pierced the keen point, there, innocent of ill,
Unharming hung. He with forceful grasp,
Plucking the javelin forth, with mightier arm, 310
Launch'd on his foe. With wary bend, the foe
Shrunk from the flying death ; yet not in vain
From that strong hand the fate-fraught weapon fled :
Full on the corslet of a meaner man
It fell, and pierced, there where the heaving lungs,
With purer air distended, to the heart
Roll back their purged tide : from the deep wound
The red blood gush'd : prone on the steps he fell,
And in the strong convulsive grasp of death
Grasp'd his long pike. Of unrecorded name 320
Died the mean man ; yet did he leave behind
One who did never say her daily prayers,
Of him forgetful ; who to every tale
Of the distant war, lending an eager ear,
Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door, 325
The wretched one shall sit, and with dim eye
Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting steps
Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know
Her husband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope,
Gaze on--then heart-sick turn to her poor babe, 330
And weep it fatherless ! The enraged Knight
Drew his keen falchion, and with dauntless step

Moved to the closer conflict. Then the Frank,
 Laying his javelin by, his battle-axe
 Uplifted. Where the buckler was below 335
 Rounded, the falchion struck ; but impotent
 To pierce its plated folds, more forceful driven,
 Fierce on his crested helm, the Frenchman's stroke
 Fell ; the helm shivered ; from his eyes the blood
 Started ; with blood the chambers of the brain 340
 Were fill'd ; his breast-plate with convulsive throes,
 Heaved as he fell ; victorious, he the prize
 At many a tournament had borne away
 In the mimic war : happy, if so content
 With bloodless glory, he had never left 345
 The mansion of his fires. Warn'd by his fall,
 With a long pike at distance, the next foe
 Thrust on the Frank. Then Conrade his sharp spear
 Flung, and transfix'd him ; seizing the fall'n pike
 He in the portal stood, so well prepared 350
 To greet who should assail. But terrified
 The English stood, nor durst adventure now
 Near that death-doing man. Amid their host
 Was one who well could from the stubborn bow
 Shower his sharp shafts : well skill'd in wood-craft
 Even as the merry Outlaws who their haunts [he,
 In Sherwood held, and bade their bugles rouse
 The sleeping stag, ere on the web-woven grass
 The dew-drops sparkled to the rising-sun.
 He safe in distance at the warrior aim'd 360
 The feather'd dart--With force he drew the bow :

Loud on his bracer struck the sounding string :
Deep in his shield it hung : then Conrade rais'd
Again his echoing voice, and call'd for aid,
Nor was the call unheard ; the troops of France, 365
From St. Loup's captur'd fort along the wall
Haste to the portal ; cheering was the sound
Of their near footsteps to the Chief : he drew
His falchion forth, and down the steps he rush'd.
Then terror seiz'd the English, for their foes 370
Swarm'd thro' the open portal, and the sword
Of Conrade was among them. Not more fierce
The injur'd Turnus fway'd his angry arm,
Slaughtering the robber emigrants of Troy :
Nor with more fury thro' the streets of Paris 375
Rush'd he, the King of Sarza, Rodomont
Clad in his dragon mail. Like some tall rock,
Around whose billow-beaten foot the waves
Waste their wild fury, stood the unshaken man ;
Tho' round him prest his foemen, by Despair 380
Hearten'd. He, mowing thro' the throng his path,
Call'd on the troops of France, and bade them haste
Where he should lead the way. A daring band
Followed the adventurous Chieftain : he moved on
Unterrified, amid the arrowy shower, 385
Tho' on his shield and helm the darts fell fast ;
As the fear'd leaves that from the trembling tree
The autumnal whirlwind shakes. Nor Conrade paus'd,
Still thro' the fierce fight urging on his way,
Till to the gate he came, and with strong hand 390

Seiz'd on the massy bolts. These as he drew,
Full on his helm the weighty English sword
Descended ; swift he turn'd to wreak his wrath,
When lo ! the assailant gasping on the ground,
Cleft by the Maiden's falchion : she herself 395
To the foe opposing with that lowly man,
For they alone following the adventurous steps
Of Conrade, still had equall'd his bold course,
Shielded him as with eager hand he drew
The bolts; the gate turn'd slow; forth leapt the Chief
And shivered with his battle-axe the chains
That hung on high the bridge. The impetuous
By Gaucour led, rush'd o'er to victory. [troops,
The banner'd lilies on the captur'd wall
Tossed to the wind. "On to the neighbouring fort!"
Cried Conrade, "Xaintrailles! ere the night draws on
Once more to conquest lead the troops of France :
Force ye the lists, and fill the deep-dug moat,
And with the ram, shake down their batter'd walls.
Anon I shall be with you." Thus he said ; 410
Then to the Damsel, " Maid of Arc ! awhile
Cease we from battle, and by short repose
Renew our strength." So saying he his helm
Unlaced, and in the Loire's near-flowing stream
Cleansed his hot face. The Maid her head unhelm'd,
And stooping to the stream, reflected there
Saw her white plumage stain'd with human blood!
Shudd'ring she saw, but soon her steady soul
Collected : on the banks she laid her down

Freely awhile respiring, for her breath 420
Quick panted from the fight : silent they lay,
For gratefully the cooling breezes bathed
Their throbbing temples. It was now the noon :
The sun-beams on the gently waving stream
Danced sparkling. Lost in thought the warrior lay,
And softening sadly his stern face, exclaim'd,
“ Maiden of Arc ! at such an hour as this,
Beneath the o'er-arching forest's chequer'd shade,
With that lost woman have I wandered on,
Talking of years of happiness to come ! 430

Oh hours for ever fled ! delightful dreams
Of the unsuspecting heart ! I do believe
If Agnes on a worthier one had fix'd
Her love, that tho' mine aching heart had nurst
Its sorrows, I had never on her choice 435
Pour'd one upbraiding--but to stoop to him !
A harlot !---an adulteress !” In his eye
Red anger flash'd ; anon of what she was
Ere yet the foul pollution of the Court
Stain'd her fair fame, he thought. “ Oh happy age !”
He cried, “ when all the family of man
Freely enjoyed the goodly earth he gave,
And only bow'd the knee, in prayer to God !
Calm flow'd the unruffled stream of years along,
Till o'er the peaceful rustic's head, grew grey 445
The hairs in full of time. Then he would sit
Beneath the coetaneous oak, whilst round,
Sons, grandsons, and their offspring join'd to form,

The blameless merriment ; and learnt of him
 What time to yoke the oxen to the plough, 450
 What hollow moanings of the western wind
 Foretel the storm, and in what lurid clouds
 The embryo lightning lies. Well pleas'd, he taught
 The heart-smile glowing on his aged cheek,
 Mild as decaying light of summer fun. 455
 Thus calmly constant flowed the stream of life
 Till lost at length amid that shoreless sea,
 Eternity. Around the bed of death
 Gathered his numerous race--his last advice
 In sad attention heard--caught his last sigh-- 460
 Then underneath the aged tree that grew
 With him, memorial planted at his birth,
 They delved the narrow house : there oft at eve
 Drew round their children of the after days,
 And pointing to the turf, told how he lived, 465
 And taught by his example how to die.

“ Maiden ! and such the evening of my days
 Fondly I hoped ; but I shall be at rest
 Soon, in that better world of Peace and Love
 Where evil is not : in that better world, 470
 JOAN, we shall meet, and he too will be there,
 Thy Theodore.” Sooth'd by his words, the Maid
 Had listened sadly, till at that loved name
 She wept. “ Nay, Maid !” he cried, “ I did not think
 To wake a tear ; but pleasant is thy grief ! 475
 Thou know'st not what it is, round thy warm heart
 To have a false one wreath in viper folds.

But to the battle ! in the clang of arms,
We win forgetfulness." Then from the bank
He sprung, and helm'd his head. The Maid arose,
Bidding awhile adieu to milder thoughts.

On to the fort they speed, whose name recall'd
England's proud capital to the English host,
Now half subdued, anticipating death,
And vainly wishing they from her white cliffs 485
Had never spread the sail. Cold terror creeps
Thro' every vein : already they turn back
Their eager eyes to meditate the flight,
Tho' Talbot there presided, with their Chief,
The gallant Salisbury. " Soldiers fam'd in arms !" Thus, in vain hope to renovate the strength
Of England, spake the Chief. " Victorious friends,
So oft victorious in the hard-fought fight,
What--shrink ye now dismay'd ? have ye forgot
The plains of Azincour, when vanquish'd France
Fled with her thousands from your father's arms,
Though worn with sickness ? or your own exploits,
When on Verneuil, the flower of chivalry
Fell by your daring prowess ? when the Scot
Bit the red earth in death, and Narbonne died, 500
And the young boaster proud Alençon felt
The weight of English fetters ? then we broke
The plated shield, and cleft the warrior's helm,
Forever victors. On Baugenc'i's wall
Ye placed the English flag ; beneath your force 505
Fell Jenville and Gergeau, the neighbouring towns

Of well-nigh captur'd Orleans. I omit
To speak of Caen subdued, and vanquish'd Rouen,
And that late day when Clermont fled the fight,
And the young Bastard of that prison'd Duke. 510
Shame ! shame ! that beaten Boy is here in arms,
And ye will fly before the fugitives ;
Fly from a woman ! from a frenzied girl !
That with her empty mummeries, would blast
Your courage ; or if miracles she brings, 515
Aid of the Devil ! who is there among you
False to his country---to his former fame---
To me---your leader to the frequent field,
The field of glory ?" From the heartless host
A timid shout arose : then Talbot's cheek 520
Grew red with indignation. " Earl !" he cried,
Addressing him the Chief : " there is no hope
From these white-liver'd dastards ; and this fort
Will fall an easy conquest : it were well
To reach the Tournelles, better fortified, 525
Fit to endure long siege : the hope in view
To reach a safer fortress, these our troops
Shall better dare the battle." So he spake,
Wisely advising. Him the Chief replied :
" Well hast thou said ; and, Talbot, if our swords
Could thro' the thickest ranks this Sorcerers reach,
The hopes of France were blasted. I have strove
In many a field, yet never to a foe
Stoop'd my proud crest : nor difficult to meet
This wizard girl, for from the battlements, 535

Her have I mark'd the foremost in attack,
Playing right valiantly the soldier's part ;
Yet shall not all her witcheries avail
To blunt my good sword's edge."

Thus communed they,
And thro' the host the gladdening tidings ran, 540
That they should seek the Tournelles. Then their
hearts

Gather'd new strength, placing on those strong walls
Dependence ; empty hope ! nor the strong wall,
Nor the deep moat can save, if Fear within
Palsy the soldier's arm. Them issuing forth, 545
As from the river's banks they past along,
The Maid beheld ! " Lo ! Conrade !" she exclaim'd,
" The foes advance to meet us--look ! they lower
The bridge--and now they rush upon the troops :
A gallant onset : Dost thou mark that man 550
Who all the day has by our side endur'd
The hottest conflict ? I did then behold
His force, and wonder : now his deeds of death
Make all the actions of the former fight
Seem as of no account : know'st thou the man ? 555
There is not one amid the host of France,
Of fairer promise." " He," the Chief replied,
" Wretched and prodigal of life achieves
The exploits of Despair : a gallant youth
Widowed like me of Hope, and but for whom, 560
I had been seen among mankind no more.
Maiden ! with me thy comrade in the war,

His arm is vowed to Heaven. Lo ! where he stands
Bearing the battle's brunt in unmoved strength,
Firm as the mountain round whose misty head, 565
The unharthing tempest breaks !” Nor paus'd they
In farther converse, to the perilous fray [now
Speeding, not unobserved--them Salisbury saw
And call'd on Talbot. Six, the bravest Knights
And vow'd with them, against the Virgin's life 570
Bent their fierce course. She by that unknown man
Now urged the war, when on her plumed helm
The hostile falchion fell. On high she lifts
That hallowed sword, the tenant of the tomb,
And drench'd it in his bosom. On the front 575
Of one, his comrade, fell the battle-axe
Of him the dark-brow'd Chief : the ponderous blow
Shatter'd his brain. With Talbot's giant force
The daring herald urged unequal fight ;
For like some oak that firm with deep-fix'd roots
Mocks at the storm, the undaunted Earl endur'd
His rude assault. Warding with wary eye
The angry sword, the Frank around his foe
Wheels rapid, flashing his keen weapon fast ;
Now as he marks the Earl's descending stroke 585
Bending, anon more fierce in swift attack.
Ill-fated man ! one deed of glory more
Shall with the short-lived lightning's splendor grace
This thy death-day ; for SLAUGHTER even now
Stands o'er the loom of life, and lifts his sword. 590

Upon her shield the Martial Maiden bore
An English warrior's blow, and in his side
Pierced him ; that instant Salisbury speeds his sword
That glancing from her helm fell on the folds
That arm'd her neck, and making there its way,
Stain'd with her blood its edge. The herald saw,
He saw her red blood gushing from the wound,
And turn'd from Talbot heedless of himself,
And lifting up his falchion, all his force
Concenter'd. On the breast of Salisbury 600
It fell, and pierced his mail, and thro' the plate
Beneath drove fierce, and in his heart's-blood plunged.
Lo ! as he struck the strengthli of Talbot came :
Full on his treacherous helm he smote : it burst,
And the stern Earl against his fenceless head 605
Drives with strong arm the murderous sword. She

saw--

She knew--she could not save--her THEODORE,
Conrade beheld, and from his vanquish'd foe
Strode terrible in vengeance. Front to front
They stood, and each for the death-blow prepar'd
His angry might. At once their weapons fell,
The Frank's huge battle-axe, and the keen sword
Of Talbot. He, stunn'd by the weighty blow,
Sunk senseless ; by his followers from the field
Conveyed with fearful speed : nor did his stroke 615
Fall vainly on the Frenchman's crested helm,
Tho' weak to wound ; for from his eyes the fire

Sparkled, and back recoiling with the blow,
He in the Maiden's arms astounded fell.

But now their troops all captainless confus'd, 620
Fear seized the English. Not with more dismay
When over wild Caffraria's wooded hills,
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd
Fly the death-boding sound. The forts they seek,
Now reckless which, so from that battle's rage 625
A present refuge. On their flying ranks
The victors press, and mark their course with blood.

But loud the trumpet of retreat resounds,
For now the westering sun with many a hue
Streak'd the gay clouds.

“Dunois!” the Maiden cried, 630
“Form we around yon stronger pile the siege,
There for the night encamping.” So she said.
The Chief to Orleans for their needful food,
And enginery to batter that huge pile,
Dismiss'd a troop, and round the Tournelles led 635
The host beleagering. There they pitch their tents,
And plant their engines for the morrow's war,
Then to their meal, and o'er the cheerful bowl,
Recount the tale of danger; soon to rest
Betaking them, for now the night drew on. 640



BOOK THE EIGHTH.

ARGUMENT.

*Transactions of the night. Attack of the Tournelles.
The garrison retreat to the tower on the bridge. Their
total defeat there. Despondency of the English army.
Their Chiefs counsel together and resolve on retreating.
Nocturnal retreat of the English. Funeral of Theodore.*

NOW was the noon of night ; and all was still,
Save where the sentinel paced on his rounds
Humming a broken song. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. The warrior Franks,
On the hard earth extended, rest their limbs 5
Fatigued, their spears lay by them, and the shield
Pillowed the helmed head : secure they slept,
And busy Fancy in her dream renewed
The fight of yesterday. But not to JOAN,
But not to her most wretched, came thy aid, 10
Soother of sorrows, Sleep ! no more her pulse,
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing fast,
Allow'd no pause for thought. With clasped hands
And fixed eye she sat, the while around

N

The Spectres of the Days departed rose,
A melancholy train ! that rock-roof'd cell 15
She call'd to mind where many a winter's day
With Theodore she mark'd the driving storm :
She call'd to mind the hours of merriment
When mingling in the dance with careless glee 20
She join'd the blithesome train : then her wild eye
Beheld him cold, and his blood-clotted face
In death distorted. O'er her shivering frame
The chill dews started, for upon the gale
The crow's hoarse croak was heard. Sudden she rose,
And passing thro' the camp with hasty step
Strode to the field of blood. The night was calm ;
Fair as was ever on Chaldea's plain
When the pale moon-beams o'er the silvery scene
Shone cloudless, whilst the watchful shepherd's eye
Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise
Successive, and successively decay ;
Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs
Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall
Cast a deep shadow, and her faltering feet 35
Stumbled o'er broken arms and carcasses ;
And sometimes did she hear the heavy groan
Of one yet struggling in the pangs of death.
She reach'd the spot where Theodore had fall'n,
Before fort London's gate ; but vainly there 40
Sought she the youth, on every clay-cold face
Gazing with such a look as tho' she fear'd
The thing she sought. Amazement seiz'd the Maid,

For there the victim of his vengeful arm,
Known by the buckler's blazon'd heraldry,
Salisbury lay dead. So as the Virgin stood
Gazing around the plain, she mark'd a man
Pass slowly on, as burthened. Him to aid
She sped, and soon with unencumber'd speed
O'ertaking, thus bespake : " Stranger ! this weight
Impedes thy progress. Dost thou bear away
Some slaughter'd friend ? or lives the sufferer
With many a sore wound gash'd ? Oh if he lives !
I will with earnest prayer petition Heaven
To shed its healing on him !" So she said, 55
And as she spake stretched forth her careful hands
To ease the burthen. " Warrior," he replied,
" Thanks for thy proffered succour : but this man
Lives not, and I with unassisted arm
Can bear him to the sepulchre. Farewell-- 60
The night is far advanced ; thou to the camp
Return : it fits not darkling thus to stray."

" Conrade !" the Maid exclaim'd, for well she knew
His voice :---with that she fell upon his neck
And cried, " My Theodore ! but wherefore thus 65
Thro' the dead midnight dost thou bear his corse ?"

" Peace, Maiden !" Conrade cried, " collect thy
He is but gone before thee to that world [soul !
Whither thou soon must follow ! in the morn,
Ere yet from Orleans to the war we went, 70
He pour'd his tale of sorrow on mine ear.
" Lo Conrade where she moves--heloved Maid !

Devoted for the realm of France she goes,
Abandoning for this the joys of life !

Yea---life itself ! yet on my heart her words 75
Vibrate ; if she must perish in the war,

I will not live to bear the dreadful thought,
Haply my arm had saved her. I shall go
Her unknown guardian. Conrade, if I fall,
(And trust me I have little love of life,) 80

Bear me in secret from the gory field,
Lest haply I might meet her wandering eye
A mangled corse. She must not know my fate.

Do this last act of friendship--in the flood
Whelm me : so shall she think of Theodore 85
Unanguish'd." "Maiden, I did vow with him
That I would dare the battle by thy side,

And shield thee in the war. Thee of his death
I hoped unknowing." As the warrior spake,
He on the earth the clay-cold carcass laid, 90

With fixed eye the wretched Maiden gazed
The life-left tenement. The dews of night
Were on his arms, and o'er the ghastly wound

Hung his brown hair gore-clotted. "Gallant youth!"
She cried, "I would to God the hour were come 95
When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliss !

No, Theodore ! the sport of winds and waves,
Thy body shall not roll adown the stream
The sea-wolf's banquet. Conrade, bear with me

The corse to Orleans, there in hallowed ground 100
To rest ; the Priest shall say the sacred prayer,

And hymn the requiem to his parted soul.
So shall not Elinor in bitterness
Lament that no dear friend to her dead child
Paid the last office." From the earth they lift 105
The mournful burden, and along the plain
Pass with slow footsteps to the city gate.
The obedient sentinel at Conrade's voice
Admits the midnight travellers ; on they pass,
Till in the neighbouring Abbey's porch arrived 110
They rest the lifeless load. Loud rings the bell ;
The awakened porter turns the heavy door.
To him the Virgin : " Father, from the slain
On yonder reeking field a dear-loved friend
I bring to holy sepulture : chaunt ye 115
The requiem to his soul : to-morrow eve
Will I return, and in the narrow house
Behold him laid to rest." The father knew
The mission'd Maid, and humbly bow'd assent.
Now from the city, o'er the shadowy plain, 120
Backward they bend their way. From silent thoughts
The Maid awakening cried, " There was a time,
When thinking on my closing hour of life,
Tho' with resolved mind, some natural fears
Shook the weak frame ; now, that the happy hour,
When my emancipated soul shall burst
The cumberous fetters of mortality,
Wishful I contemplate. Conrade ! my friend,
My wounded heart would feel another pang
Should'st thou forsake me !"

"*JOAN!*" the Chief replied, 130

"Along the weary pilgrimage of life
 Together will we journey, and beguile
 The dreary road, telling with what gay hopes,
 We in the morning eyed the pleasant fields
 Vision'd before ; then wish that we had reach'd 135
 The bower of rest !"
 Thus communing they gain'd
 The camp, yet hush'd in sleep ; there separating,
 Each in the post allotted, restless waits
 The day-break. Morning came : dim thro' the shade
 The first rays glimmer ; soon the brightening clouds
 Drink the rich beam, and o'er the landscape spread
 The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth
 Leap up invigorate, and each his food
 Receives, impatient to renew the war.
 Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points. 145
 " Soldiers of France ! your English foes are there !"

As when a band of hunters, round the den
 Of some wood-monster, point their spears, elate
 In hope of conquest and the future feast ;
 (When on the hospitable board their spoil 150
 Shall smoke, and they, as the rich bowl goes round,
 Tell to their guests their exploits in the chase ;)
 They with their shouts of exultation make
 The forest ring : so elevate of heart,
 With such loud clamors for the fierce assault 155
 The French prepare ; nor, guarding now the lists
 Durst the disheartened English man to man
 Meet the close conflict. From the barbican,

Or from the embattled wall they their yeugh bows
Bent forceful, and their death-fraught enginery 160
Discharged ; nor did the Gallic archers cease
With well-directed shafts their loftier foes
To assail : behind the guardian pavais fenced,²
They at the battlements their arrows aim'd,
Showering an iron storm, whilst o'er the bayle 165
Pass'd the bold troops with all their mangonels ;
Or tortoises, beneath whose roofing safe,
They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers
Make fit foundation, or their petraries,
War-wolfs, and Beugles, and that murderous sling
The Matafunda, whence the ponderous stone
Fled fierce, and made one wound of whom it struck,
Shattering the frame so that no pious hand
Gathering his mangled limbs might him convey
To where his fathers slept. Nor indolent 175
Did the English troops lie trembling, for the fort
Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas, the Chief,
A gallant man, sped on from place to place
Cheering the brave ; or if the archer's hand,
Palsied with fear, shot wide the ill-aim'd shaft, 180
Threatening the coward who betrayed himself,
He drove him from the ramparts. In his hand,
The Chief a cross-bow held ; an engine dread
Of such wide-wasting fury, that of yore
The assembled fathers of the Christian church 185³
Pronounced that man accrû'd whose impious hand
Should point the murderous weapon. Such decrees

Befits the men of God to promulgate :
Them it befits to wash their hands of blood,
And with a warning voice, tho' haply vain, 190
To cry aloud and spare not ! " Woe to them
Whose hands are full of blood ! Woe, saith the Lord,
To them who fast for strife, that they may smite ⁴
With the arm of wickedness." An English King,
The lion-hearted Richard, their decree 195
First broke, and heavenly retribution doom'd
His fall by the keen quarrel ; since that day
Frequent in fields of battle, and from far
To many a good Knight, bearing his death-wound
From hands unknown. With such an instrument,
Arm'd on the ramparts, Glacidas his eye
Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance
Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe
He marks his victim. On a Frank he fix'd
His gaze, who kneeling by the trebuchet, 205 ⁵
Charged its long sling with death. Him Glacidas
Secure behind the battlements, beheld,
And strung his bow ; then bending on one knee,
He in the groove the feather'd quarrel plac'd ⁶
And levelling with firm eye, the death-wound mark'd.
The bow-string twang'd---on its swift way the dart
Whizzed fierce, and struck, there where the hel-
met's clasps
Defend the neck ; a weak protection now,
For through the tube that the pure air inhales
Pierc'd the keen shaft ; blood down the unwonted way

Gush'd to the lungs : prone fell the dying man
Grappling, convuls'd, the earth : a hollow groan
In his throat struggled, and the dews of death
Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth
He had pass'd peaceful, and had known what joys
Domestic love bestows, the father once
Of two fair infants ; in the city hemm'd
During the hard siege ; he had seen their cheeks
Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries
For bread ! his wife---a broken-hearted one--- 225
Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babes
With hunger pined, and followed : he survived
A miserable man ! and heard the shouts
Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd,
As o'er the corse of his last little one 230
He heap'd the unhallowed earth. To him the foe
Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour
Grief else had soon brought on. The English Chief,
Pointing again his arbalist, let loose
The string ; the quarrel, driven by that strong blow,
True to its aim, fled fatal : one it struck
Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd
Deep in his liver ; blood and mingled gall
Flow'd from the wound ; and writhing with keen
pangs,
Headlong he fell : he for the wintry hour 240
Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale,
A man in his small circle well-beloved.
None better knew with prudent hand to guide

The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time
To press the full-swoln clusters : he, heart-glad, 245
Taught his young boys the little all he knew,
Enough for happiness. The English host
Laid waste his fertile fields ; he, to the war,
By want compell'd, adventur'd---in his gore
Now weltering. Nor the Gallic host remit 250
Their eager efforts ; some, the watry fence,
Beneath the tortoise roof'd, with engines apt
Drain painful ; part, laden with wood, throw there
Their buoyant burdens, laboring so to gain
Firm footing : some the mangonels supply, 255
Or charging with huge stones the murdering sling,
Or petrary, or in the espringal
Fix the brass-winged arrows. Hoarse around
Rose the confused din of multitudes.

Fearless along the ramparts Gargrave moved,
Cheering the English troops. The bow he bore ;
The quiver rattled as he moved along.
He knew aright to aim the feather'd shafts,
Well-skill'd to pierce the mottled roebuck's side,
O'ertaken in his flight. Him, passing on, 265
From some huge engine driven, a ponderous stone
Crush'd : on his breast-plate falling, the vast force
Shattered the bone, and with his mangled lungs
The fragments mingled. On the sunny brow
Of a fair hill wood-circled, stood his home, 270
A pleasant dwelling, whence the ample ken
Gaz'd o'er subjected distance, and survey'd

Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety !
The traveller knew its hospitable towers,
For open were the gates, and blazed for all 275
The friendly fire. By glory lur'd, the youth
Went forth ; and he had bathed his falchion's edge
In many a Frenchman's gore ; now crush'd beneath
The ponderous fragments force, his mangled limbs
Lie quivering. Lo ! towards the levelled moat,
A moving tower the men of Orleans wheel
Four stages elevate. Above was hung
Equalling the walls, a bridge ; in the lower stage
The ponderous battering-ram : a troop within
Of archers, thro' the opening, shot their shafts. 285
In the loftiest part was Conrade, so prepar'd
To mount the rampart, for he loath'd the chase,
And loved to see the dappled foresters
Browze fearless on their lair, with friendly eye,
And happy in beholding happiness, 290
Not meditating death : the Bowman's art
Therefore he little knew, nor was he wont
To aim the arrow at the distant foe,
But uprear in close conflict, front to front,
His death-red battle-axe, and break the shield, 295
First in the war of men. There too the Maid
Awaits, impatient on the wall to wield
Her falchion. Onward moves the heavy tower,
Slow o'er the moat and steady, tho' the foe
Shower'd there their javelins, aim'd their engines there,
And from the arbalist the fire-tip dart

Shot lightning thro' the air. In vain it flam'd,
For well with many a reeking hide secured,
Pars'd on the dreadful pile, and now it reach'd
The wall. Below, with forceful impulse driven, 305
The iron-horned engine swings its stroke,
Then back recoils, whilst they within who guide,
In backward step collecting all their strength,
Anon the massy beam with stronger arm
Drive full and fierce; so rolls the swelling sea 310
Its curly billows to the unmoved foot
Of some huge promontory, whose broad base
Breaks the rough wave; the shiver'd surge rolls back,
Till, by the coming billow borne, it bursts
Again, and foams with ceaseless violence. 315
The Wanderer, on the sunny clift outstretch'd,
Harks to the roaring surges, as they rock
His weary senses to forgetfulness.

But nearer danger threatens the invaders now,
For on the ramparts, lowered from above 320
The bridge reclines. A universal shout
Rose from the hostile hosts. The exultant Franks
Clamor their loud rejoicing, whilst the foe
Lift up the warning voice, and call aloud
For speedy succour there, with deafening shout 325
Cheering their comrades. Not with louder din
The mountain torrent flings precipitate
Its bulk of waters, tho' amid the fall
Shattered, and dashing silvery from the rock.
Lo! on the bridge he stands, the undaunted man

Conrade ! the gathered foes along the wall
 Throng opposite, and on him point their pikes,
 Cresting with armed men the battlements.
 He, undismayed, tho' on that perilous height,
 Stood firm, and hurl'd his javelin ; the keen point
 Pierced thro' the destined victim, where his arm
 Join'd the broad breast : a wound that skilful care
 Haply had heal'd ; but, him disabled now
 For farther service, the unpitying throng
 Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall 340
 Thrust headlong. Nor did Conrade cease to hurl
 His deadly javelins fast, for well within
 The tower was stor'd with weapons, to the Chief
 Quickly supplied : nor did the mission'd Maid
 Rest idle from the combat ; she, secure 345
 Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the cross-bow's use
 By the willing mind that what it well desires
 Gains aptly : nor amid the numerous throng,
 Tho' haply erring from their destin'd mark,
 Sped her sharp arrows frustrate. From the tower
 Ceaseless the bow-strings twang : the Knights below,
 Each by his pavais bulwark'd, thither aim'd
 Their darts, and not a dart fell woundless there,
 So thickly throng'd they stood, and fell as fast
 As when the Monarch of the East goes forth 355
 From Gemna's banks and the proud palaces
 Of Delhi, the wild monsters of the wood
 Die in the blameless warfare : closed within

The still-contracting circle, their brute force
Wafting in mutual rage, they perish there, 360
Or by each other's fury lacerate,
The archer's barbed arrow, or the lance
Of some bold youth of his first exploits vain,
Rajah or Omrah, for the war of beasts
Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood. 365
The shout of terror rings along the wall,
For now the French their scaling ladders place,
And bearing high their bucklers, to the assault
Mount fearless : from above the furious troops
Hurl down such weapons as inventive care 370
Or frantic rage supplies : huge stones and beams
Crush the bold foe ; some, thrust adown the height,
Fall living to their death ; some in keen pangs
And wildly-writhing, as the liquid lead
Gnaws thro' their members, leap down desperate,
Eager to cease from suffering. Still they mount,
And by their fellows' fate unterrified,
Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerless
To the English was the fight, tho' from above
Easy to crush the assailants : them amidst 380
Fast fled the arrows ; the large brass-wing'd darts,
There driven resistless from the espringal,
Keeping their impulse even in the wound,
Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some fall crish'd
Beneath the ponderous fragment that descends 385
The heavier from its height : some, the long lance
Impetuous rushing on its viewless way,

Transfix'd. The death-fraught cannon's thundering
Convulsing air ; the soldier's eager shout ; [roar
And terror's wild shriek echo o'er the plain 390
In dreadful harmony. Meantime the Chief,
Who equall'd on the bridge the rampart's height,
With many a well-aim'd javelin dealing death,
Made thro' the throng his passage : he advanced
In wary valor o'er his slaughtered foes, 395
On the blood-reeking wall. Him drawing near
Two youths, the boldest of the English host
Prest on to thrust him from that perilous height ;
At once they rush'd upon him : he, his axe
Dropping, the dagger drew : one thro' the throat
He pierced, and swinging his broad buckler round,
Dash'd down his comrade. So, unmoved he stood,
The fire of Guendolen, that daring man,
Corienus ; grappling with his monstrous foe,
He the brute vastness held aloft, and bore, 405
And headlong hurl'd, all shatter'd to the sea,
Down from the rock's high summit, since that day
Him, hugest of the giants, chronicling,
Hight Langoemagog. The Maid of Arc
Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind unfurls 410
Her hallowed banner. At that welcome sight
A general shout of acclamation rose,
And loud, as when the tempest-tossing forest
Roars to the roaring wind ; then terror seiz'd
The garrison ; and fired anew with hope, 415
The fierce assailants to their prize rush on

Resistless. Vainly do their English foes
Hurl there their beams, and stones, and javelins,
And fire-brands : fearless in the escalade,
Firm mount the French, and now upon the wall 420
Wage equal battle. Burning at the fight
With indignation, Glacidas beheld
His troops fly scattered ; fast on every side
The foes up-rushing eager to their spoil ;
The holy standard waving ; and the Maid 425
Fierce in pursuit. "Speed but this arrow, Heaven!"
The Chief exclaim'd, "and I shall fall content."
So saying, he his sharpest quarrel chose,
And fix'd the bow-string, and against the Maid
Levelling, let loose ; her arm was rais'd on high 430
To smite a fugitive : he glanced aside,
Shunning her deadly stroke, and thus receiv'd
The Chieftain's arrow : thro' his ribs it pass'd,
And cleft that vessel, whence the purer blood,
Thro' many a branching channel o'er the frame 435
Meanders. " Fool !" the enraged Chief exclaim'd,
"Would she had slain thee ! thou hast lived too long."
Again he aim'd his arbalist : the string
Struck forceful : swift the erring arrow sped
Guiltless of blood, for lightly o'er the court 440
Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas
Levelled his bow again ; the fated shaft
Fled true, and difficultly thro' the mail
Pierced to her neck, and tinged its point with blood.
" She bleeds ! she bleeds !" exulting cried the Chief ;

“ The Sorceress bleeds ! nor all her hellish arts
 Can charm my arrows from their destined course.”
 Ill-fated man ! in vain with murderous hand
 Placing thy feathered quarrel in its groove,
 Dream’st thou of *JOAN* subdu’d ? She from her neck
 Plucking the shaft unterrified, exclaim’d,
 “ This is a favor ! Frenchmen, let us on !
 Escape they cannot from the hand of God !”

But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,
 Beheld the English Chieftain as he aim’d 455
 Again the bow ; with rapid step he strode ;
 Nor did not Glacidas the Frank perceive ;
 At him he drew the string : the powerless dart
 Fell blunted from his buckler. Fierce he came,
 And lifting high his ponderous battle-axe, 460
 Full on his shoulder drove the furious stroke
 Deep-buried in his bosom : prone he fell---
 The cold air rush’d upon his heaving heart.
 A gallant man, of no ignoble line,
 Was Glacidas. His fires had lived in peace ; 465
 Wisely secluded from the jarring world
 They heap’d the hospitable hearth, they spread
 The feast ; their vassals loved them, and afar
 The traveller told their fame. In peace they died ;
 Exhausted Nature sinking slow to rest. 470
 For them the venerable fathers pour’d
 A requiem when they slept, and o’er them rais’d
 The sculptur’d monument. Now far away
 Their offspring falls, the last of all his race !

Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to share 475
The common grave. And now their leader slain,
The vanquish'd English fly towards the gate,
Seeking the inner court, as hoping there ⁸
Again to dare the siege, and with their friends
Find present refuge. Ah ! mistaken men ! 480
The vanquish'd have no friends ! defeated thus,
Prest by pursuit, in vain with eager voice
They call their comrades in the suppliant tones
Of pity now, now in the indignant phrase
Of fruitless anger : they indeed within 485
Fast from the ramparts on the victor troops
Hurl their keen javelins,---but the gate is barr'd--
The huge portcullis down ! Then terror feiz'd
Their hopeless hearts : some, furious in despair,
Turn on their foes ; fear-palsied, some await 490
The coming death ; some drop the useless sword
And cry for mercy. Then the Maid of Arc
Had pity on the vanquish'd ; and she call'd
Aloud, and cried to all the host of France,
And bade them cease from slaughter. They obeyed
The delegated damsel. Some there were
Apart that communed murmuring, and of these
D'Orval address'd her. "Miffion'd Maid ! our troops
Are few in number ; and to well secure
These many prisoners such a force demands, 500
As should we spare might shortly make us need
The mercy we bestow : not mercy then,
Rather to these our soldiers, cruelty.

Justice to them, to France, and to our King,
And that regard wise Nature has in each 505
Implanted of self-safety, all demand
Their deaths." "Foul fall such evil policy!"
The indignant Maid exclaim'd. "I tell thee, Chief,
God is with us! but God shall hide his face
From him who sheds one drop of human blood 510
In calm cold-hearted wisdom---him who weighs
The *right* and the *expedient*, and resolves,
Just as the well-pois'd scale shall rise or fall.
These men shall live---live to be happy, Chief,
And in the latest hour of life, shall bless 515
Us who preserved. What is the Conqueror's name,
Compar'd to this when the death-hour shall come?
To think that we have from the murderous sword
Rescued one man, and that his heart-pour'd prayers,
Already with celestial eloquence, 520
Plead for us to the All just." Severe she spake,
Then turn'd to Conrade. "Thou from these our
Appoint fit escort for the prisoners: [troops
I need not tell thee, Conrade, they are men,
Misguided men, led from their little homes, 525
The victims of the mighty! thus subdued
They are our foes no longer: be they held
Safely in Orleans. Thou choose forth with speed
One of known prudence, but whose heart is rich
In Heaven's most precious boon humanity, 530
Their captain. From the war we may not spare
Thy valor long." She said: when Conrade cast

His eyes around, and mark'd amid the court
 From man to man where Francis rush'd along,
 Bidding them spare the vanquish'd. Him he hail'd.
 "The Maid hath bade me choose a leader forth
 To guard the captives : thou shalt be the man ;
 For thou wilt guard them with due diligence,
 Yet not forgetting they are men, bereft
 Of all they love, and who may largely claim 540
 Thy pity." Nor meantime the garrison
 Ceas'd from the war ; they, in the hour of need,
 Abandoning their comrades to the sword,
 A daring band, resolved to bide the siege
 In desperate valor. Fast against the walls 545
 The battering-ram drove fierce : the enginery
 Ply'd at the ramparts fast ; the catapults
 Drove there their dreadful darts ; the war-wolfs there
 Hurl'd their huge stones ; and, by the pavais fence,
 The Knights of France sped there their well-aim'd 550
 shafts. 555

"Feel ye not, comrades, how the ramparts shake
 Beneath the ponderous ram's unceasing stroke ?"
 Cried one, a venturous Englishman. "Our foes,
 In woman-like compassion, have dismissed
 A powerful escort, weakening thus themselves, 555
 And giving us fair hope, in equal field,
 Of better fortune. Sorely here annoyed,
 And slaughtered by their engines from afar,
 We perish. Vainly does the soldier boast
 Undaunted courage and the powerful arm, 560

If thus pent up, like some wild beast he falls,
Mark'd for the hunter's arrows : let us rush
And meet them in the battle, man to man,
Either to conquer, or, at least to die
A soldier's death." " Nay, nay—not so," replied
One of less daring valor. " Tho' they point
Their engines here, our archers not in vain
Speed their death-doing shafts. Let the strong walls
First by the foe be won ; 'twill then be time
To meet them in the battle man to man, 570
When these shall fail us." Scarcely had he spoke,
When full upon his breast a ponderous stone
Fell fierce impell'd, and drove him to the earth,
All shattered. Horror the spectators seiz'd !
For as the dreadful weapon shivered him, 575
His blood besprinkled round, and they beheld
His mangled lungs lie quivering ! " Such the fate
Of those who trust them to their walls' defence,"
Again exclaim'd the soldier : " thus they fall,
Betrayed by their own fears. Courage alone 580
Can save us." Nor to draw them from the fort
Now needed eloquence ; with one accord
They bade him lead to battle. Forth they rush'd
Impetuous. With such fury o'er the plain,
Swoln by the autumnal tempest, Vega rolls 585
His rapid waters, when the gathered storm,
On the black hills of Cambria bursting, swells
The tide of desolation. Then the Maid
Spake to the son of Orleans, " Let our troops

Fall back, so shall the English in pursuit 590
Leave this strong fortress, thus an easy prey.”
Time was not for long counsel. From the court,
Obedient to Dunois, a band of Franks
Retreat, as at the irruption of their foes
Disheartened; they, with shouts and loud uproar,
Rush to their fancied conquest; *JOAN*, the while
Placing a small but gallant garrison,
Bade them secure the gates: then forth she rush’d,
With such fierce onset charging on their rear,
That terror smote the English, and they wish’d 600
Again that they might hide them in their walls
Rashly abandoned, for now wheeling round
The son of Orleans fought. All captainless,
Ill-marshall’d, ill-directed, in vain rage,
They waste their furious efforts, falling fast 605
Before the Maid’s good falchion and the sword
Of Conrade: loud was heard the mingled sound
Of arms and men; the earth, that trampled late
By multitudes, gave to the passing wind
Its dusty clouds, now reek’d with their hot gore. 610

High on the fort’s far-summit Talbot mark’d
The fight, and call’d impatient for his arms,
Eager to rush to war; and scarce withheld,
For now, disheartened and discomfited,
The troops fled fearful. On the bridge there stood 615
A strong-built tower, commanding o’er the Loire.
The traveller, sometimes lingered on his way,
Marking the playful tenants of the stream,

Seen in its shadow, stem the sea-ward tide.

This had the invaders won in hard assault 620

Ere she, the Delegate of Heaven, came forth
And made them fear who never fear'd before.

Hither the English troops with hasty steps
Retir'd, yet not forgetful of defence,
But waging still the war : the garrison 625

Them thus retreating saw, and open threw
Their guarded gates, and on the Gallic host,

Covering their vanquish'd fellows, pour'd their shafts.

Check'd in pursuit they stopt. Then D'Orval cried,
" Ill, Maiden, hast thou done ! those valiant troops

Thy womanish pity has dismissed, with us
Conjoin'd might press upon the vanquish'd foes,
Tho' aided thus, and plant the lilyed flag

Victorious on yon tower." " Dark-minded man ! "

The Maid of Orleans answered, " to act well 635
Brings with itself an ample recompense.

Chieftain ! let come what will, me it behoves,
Mindful of that Good Power whose delegate
I am, to spare the fallen : that gracious God
Sends me the minister of mercy forth, 640

Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France.

To England friendly as to all the world,

None only to the great blood-guilty ones,

The masters and the murderers of mankind."

She said, and suddenly threw off her helm ; 645

Her breast heaved high--her cheek grew red--her eyes

Flash'd forth a wilder lustre. " Thou dost deem

That I have illy spar'd so large a band,
Disabling from pursuit our weakened troops---
God is with us," she cried...“ God is with us ! 650
Our Champion manifest !” Even as she spake,
The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,
Sunk with a mighty crash. Astonishment
Seiz'd on the French---a universal cry
Of terror burst from them. Crush'd in the fall, 655
Or by their armor whelm'd beneath the tide,
The sufferers funk, or vainly plied their arms,
Caught by some sinking wretch, who grasp'd them fast
And dragg'd them down to death : shrieking they
funk ;

Huge fragments frequent dash'd with thund'ring roar
Amid the foaming current. From the fort
Talbot beheld, and gnash'd his teeth, and curs'd
The more than mortal Virgin ; whilst the towers
Of Orleans echoed to the loud uproar,
And all who heard, trembled, and crost'd their breasts,
And as they hastened to the city walls,
Told fearfully their beads. 'Twas now the hour
When o'er the plain the pensive hues of eve
Shed their meek radiance ; when the lowing herd,
Slow as they stalk to shelter, draw behind 670
The lengthening shades ; and seeking his high nest,
As heavily he flaps the dewy air,
The hoarse rook pours his not unpleasing note.
“ Now then, Dunois, for Orleans !” cried the Maid,
“ The strongest forts are ours, and who remain, 675

Saved from our swords awhile, in heart subdued,
Will yield an easy conquest ; rest we now
Our wearied soldiers, for the night draws on."

She said, and joyful of their finish'd toil
The host retire. Hush'd is the field of fight, 680
And silent as the deep, but late upturn
By vernal tempests, when the storm is past
And o'er the gently-swelling surface, sleeps
The unruffling wind. Meantime the English troops
Now loud in terror, clamor'd for retreat, 685
Deeming that, aided by the powers of Heaven,
The Maid went forth to conquer. One more bold,
Learning reflection in the hour of ill,
Exclaim'd, " I marvel not that the Most High
Hath hid his face from England ! Wherefore thus
Quitting the comforts of domestic life,
Swarm we to desolate this goodly land,
Making the drench'd earth, rank with human blood,
Scatter pollution on the winds of Heaven ?
Oh ! that the sepulchre had closed its jaws 695
On that foul Priest, that bad blood-guilty man,
Who, trembling for the Church's ill-got wealth,
Bade Henry look on France, ere he had drawn
The desolating sword, and sent him forth
To slaughter ! think that in this fatal war 700
Thousands and tens of thousands, by the sword
Cut off, and sent before the eternal Judge,
With all their unrepented crimes upon them,
Cry out for vengeance ! that the widow's groan,

Tho' here she groan unpitied or unheard, 705
Is heard in Heaven against us ! o'er this land
That hills of human slain, unsepulchred,
Steam pestilence, and cloud the blessed fun !
The wrath of God is on us---God has call'd
This Virgin forth, and gone before her path--- 710
Our brethren, vainly valiant, fall beneath them,
Clogging with gore their weapons, or in the flood
Whelm'd like the Egyptian tyrant's impious host,
Mangled and swoln, their blackened carcases
Toss on the tossing billows ! We remain, 715
For yet our rulers will pursue the war,
We still remain to perish by the fword,
Soon to appear before the throne of God,
Lost, guilty wretches, hireling murderers,
Uninjur'd, unprovok'd, who dared to risk 720
The life his goodness gave us, on the chance
Of war, and in obedience to our Chiefs,
Durst disobey our God." Then terror seized
The troops and late repentance : and they thought
The Spirits of the Mothers and their Babes, 725
Famish'd at Rouen, sat on the clouds of night,
Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy
The hour of vengeance. Nor the English Chiefs
Heard their loud murmurs heedless : counselling
They met despondent. Suffolk (now their Chief,
Since conquered by the arm of Theodore
Fell Salisbury) thus began. " It now were vain
Lightly of this our more than mortal foe,

To speak contemptuous. She has vanquish'd us,
Aided by Hell's leagued powers ; nor aught avails
Man unassisted 'gainst the powers of Hell
To dare the conflict ; it were better far
Retreating as we may, from this sad scene,
What of our hard-won conquests yet remain,
Haply to save." He ceas'd, and with a sigh 740
Struggling with pride that heav'd his gloomy breast,
Talbot replied—" Our council little boots ;
The soldiers will not fight, they will not heed
Our vain resolves, heart-withered by the spells
Of this accursed Sorceress : soon will come 745
The expected host from England : even now
Perchance the tall bark scuds across the deep
That bears my son---young Talbot comes--he comes
To find his sire disgraced ! but soon mine arm,
By vengeance nerved, and shame of such defeat,
Shall, from the crest-fallen courage of yon witch,
Regain its ancient glory. Near the coast
Best is it to retreat, and there expect
The coming succour." Thus the warrior spake.
Joy ran through all the troops, as tho' retreat 755
Were safety. Silently in ordered ranks
They issue forth, favored by the deep clouds
That mantled o'er the moon. With throbbing hearts
Fearful they speeded on : some, thinking sad
Of distant England, and, now wise too late, 760
Cursing in bitterness that evil hour
That led them from her shores : some in faint hope

Calling to mind the comforts of their home :
Talbot went musing on his blasted fame
Sullen and stern, and feeding on dark thoughts, 765
And meditating vengeance. In the walls
Of Orleans, tho' her habitants with joy
Humbly acknowledged the high aid of Heaven,
Of many a heavy ill and bitter loss
Mindful ; such mingled sentiments they felt 770
As one from shipwreck saved, the first warm glow
Of transport past, who contemplates himself,
Preserved alone, a solitary wretch,
Possessed of life indeed, but reft of all
That makes man love to live. The Chieftains shared
The social bowl, glad of the town relieved,
And communing of that miraculous Maid,
Who came the favor of the realm of France,
When vanquish'd in the frequent field of shame,
Her bravest warriors trembled. *JOAN* the while
Foodless and silent to the Convent pass'd :
Conrade, with her and Isabel ; both mute,
Yet gazing on her oft with eloquent eye,
Looking the consolation that they fear'd
To give a voice to. Now they reach'd the dome :
The glaring torches o'er the house of death
Stream'd a sad splendor. Flowers and funeral herbs
Bedeck'd the bier of Theodore : the rue,
The dark green rosemary, and the violet,
That pluck'd like him withered in its first bloom.
Dissolved in sorrow, Isabel her grief

Pour'd copious ; Conrade wept : the Maid alone
Was tearless, for she stood, unheedingly,
Gazing the vision'd scene of her last hour,
Absorb'd in contemplation ; from her eye 800
Intelligence was absent ; nor she seem'd
To hear, tho' listening to the dirge of death.
Laid in his last home now was Theodore,
And now upon the coffin thrown, the earth
Fell heavy : the Maid started--for the sound 805
Smote on her heart ; her eye one lightning glance
Shot wild, and shuddering, upon Isabel
She hung, her pale lips trembling, and her cheek
As wan as though untenanted by life.

Then in the Priest arose the earnest hope, 810
That weary of the world and sick with woe,
The Maid might dwell with them a vestal vowed.
“ Ah, Damsel !” slow he spake and crost his breast,
“ Ah, Damsel ! favored as thou art of Heaven,
Let not thy soul beneath its sorrow sink 815
Despondent ; Heaven by sorrow disciplines
The foward heart, and chastens whom it loves ;
Therefore, companion of thy way of life,
Affliction thee shall wean from this vain world,
Where happiness provokes the traveller's chafe, 820
And like the midnight meteor of the marsh,
Allures his long and perilous pursuit,
Then leaves him dark and comfortles. O Maid !
Fix thou thine eyes upon that heavenly dawn
Beyond the night of life ! thy race is run, 825

Thou hast delivered Orleans : now perfect
 Thyself ; accomplish all, and be the child
 Of God. Amid these sacred haunts the groan
 Of Woe is never heard ; these hallowed roofs
 Re-echo only to the pealing quire,

830

The chaunted mass, and virgin's holy hymn ;
 Celestial sounds ! secluded here, the soul
 Receives a foretaste of her joys to come !

This is the abode of Piety and Peace :
 Oh ! be their inmate, Maiden ! come to rest, 835
 Die to the world, and live espous'd to Heaven !”

Then Conrade answered, “ Father ! Heaven has
 doom'd

This Maid to active virtue.” “ Active !” cried
 The astonish'd Priest ; “ thou dost not know the toils
 This holy warfare asks ; thou dost not know 840
 How powerful the attacks that Satan makes
 By sinful nature aided ! dost thou deem

It is an easy task from the fond breast
 To root affection out ? to burst the cords
 That grapple to society the heart 845

Of social man ? to rouse the unwilling spirit,
 That, rebel to Devotion, faintly pours
 The cold lip-worship of the wearying prayer ?
 To fear and tremble at him, yet to love
 A God of Terrors ? Maid, beloved of Heaven !
 Come to this sacred trial ! share with us
 The day of penance and the night of prayer !

Humble thyself ! feel thine own worthlessness,
A reptile worm ! before thy birth condemn'd
To all the horrors of thy Maker's wrath, 855
The lot of fallen mankind ! Oh hither come !
Humble thyself in ashes, so thy name
Shall live amid the blessed host of saints,
And unborn pilgrims at thy hallowed shrine
Pour forth their pious offerings." "Hear me Priest!"
Exclaim'd the awakened Maid ; "amid these tombs,
Cold as their clayey tenants, know, my heart
Must never grow to stone ! chill thou thyself,
And break thy midnight rest, and tell thy beads,
And labor thro' thy still repeated prayer ; 865
Fear thou thy God of Terrors ; spurn the gifts
He gave, and sepulchre thyself alive !
But far more valued is the vine that bends
Beneath its swelling clusters, than the dark
And joyless ivy, round the cloister's wall 870
Wreathing its barren arms. For me I know
Mine own worth, Priest ! that I have well perform'd
My duty, and untrembling shall appear
Before the just tribunal of that God,
Whom grateful love has taught me to adore !" 875
She said, and they departed from the dome.

BOOK THE NINTH.

ARGUMENT,

Vision of the Maid.

ORLEANS was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on
her couch
The delegated Maiden lay : with toil
Exhausted and sore anguish. Soon she closed
Her heavy eye-lids ; not reposing then,
For busy Phantasy, in other scenes 5
Awakened : whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,
And all things are that seem. Along a heath, 10
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd a wanderer thro' the cheerless night.
Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,
Swept shadowing ; thro' their broken folds the moon
Struggled sometimes with transitory ray, 15
And made the moving darkness, visible.
And now arrived beside a fenny lake
She stands : amid its stagnate waters, hoarse
The thick sedge rustled to the gales of night,

And loud was heard the Bittern's mournful cry, 20
An age-worn bark receives the Maid, impell'd
By powers unseen; then did the moon display
Where thro' the crazy vessel's yawning side
Rush'd in the muddy wave: a female guides
And spreads the sail before the wind, that moan'd
As melancholy mournful to her ear,
As ever by the dungeon'd wretch was heard
Howling at evening round the embattled towers
Of that hell-house of France, ere yet sublime
The Almighty people from their tyrant's hand 30
Dash'd down the iron rod. Intent the Maid
Gazed on the pilot's form, and as she gazed
Shiver'd, for wan her face was, and her eyes
Hollow, and her sunken cheeks were furrowed deep,
Channell'd by tears; a few grey locks hung down
Beneath her hood: then thro' the maiden's veins
Chill crept the blood; for, as the night-breeze pass'd,
Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around,
She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeless Bat with short shrill note flits by,
And the night-raven's scream came fitfully,
Borne on the hollow blast. Eager the Maid
Look'd to the shore, and now upon the bank
Leaps, joyful to escape, yet trembling still
In recollection. There, a mouldering pile 45
Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below
Casting a gloomy shade, save where the moon
Shone thro' its fretted windows: the dark Yew,

Withering with age, branched there its naked roots,
And there the melancholy Cypress rear'd 50
Its head : the earth was heaved with many a mound,
And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruins' darkest shade,
The Virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames
Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,
And now in darkness drown'd. An aged Man
Sat near, seated on what in long-past days
Had been some sculptured monument, now fall'n
And half-obscur'd by moss, and gathered heaps
Of withered yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones ;
And shining in the ray was seen the track
Of slimy snail obscene. Composed his look,
His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full
Upon the Maid ; the blue flames on his face
Stream'd a drear light ; his face was of the hue 65
Of death : his limbs were mantled in a shroud.

Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,
Exclaim'd the Spectre, " Welcome to these realms,
These regions of DESPAIR ! O thou whose steps
By GRIEF conducted to these sad abodes 70
Have pierc'd ; welcome, welcome to this gloom
Eternal ; to this everlasting night ;
Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,
Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,
Dark as the bosom of their gloomy King !" 75

So saying, he arose, and by the hand
The Virgin seiz'd with such a death-cold touch

As froze her very heart ; and drawing on,
Her, to the abbey's inner ruin, led
Resistless : thro' the broken roof the moon 80
Glimmer'd a scatter'd ray : the ivy twined
Round the dismantled column : imaged forms
Of Saints and warlike Chiefs, moss-canker'd now
And mutilate, lay strewn upon the ground ;
With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,
And rusted trophies ; and amid the heap
Some monument's defaced legend spake,
All human glory vain. The loud blast roar'd
Amid the pile ; and from the tower the owl
Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest. 90
He, silent, led her on, and often paus'd,
And pointed, that her eye might contemplate
At leisure the drear scene. He dragged her on
Thro' a low iron door, down broken stairs ;
Then a cold horror thro' the Maiden's frame 95
Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,
By the sepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,
The fragments of the dead. "Look here!" he cried,
"Damsel, look here ! survey the house of Death !
O soon to tenant it ! soon to increase 100
These trophies of mortality ! for hence
Is no return ! Gaze here ! behold this skull !
These eyeless sockets, and these unflesh'd jaws,
That with their ghastly grinning, seem to mock
Thy perishable charms ; for thus thy cheek 105
Must moulder ! Child of Grief ! shrinks not thy soul,

Viewing these horrors ? trembles not thy heart
 At the dread thought, that here its life's-blood soon
 Shall stagnate, and the finely-fibred frame,
 Now warm in life and feeling, mingle soon 110
 With the cold clod ? a thought most horrible !
 So only, dreadful, for reality
 Is none of suffering here ; here all is peace ;
 No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave.
 Dreadful it is to think of losing life, 115
 But having lost, knowledge of loss is not
 Therefore no ill. Haste, Maiden, to repose ;
 Probe deep the seat of life." So spake DESPAIR.
 The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice,
 And all again was silence. Quick her heart 120
 Panted. He drew a dagger from his breast,
 And cried again, " Haste, Damsel, to repose !
 One blow, and rest for ever !" On the fiend
 Dark scowl'd the Virgin with indignant eye,
 And dash'd the dagger down. He next his heart
 Replaced the murderous steel, and drew the Maid
 Along the downward vault. The damp earth gave
 A dim sound as they pass'd : the tainted air
 Was cold, and heavy with unwholesome dews.
 " Behold !" the fiend exclaim'd, " how gradual here
 " The fleshly burden of mortality
 Moulders to clay !" then fixing his broad eye
 Full on her face, he pointed where a corpse
 Lay livid ; she beheld with loathing look,
 The spectacle abhor'd by living man. 135

"Look here!" DESPAIR pursued, "this loathsome
Was once as lovely, and as full of life [mass
As, Damsel! thou art now. Those deep-funk eyes
Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence,
And where thou seest the pamper'd flesh-worm trail,
Once the white bosom heaved. She fondly thought
That at the hallowed altar, soon the Priest
Should bless her coming union, and the torch,
Its joyful lustre o'er the hall of joy,
Cast on her nuptial evening : earth to earth 145
That Priest consign'd her, and the funeral lamp
Glares on her cold face ; for her lover went,
By glory lur'd to war, and perish'd there ;
Nor she endur'd to live. Ha! fades thy cheek ?
Dost thou then, Maiden, tremble at the tale ? 150
Look here ! behold the youthful paramour !
The self-devoted hero !" Fearfully,
The Maid look'd down, and saw the well-known face
Of---THEODORE ! in thoughts unspeakable,
Convulsed with horror, o'er her face she clasp'd 155
Her cold damp hands :

"Shrink not," the Phantom cried,
"Gaze on ! for ever gaze !" more firm he grasp'd
Her quiv'ring arm : "This lifeless mouldering clay,
As well thou know'st, was warm with all the glow
Of Youth and Love ! this is the arm that cleaved
Salisbury's proud crest, now motionless in Death,
Unable to protect the ravaged frame
From the foul Offspring of Mortality

That feed on heroes. Tho' long years were thine,
Yet never more would life reanimate 165
This murdered man ; murdered by thee ! for thou
Didst lead him to the battle from his home,
Else living there in peace to good old age :
In thy defence he died : strike deep---destroy
Remorse with life." The Maid stood motionless,
And wistless what she did, with trembling hand
Received the dagger. Starting then, she cried,
" Avaunt, DESPAIR ! Eternal Wisdom deals
Or peace to man, or misery, for his good
Alike design'd ; and shall the Creature cry, 175
" Why hast thou done this ?" and with impious pride
Destroy the life God gave ?" The Fiend rejoin'd :
" And thou dost deem it impious to destroy
The life God gave ? What, Maiden, is the lot
Assigned to mortal man ? born but to drag, 180.
Thro' Life's long pilgrimage, the wearying load
Of Being ; care-corroded at the heart ;
Assail'd by all the numerous train of ills
That flesh inherits ; till at length worn out,
This is his consummation ! think again : 185
What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen'd life
But lengthen'd sorrow ? If protracted long,
Till on the bed of Death thy feeble limbs
Outstretch their languid length ? Oh think what
thoughts,
What agonizing woes, in that dread hour, 190
Assail the sinking heart ! slow beats the pulse !

Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew
The shuddering frame ; then in its mightiest force,
Mightiest in impotence, the love of life
Shall seize the throbbing heart--the faltering lips
Pour out the impious prayer, that fain would change
The Immutable's decree--surrounding friends
Sob round the sufferer--wet his cheek with tears,
And all he loved in life embitters death !

“ Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour
Of calmest dissolution ! yet weak man
Dares, in his timid piety, to live ;
And veiling Fear in Superstition's garb,
He calls it--Resignation ! Coward wretch !
Fond Coward, thus to make his Reason war 205
Against his Reason ! insect as he is,
This sport of Chance ! this being of a Day,
Whose whole existence the next cloud may blast !
Believes himself the care of heavenly powers,
That God regards Man ! miserable Man ! 210
And preaching thus of Power and Providence,
Will crush the reptile that may cross his path !

“ Fool that thou art ! the Being that permits
Existence, gives to man the worthless boon :
A goodly gift to those who, fortune-blest, 215
Bask in the sunshine of Prosperity,
And such do well to keep it. But to him,
Sick at the heart with misery, and sore
With many a hard unmerited affliction,
It is a hair that chains to wretchedness 220

The slave who dares not burst it ! Thinkest thou,
The parent, if his child should unrecall'd
Return and fall upon his neck, and cry, ²²⁵
“ Oh ! the wide world is comfortless, and full
Of vacant joys or heart-consuming cares ! ”
I can be only happy in my home [Maid,
With thee---my friend ! ---my father ! ” Think’st thou,
That he would thrust him as an outcast forth ?
Oh ! he would clasp the truant to his heart,
And love the trespass.” Whilst he spake, his eye
Dwelt on the Maiden’s cheek, and read her soul
Struggling within. In trembling doubt she stood,
Even as the wretch, whose famish’d entrails crave
Supply, before him sees the poison’d food
In greedy horror. Yet not long the Maid ²³⁵
Debated. “ Cease thy dangerous sophistry,
Eloquent tempter ! ” cried she, “ gloomy one !
What though affliction be my portion here,
Think’st thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back ²⁴⁰
Upon a life of duty well perform’d,
Then lift mine eyes to Heaven, and there in faith
Know my reward ? I grant, were this life all ;
Was there no morning to the Tomb’s long night ;
If man did mingle with the senseless clod, ²⁴⁵
Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed
A wise and friendly comforter ! But---Fiend !
There is a morning to the Tomb’s long night,
A dawn of glory, a reward in Heaven,

He shall not gain who never merited. 250

If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
In life's last hour, thou would'st not bid me lose
The power to benefit ; if I but save
A drowning fly, I shall not live in vain.

I have great duties, Fiend ! me France expects, 255
Her heaven-doom'd Champion."

" Maiden, thou hast done
Thy mission here," the unbaffled Fiend replied :
" The foes are fled from Orleans : thou, perchance
Exulting in the pride of victory,

Forgettest him who perish'd ; yet albeit 260
Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth ;

That hour allotted, canst thou not escape
That dreadful hour, when Contumely and Shame
Shall sojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid !

Destined to drain the cup of bitterness, 265
Even to its dregs ! England's inhuman Chiefs
Shall scoff thy sorrows, black thy spotless fame,
Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,

And force such burning blushes to the cheek
Of Virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish 270

The earth might cover thee ! in that last hour,
When thy bruis'd breast shall heave beneath the chains

That link thee to the stake ; when o'er thy form,
Exposed unmantled, the brute multitude

Shall gaze, and thou shalt hear the ribald taunt, 275
More painful than the circling flames that scorch

Each quivering member ; wilt thou not in vain

Then wish my friendly aid ? then wish thine ear
Had drank my words of comfort ? that thy hand
Had grasp'd the dagger, and in death preserved 280
Insulted modesty ?” Her glowing cheek
Blush'd crimson ; her wide eye on vacancy
Was fix'd ; her breath short panted. The cold Fiend,
Grasping her hand, exclaim'd, “ Too timid Maid,
So long repugnant to the healing aid 285
My friendship proffers, now shalt thou behold
The allotted length of life.” He stamp'd the earth,
And dragging a huge coffin as his car,
Two GOULS came on, of form more fearful-foul
Than ever palsied in her wildest dream 290
Hag-ridden Superstition. Then DESPAIR
Seiz'd on the Maid, whose curdling blood stood still,
And placed her in the seat ; and on they pass'd
Adown the deep descent. A meteor light
Shot from the Demons, as they dragg'd along 295
The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren glut
On carcasses. Below the vault dilates
Its ample bulk. “ Look here !”—DESPAIR address't
The shuddering Virgin, “ see the dome of DEATH !”
It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid 300
The entrails of the earth, as though to form
The grave of all mankind : no eye could reach,
Though gifted with the Eagle's ample ken,
Its distant bounds. There, thron'd in darkness, dwelt
The unseen POWER OF DEATH.

Here stopt the GOULS, 305

Reaching the destin'd spot. The Fiend leapt out,
And from the coffin, as he led the Maid,
Exclaim'd, " Where never yet stood mortal man
Thou standest : look around this boundless vault ;
Observe the dole that Nature deals to man, 310
And learn to know thy friend." She not replied,
Observing where the Fates their several tasks
Plied ceaseless. " Mark how short the longest web
Allowed to man ! " he cried ; " observe how soon,
Twin'd round yon never-resting wheel, they change
Their snowy hue, darkening through many a shade,
Till Atropos relentless shuts the sheers ! "

Too true he spake, for of the countless threads,
Drawn from the heap, as white as unsunn'd snow,
Or as the lovely lily of the vale, 320
Was never one beyond the little span
Of infancy untainted ; few there were
But lightly tinged ; more of deep crimson hue,
Or deeper sable died. Two Genii stood,
Still as the web of Being was drawn forth, 325
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,
The one unsparing dash'd the bitter wave
Of woe ; and as he dash'd, his dark-brown brow
Relax'd to a hard smile. The milder form
Shed less profusely there his lesser store ; 330
Sometimes with tears increasing the scant boon,
Mourning the lot of man ; and happy he
Who on his thread those precious drops receives ;
If it be happiness to have the pulse

Throb fast with pity, and in such a world 335
 Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches
 With anguish at the sight of human woe !

To her the Fiend, well-hoping now succeeds,
 " This is thy thread ! observe how short the span,
 And see how copious yonder Genius pours 340
 The bitter stream of woe." The Maiden saw
 Fearless. " Now gaze ! " the tempter Fiend exclaim'd,
 And placed again the poniard in her hand,
 For SUPERSTITION, with sulphureal torch,
 Stalk'd to the loom. " This, Damsel, is thy fate !
 The hour draws on--now drench the dagger deep !
 Now rush to happier worlds !" The Maid replied,
 " Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven,
 Impious I strive not : be that will perform'd ! "

Lo ! as she spake, celestial radiance beam'd 350
 Amid the air ; such odors wafting now
 As ever fled upon the evening gale,
 From Eden's blissful bowers. An angel form
 Stood by the Maid ; his wings, ethereal white,
 Flash'd like the diamond in the noon-tide sun, 355
 Dazzling her mortal eye : all else appear'd
 Her THEODORE. Amazed she saw : the Fiend
 Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice
 Sounded ; though now more musically sweet
 Than ever yet had thrill'd her charmed soul 360
 When eloquent Affection fondly told
 The day-dreams of delight ! " Beloved Maid !
 Lo ! I am with thee ! still thy Theodore !

Hearts in the holy bands of Love combin'd,
Death has no power to sever. Thou art mine ! 365
A little while, and thou shalt dwell with me
In scenes where Sorrow is not. Cheerily
Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,
Rough though it be, and painful, for the grave
Is but the threshold of Eternity ! 370
Favor'd of Heaven ! to thee is given to view
These secret realms. In night unpierceable
Enveloped, DEATH is there, around him wait
His ministers." Undauntedly the Maid
Beheld his ghastly train. The withered form 375
Of AGE : his cheek was hollow, and his eyes
Sunk deep, and palsied were his toothless jaws.
He, as he tottered on the open grave,
Look'd back, and call'd on one with earnest voice
For aid ; yet never aid from him received 380
His fellow minister : all gravity
He was, a well-wigg'd form, and in his hand
A gold-topt cane, which ever to his lips,
In thought profound, he press'd : his lofty speech
With learned phrase abounded, such as fills 385
The astonish'd soul with awe : and oft his hand
Dire incantations drew, with magic drugs,
To fill the mystic phial, which who feels,
With griping pains opprest, shall toss and writhe,
Till Nature, wearied with disease, and sick 390
Of remedy, must yield the unequal strife.
MURDER was there, well-versed in many a shape

To serve his shadowy King ; or in the rags
Of ruffian poverty, or skill to drug
The bowl with death, or, hid beneath his cloak, 395
Sharp the stiletto for the mortal blow ;
Now in the form of Honor, fierce to talk
Of satisfaction for his injuries,
And reputation, and the jargon'd phrase
That make mankind genteely violate 400
The law of God. But these are petty deeds
For this proud Fiend, that o'er the ravaged earth
Stalks royally, and bids his liveried slaves,
His hireling train'd assassins, to go forth,
And desolate and kill ! As on they paist'd 405
Beyond the hideous train, thus Theodore
Pursued : " The bottom of the vast abyss
Thou treadest, Maiden ! Here the dungeons are
Where bad men learn repentence ; souls diseased
Must have their remedy ; and where disease 410
Is rooted deep, the remedy is long
Perforce, and painful." Thus the Spirit spake,
And led the Maid along a narrow path,
Dark-gleaming to the light of far-off flames,
More dread than darkness. Soon the distant sound 415
Of clanking anvils, and the lengthened breath
Provoking fire are heard ; and now they reach
A vast expanded den, where all around
Tremendous furnaces, with hellish blaze,
Flamed dreadful. At the heaving bellows stood 420
The meagre form of CARE, and as he blew

To augment the fire, the fire augmented, scorch'd
 His wretched limbs : sleepless for ever thus
 He toil'd and toil'd, of toil to reap no end
 But endless toil, and never-ending woe. 425

An aged man went round the infernal vault
 Urging his workmen at their ceaseless task :
 White were his locks, as is the wintry snow
 On hoar Plinlimmon's head. A golden staff
 His steps supported ; powerful talisman, 430
 Which whoso feels shall never feel again
 The tear of Pity or the throb of Love.
 Touch'd but by this, the massy gates give way,
 The buttress trembles, and the guarded wall,
 Guarded in vain, submits. Him heathens erst 435
 Had deified, and bowed the suppliant knee
 To Plutus. Nor are now his votaries few,
 Though he the Blessed Teacher of mankind
 Hath said, that easier through the needle's eye
 Shall the huge cable pass, than the rich man 440
 Enter the gates of Heaven. "Ye cannot serve
 Your God, and worship MAMMON."

"Mitioned Maid!"

So spake the Angel, "know that these, whose hands
 Round each white furnace ply the unceasing toil,
 Were Mammon's slaves on earth. They did not spare
 To wring from Poverty the hard-earn'd mite ;
 They robb'd the orphan's pittance ; they could see
 Want's asking eye unmoved ; and therefore these,
 Ranged round the furnace, still must persevere

In Mammon's service ; scorch'd by these fierce fires,
And frequent deluged by th' o'erboiling ore :
Yet still so framed, that oft to quench their thirst
Unquenchable, large draughts of molten gold
They drink infatiate, still with pain renewed,
Pain to destroy !” So saying, her he led 455
Forth from the dreadful cavern to a cell,
Brilliant with gem-born light. The rugged walls
Part gleam'd with gold, and part with silver ore
A milder radiance shone. The Carbuncle
There, its strong lustre like the flam'ry sun, 460
Shot forth irradiate ; from the earth beneath,
And from the roof a diamond light emits ;
Rubies and Amethysts their glows commix'd
With the gay Topaz, and the softer ray
Shot from the Sapphire, and the Emerald's hue, 465
And bright Pyropus. There on golden seats,
A numerous, full, melancholy train,
Sat silent. “ Maiden, these,” said Theodore,
“ Are they who let the love of wealth absorb
All other passions ; in their souls that vice 470
Struck deeply-rooted, like the poison-tree
That with its shade spreads barrenness around.
These, Maid ! were men by no atrocious crime
Blacken'd ; no fraud, nor ruffian violence :
Men of fair dealing, and respectable 475
On earth, but such as only for themselves
Heap'd up their treasures, deeming all their wealth
Their own, and given to them, by partial Heaven,

To bless them only : therefore here they sit,
Possessed of gold enough, and by no pain 480
Tormented, save the knowledge of the bliss
They lost, and vain repentance. Here they dwell,
Loathing these useless treasures, till the hour
Of general restitution." Thence they part,
And now arrived at such a gorgeous dome, 485
As even the pomp of Easternt opulence
Could never equal : wandered through its halls
A numerous train ; some with the red-swoln eye
Of riot and intemperance-bloated cheek ;
Some pale and nerveless, and with feeble step, 490
And eyes lack-lustre. " Maiden !" said her guide,
" These are the wretched slaves of Appetite,
Curst with their wish enjoyed : the Epicure
Here pampers his foul frame, till the pall'd sense
Loaths at the banquet : the Voluptuous here 495
Plunge in the tempting torrent of delight,
And sink in misery. All they wish'd on earth,
Possessing here, whom have they to accuse,
But their own folly, for the lot they chose ?
Yet, for that these injured themselves alone, 500
They to the house of PENITENCE may hie,
And, by a long and painful regimen,
To wearied Nature her exhausted powers
Restore, till they shall learn to form the wish
Of wisdom, and ALMIGHTY GOODNESS grants 505
That prize to him who seeks it." Whilst he spake,
The board is spread. With bloated paunch, and eye

Fat swoln, and legs whose monstrous size disgraced
The human form divine, their caterer,
Hight **GLUTTONY**, set forth the smoaking feast. 510
And by his side came on a brother form,
With fiery cheek of purple hue, and red
And scurfy-white, mix'd motley : his gross bulk,
Like some huge hogshhead shapen'd, as applied.
Him had antiquity with mystic rites 515
Ador'd, to him the sons of Greece, and thine
Imperial Rome ! on many an altar pour'd
The victim blood, with godlike titles graced ;
BACCHUS, or **DIONUSUS**, son of Jove,
Deem'd falsely, for from **FOLLY**'s idiot form 520
He sprung, what time **MADNESS**, with furious hand,
Seiz'd on the laughing female. At one birth
She brought the brethren, menial here, above
Reigning with sway supreme ; and oft they hold
High revels. Mid the monastery's gloom, 525
Thy palace **GLUTTONY** ! and oft to thee
The sacrifice is spread, when the grave voice
Episcopal, proclaims approaching day
Of visitation, or Church-wardens meet
To save the wretched many from the gripe 530
Of eager Poverty, or amid thy halls
Of London, mighty Mayor ! rich Aldermen
Of coming-feast hold converse. Otherwhere,
For though allied in nature as in blood,
They hold divided sway, his brother lifts 535
His spungy sceptre. In the noble domes

Of Princes, and state-wearied Ministers,
Maddening he reigns ; and when the affrighted mind
Casts o'er a long career of guilt and blood
Its eye reluctant, then his aid is sought 540.
To lull the worm of Conscience to repose,
He too the halls of country Squires frequents,
But chiefly loves the learned gloom that shades
Thy offspring, Rhedycina ! and thy walls,
Granta ! Nightly libations there to him 545
Profuse are pour'd, till from the dizzy brain
Triangles, Circles, Parallelograms,
Moods, Tenses, Dialects, and Demigods,
And Logic and Theology are swept
By the red deluge. Unmolested there 550
He reigns ; till comes at length the general feast,
Septennial sacrifice ; then when the sons
Of England meet, with watchful care to choose
Their delegates—wise ! independent men !
Unbribing and unbrib'd ! and cull'd to guard 555
Their rights and charters from the encroaching grasp
Of greedy Power : then all the joyful land
Join in his sacrifices, so inspir'd
To make the important choice. The observing Maid
Address'd her guide, “ These, Theodore, thou sayest
Are men who, pampering their foul appetites,
Injured themselves alone. But where are they,
The worst of villains, viper-like, who coil
Around the guileless female, so to sting
The heart that loves them ?”

"Them," the Spirit replied, 565

"A long and dreadful punishment awaits.

For when the prey of want and infamy,

Lower and lower still the victim sinks

Even to the depth of shame, not one lewd word,

One impious imprecation from her lips 570

Escapes, nay, not a thought of evil lurks

In the polluted mind, that does not plead

Before the throne of Justice thunder-tongued

Against the foul Seducer." Now they reach'd

The house of PENITENCE. CREDULITY 575

Stood at the gate, stretching her eager head

As though to listen ; on her vacant face,

A smile that promised premature assent ;

Though her REGRET behind, a meagre Fiend !

Disciplin'd sorely. Here they entered in, 580

And now arrived where as in study tranced

She sat the Mistress of the Dome. Her face

Spake that compos'd severity, that knows

No angry impulse, no weak tenderness,

Resolved, and calm. Before her lay that Book 585

That hath the words of Life ; and as she read,

Sometimes a tear would trickle down her cheek,

Though heavenly Joy beam'd in her eye the while.

Leaving her undisturb'd, to the first ward

Of this great Lazar-house, the Angel led 590

The favor'd Maid of Orleans. Kneeling down

On the hard stone that their bare knees had worn,

In sackcloth robed, a numerous train appear'd :

Hard featur'd some, and some demurely grave ;
 Yet such expression stealing from the eye, 595
 As though, that only naked, all the rest
 Was one close-fitting mask : a scoffing Fiend
 (For Fiend he was, though wisely serving here)
 Mock'd at his patients, and did often pour
 Ashes upon them, and then bid them say 600
 Their prayers aloud, and then he louder laughed :
 For these were Hypocrites, on earth revered
 As holy ones, who did in public tell [selves,
 Their beads, and make long prayers, and cross them-
 And call themselves most miserable sinners, 605
 That so they might be deem'd most pious saints ;
 And go all filth, and never let a smile
 Bend their stern muscles, gloomy full men !
 Barren of all affection ! and all this
 To please their God, forsooth ! and therefore SCORN
 Grinn'd at his patients, making them repeat
 Their solemn farce, with keenest raillery
 Tormenting ; but if earnest in their prayer,
 They pour'd the silent sorrows of the soul
 To Heaven, then did they not regard his mocks 615
 Which then came painless, and HUMILITY
 Soon rescued them, and led to PENITENCE,
 That She might lead to Heaven.

From thence they came,
 Where, in the next Ward, a most wretched band
 Groan'd underneath the bitter tyranny 620
 Of a fierce Demon ; his coarse hair was red,

Pale grey his eyes, and blood-shot ; and his face
Wrinkled by such a smile as Malice wears
In ecstacy. Well-pleased he went around,
Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some, 625
Or probing with a poison'd lance their breasts,
Or placing coals of fire within their wounds ;
Or seizing some within his mighty grasp
He fix'd them on a stake, and then drew back,
And laugh'd to see them writhe.

“ These,” said the Spirit, 630
“ Are taught by CRUELTY, to loath the lives
They led themselves. Here are those wicked men
Who loved to exercise their tyrant power
On speechles brutes ; bad husbands undergo
A long purgation here ; the Traffickers 635
In human flesh here too are disciplin'd,
Till by their sufferings they have equall'd all
The miseries they inflicted, all the mass
Of wretchedness caused by the wars they waged,
The towns they burnt, (for they who bribe to war 640
Are guilty of the blood) the widows left
In want, the slave or led to suicide,
Or murdered by the foul infected air
Of his close dungeon, or, more sad than all,
His virtue lost, his very soul enslaved, 645
And driven by woe to wickedness. These next,
Whom thou beholdest in this dreary room,
So fullen, and with such an eye of hate
Each on the other scowling, these have been

False friends. Tormented by their own dark thoughts
Here they dwell : in the hollow of their hearts
There is a worm that feeds ! and though thou seeſt
That ſkilful leech who willingly would heal
The ill they ſuffer, judging of all else
By their own evil standard, they ſuspect 655
The aid he vainly proffers, lengthening thus
By vice its punishment." "But who are theſe,"
The Maid exclaim'd, "that robed in flowing lawn,
And mitred, or in scarlet, and in caps
Like Cardinals, I ſee in every ward 660
Performing menial ſervice at the beck
Of all who bid them ?" Theodore replied,
"These men are they who in the name of CHRIST
Did heap up wealth, and arrogating power,
Did make men bow the knee, and call themſelves
Most Reverend Graces and Right Reverend Lords :
They dwelt in palaces, in purple clothed,
And in fine linen : therefore are they here ;
And though they would not minister on earth,
Here penanced they perforce muſt minister : 670
For he, the lowly Man of Nazareth,
Hath ſaid, his kingdom is not of the world."

So ſaying, on they paſt, and now arrived
Where ſuch a hideous ghastly group abode,
That the Maid gazed with half-averting eye, 675
And ſhudder'd : each one was a loathly corpe !
The worm did banquet on his putrid prey,
Yet had they life and feeling exquife,

Tho' motionless and mute. "Most wretched men
Are these," the angel cried.

"These, *JOAN*, are Bards 680
Whose loose lascivious lays perpetuate
Their own corruption. Soul-polluted slaves,
Who sat them down, deliberately lewd,
So to awake and pamper lust in minds
Unborn ; and therefore foul of body now 685
As then they were of soul, they here abide
Their punishment, and here they must abide
Long as the evil works they left on earth
Shall live to taint mankind. A dreadful doom !
Yet amply merited by that bad man 690
Who prostitutes the sacred gift of song."

They entered now a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the MURDERERS OF MANKIND !
Monarchs, the great ! the glorious ! the august !
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire,
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod he was there,
First King the mighty hunter ; and that Chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so 700
He might be call'd young Ammon. In this court
Cesar was crown'd, accurst liberticide ;
And he who murder'd Tully, that cold villain !
Octavius, tho' the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymn'd his praise, tho' Maro sung to him, 705
And when Death levell'd to original clay

The royal carcass, FLATTERY, fawning low,
Fell at his feet, and worshipp'd the new God !
Titus was here, the Conqueror of the Jews, ³
He the Delight of human-kind misnamed ; 710
Cesars and Soldans, Emperors and Kings ;
Here they were all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the COURT OF GLORY, reaping now
The meed they merited. As gazing round
The Virgin mark'd the miserable train, 715
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth ;
“ Thou who art come to view our punishment,
Maiden of Orleans ! hither turn thine eyes,
For I am he whose bloody victories
Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo ! I am here,
The hero conqueror of Azincour,
HENRY OF ENGLAND !---wretched that I am !
I might have reigned in happiness and peace,
My coffers full, my subjects undisturb'd,
And PLENTY and PROSPERITY had loved 725
To dwell amongst them : but mine eye beheld
The realm of France, by faction tempest-torn ;
And therefore I did think that it would fall
An easy prey. I persecuted those
Who taught new doctrines, tho' they taught the truth :
And when I heard of thousands by the sword
Cut off, or blasted by the pestilence,
I calmly counted up my proper gains,
And sent new herds to slaughter : temperate
Myself, no blood that mutinied, no vice 735

Tainting my private life, I sent abroad
 MURDER and RAPE ; and therefore am I doom'd,
 Like these imperial Sufferers, crown'd with fire,
 Here to remain, till Man's awaken'd eye
 Shall see the genuine blackness of our deeds, 740
 And warn'd by them, till the whole human race,
 Equalling in bliss the aggregate we caus'd
 Of wretchedness, shall form ONE BROTHERHOOD,
 ONE UNIVERSAL FAMILY OF LOVE."

The Maiden, musing on the Warrior's words, 745
 Turn'd from the Hall of Glory. Now they reach'd
 A cavern, at whose mouth a Genius stood,
 In front, a beardless youth, whose smiling eye
 Beam'd promise, but behind withered and old,
 And all unlovely. Underneath his feet 750
 Lay records trampled, and the laurel wreath
 Now rent and faded : in his hand he held
 An hour-glass, and, as fall the restless sands,
 So pass the lives of men. By him they pass
 Along the darksome cave, and reach'd a stream,
 Aye rolling onward its perpetual waves,
 Noiseless and undisturb'd. Here they ascend
 A Bark unpiloted, that down the flood,
 borne by the current, rush'd. The circling stream,
 Returning to itself, an island form'd ; 760
 Nor had the Maiden's footsteps ever reach'd
 The insulated coast, eternally
 Rapt round the endless course ; but Theodore,
 With force angelic, drove the obedient bark.

They land, a mighty fabric meets their eyes, 765
Seen by its gem-born light. Of adamant
The pile was framed, for ever to abide
Firm in eternal strength. Before the gate
Stood eager EXPECTATION, as to list
The half-heard murmurs issuing from within, 770
Her mouth half-open'd, and her head stretch'd forth.
On the other side there stood an aged Crone,
Listening to every breath of air ; she knew
Vague suppositions and uncertain dreams,
Of what was soon to come, for she would mark 775
The paley glow-worm's self-created light,
And argue thence of kingdoms overthrown,
And desolated nations ; ever fill'd
With undetermined terror, as she heard
Or distant screech owl, or the regular beat 780
Of evening death-watch. "Maid," the Spirit cried,
"Here, robed in shadows, dwells FUTURITY.
There is no eye hath seen her secret form,
For round the MOTHER OF TIME, unpierced mists
Aye hover. Would'st thou read the book of Fate,
Enter." The Damsel for a moment paus'd,
Then to the Angel spake : "All-gracious Heaven !
Benignant in withholding, hath denied
To man that knowledge. I, in faith assur'd,
That he, my heavenly Father, for the best 790
Ordaineth all things, in that faith remain
Contented." "Well and wisely hast thou said,"
So Theodore replied ; and as he spake,

Seizing her hand, (for Spirits have such power
That there they *are* where they but wish to be, 800
Swift as the thought that guides them) in a vale
They stood ; a fairer spot industrious Man
Made never, tho' in climes where Nature pours
Profuse her bounty. Forest-waving hills
Besom'd the tranquil scene, beneath whose feet 805
A river roll'd along its willowy course,
And as it wound beneath the neighbouring coomb,
Allur'd the charmed eye. Here, as they pass
Beneath a woodbine bower, a manly form
They saw of open visage, who from wood 810
Of odorous Myrtle form'd the shafts of Love.
Yet whilst HUMANITY thus plied his toil,
DECEIT would steal away the precious shafts,
And in their stead the evil darts return,
Form'd from the Cypress or the Aspin wood, 815
Or from that tree that on the traveller drops
The dews of death. And as the Genius form'd
His shafts, he plunged them in the urn of bliss :
But brooding evil to the race of man,
Sat shameless VICE behind, and fann'd her fire, 820
Hell-kindled, heating in its flames the darts
DECEIT had form'd, and AVARICE venom'd them
With his cold drugs that petrify the heart.
“ These are the Demons that pervert the power
Of Love,” said Theodore. “ The time was once
When LOVE and HAPPINESS went hand in hand,
In that blest era of the infant world.

Ere man had learnt to bow the knee to man.
Was there a youth whom warm affection fill'd,
He spake his honest heart ; the earliest fruits 830
His toil produced, the sweetest flowers that deck'd
The sunny bank, he gather'd for the maid,
Nor she disdain'd the gift---for VICE not yet
Had burst the dungeons of her hell, and rear'd
Those artificial boundaries that divide 835
Man from his species. State of blessedness !
Till that ill-omen'd hour when Cain's stern son
Delved in the bowels of the earth for gold,
Accursed bane of virtue ! of such force
As poets feign dwelt in the Gorgon's locks, 840
Which whoso saw, felt instant the life-blood
Cold curdle in his veins, the creeping flesh
Grew stiff with horror, and the heart forgot
To beat. Accursed hour ! for man no more
To JUSTICE paid his homage, but forsook 845
Her altars, and bow'd down before the shrine
Of WEALTH and POWER, the idols he had made.
Then HELL enlarg'd herself, her gates flew wide,
Her legion fiends rush'd forth. OPPRESSION came,
Whose frown is desolation, and whose breath 850
Blasts like the Pestilence ; and POVERTY,
A meagre monster, who with withering touch
Makes barren all the better part of man,
MOTHER OF MISERIES ; then the goodly earth
Which God had fram'd for happiness, became 855
One theatre of woe, and all that God

Had given to bleſſ free men, these tyrant fiends
 His bittereſt curses made. Yet for the best
 Hath he ordained all things, the Alt-wise !
 For by experience rous'd ſhall man at length 860
 Dash down his Moloch Idols, Samſon-like,
 And burſt his fetters--only ſtrong whilſt ſtrong
 Believed ; then in the bottomleſs abyſſ
OPPRESSION ſhall be chain'd, and **POVERTY**
 Die, and with her, her Brood of Miferies ; 865
And VIRTUE and EQUALITY preſerve
 The reign of **LOVE**, and Earth ſhall once again
 Be Paradise, whilſt **WISDOM** ſhall ſecure
 The ſtate of bliſſ which **IGNORANCE** betrayed."

" Oh age of happiness !" the Maid exclaim'd,
 " Roll fast thy current, Time, till that bleſſ age
 Arrive ! and happy thou, my Theodore,
 Permitted thus to ſee the ſacred depths
 Of wiſdom !" " Such," the bleſſed Spirit replied,
 " Beloved ! ſuch our lot ; allowed to range 875
 The vast infinity, progreſſive ſtill
 In knowledge, and increasing bleſſedneſſ,
 This our united portion. Thou haſt yet
 A little while to ſojourn amongſt men :
 I will be with thee ! there ſhall not a breeze 880
 Wanton around thy temples, on whose wing
 I will not hover near ! and at that hour
 When from its fleſhy ſepulchre let loſſe,
 Thy phenix ſoul ſhall foar, O beſt-beleoved !
 I will be with thee in thine agonies, 885

And welcome thee to life and happiness,
Eternal infinite beatitude !”

He spake, and led her near a straw-roof'd cot,
Love's Palace. By the Virtues circled there,
The cherub listen'd to such melodies,
As aye, when one good deed is register'd 890
Above, re-echo in the halls of Heaven.

LABOR was there, his crisp locks floating loose,
Clear was his cheek, and beaming his full eye,
And strong his arm robust; the wood-nymph HEALTH 895
Still follow'd on his path, and where he trod
Fresh flowers and fruits arose. And there was HOPE,
The general friend; and MERCY, whose mild eye
Wept o'er the widowed dove; and, loveliest form,
Majestic CHASTITY, whose sober smile
Delights and awes the soul, a laurel wreath 900
Restrain'd her tresses, and upon her breast
The snow-drop hung its head, that seem'd to grow *
Spontaneous, cold and fair; still by the Maid
LOVE went submiss, with eye more dangerous
Than fancied basilisk to wound whoe'er 905
Too bold approached, yet anxious would he read
Her every rising wish, then only pleased
When pleasing. Hymning him the song was rais'd.

“ Glory to thee, whose vivifying power
Pervades all Nature's universal frame ! 910
Glory to thee, CREATOR LOVE ! to thee,
Parent of all the smiling CHARITIES,
That strew the thorny path of Life with flowers !

Glory to thee, PRESERVER ! to thy praise
The awakened Woodlands echo all the day 915
Their living melody ; and warbling forth
To thee her twilight song, the Nightingale
Holds the lone Traveller from his way, or charms
The listening Poet's ear. Where LOVE shall deign
To fix his seat, there blameless PLEASURE sheds 920
Her roseate dews ; CONTENT will sojourn there,
And HAPPINESS behold AFFECTION's eye
Gleam with the Mother's smile. Thrice happy he
Who feels thy holy power ! he shall not drag,
Forlorn and friendless, along Life's long path 925
To Age's drear abode ; he shall not waste
The bitter evening of his days unsooth'd ;
But HOPE shall cheer his hours of Solitude,
And VICE shall vainly strive to wound his breast,
That bears that talisman ; and when he meets 930
The eloquent eye of TENDERNESS, and hears
The bosom-thrilling music of her voice ;
The joy he feels shall purify his soul,
And imp it for anticipated Heaven,"

BOOK THE TENTH,

ARGUMENT.

Transactions of the French at Orleans. Arrivals of Du Chastel and Richemont. The English meet their expected succours. Battle of Patay. The King arrives. The Poem concludes with the Coronation of Charles at Rheims.

THE morning came, and from the Eastern clouds,
Emerging in his glory, the new Sun
Pour'd on the Virgin's cheek his startling rays.
Serene she rose, her anguish mellowed down
Even to that sober sadness that delights 5
On other days to dwell. Her issuing forth
The Bastard met. "Hail MAID OF ORLEANS! hail
Preserver of the French," the Chief exclaim'd.
The hostile host are fled; yet not by flight
Shall England's robber sons escape the arm 10
Of Retribution. Even now our troops,
By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied
With conquest, clamor to pursue the foe."

The Delegated Damsel thus replied:
"So let them fly, Dunois! but other toils 15
Than those of battle, these our hallowed troops

Await. Look yonder to that carnaged plain !
Behoves us there to delve the general grave :
Then, Chieftain, for pursuit, when we have paid
The rites of burial to our fellow-men, 20
And hymn'd our gratitude to that ALL-JUST
Who gave the conquest. Thou, meantime, dispatch
Tidings to Chinon : bid the King set forth,
That crowning him before assembled France,
In Rheims delivered from the enemy, 25
I may accomplish all." So said the Maid,
Then to the gate moved on. The assembled troops
Beheld their coming Chief, and smote their shields,
Clamoring their admiration ; for they thought
That she would lead them to the instant war. 30
She waved her hand, and silence still'd the host.
Then thus the Mission'd Maid, " Fellows in arms !
We must not speed to joyful victory,
Whilst our unburied comrades, on yon plain,
Allure the carrion bird. Give we this day 35
To our dear friends !" Nor did she speak in vain ;
For as she spake, the thirst of battle dies
In every breast, such awe and love pervade [plain
The listening troops. They o'er the corse-strewn
Speed to their sad employment : some dig deep 40
The house of Death ; some bear the lifeless load ;
One little troop search carefully around,
If haply they might find surviving yet
Some wounded wretches. As they labor thus,
They mark far off the iron-blaze of arms ; 45

See distant standards waving on the air,
And hear the clarion's clang. Then spake the Maid
To Conrade, and she bade him speed to view
The coming army ; or to meet their march
With friendly greeting, or if foes they came 50
With such array of battle as short space
Allowed : the Warrior sped across the plain,
And soon beheld the banner'd lilies wave.

Their Chief was Richemont: he, when as he heard
What rites employed the Virgin, straightway bade
His troops assist in burial : they, though grieved
At late arrival, and the expected day
Of conquest past, yet give their willing aid :
They dig the general grave, and thither bear
English or French, alike commingled now ! 60
And heap the mound of Death. Amid the plain
There was a little eminence, of old
Piled o'er some honored Chieftain's narrow house.
His praise the song had ceas'd to celebrate,
And many an unknown age had the long grass 65
Waved o'er the nameless mound, tho' barren now
Beneath the frequent tread of multitudes.
There, elevate, the Martial Maiden stood.
Her brow unhelmed, and floating on the wind
Her long dark locks. The silent troops around 70
Stood thickly throng'd, as o'er the fertile field
Billows the ripen'd corn. The passing breeze
Bore not a murmur from the numerous host,
Such deep attention held them. She began.

"Glory to those who in their country's cause 75
Fall in the field of battle ! Citizens,
I stand not here to mourn these gallant men,
Our comrades, nor with vain and idle phrase
Of pity and compassion, to console
The friends who loved them. They, indeed, who fall
Beneath Oppression's banner, merit well
Our pity ; may the GOD OF PEACE AND LOVE
Be merciful to those blood-guilty men
Who came to desolate the realm of France,
To make us bow the knee, and crouch like slaves, 85
Before a tyrant's footstool ! Give to these,
And to their wives and orphan little-ones,
That on their distant father vainly cry
For bread, give these your pity. Wretched men,
Forced or inveigled from their homes, or driven 90
By Need and Hunger to the trade of blood ;
Or, if with free and willing mind they came,
Most wretched---for before the eternal throne
They stand, as hireling murderers arraign'd.
But our dead comrades for their freedom fought ;
No arts they needed, nor the specious bribes
Of promise, to allure them to this fight,
This holy warfare ! them their parents sent,
And as they raised their streaming eyes to Heaven,
Bade them go forth, and from the ruffian's sword
Save their grey hairs : these men their wives sent forth,
Fix'd their last kisses on their armed hands,
And bade them in the battle think they fought

For them and for their babes. Thus rous'd to rage
By every milder feeling, they rush'd forth, 105
They fought, they conquered.

“ To this high-rear'd mound,
The men of Orleans shall in after days
Bring their young boys, and tell them of the deeds
Our gallant friends achieved, and bid them learn
Like them to love their country, and like them, 110
Should wild Oppression pour again its tide
Of desolation, to step forth and stem
Fearless the furious torrent. Men of France !
Mourn not for these our comrades ; boldly they
Fought the good fight, and that Eternal One, 115
Who bade the angels harbinger his word
With “ Peace on Earth,” rewards them. We survive,
Honoring their memories to avenge their fall
On England's russian hordes ; in vain her chiefs
Madly will drain her wealth and waste her blood
To conquer this vast realm ! for, easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determin'd to be free : yes--let them rage,
And drain their country's wealth, and waste her blood,
And pour their hireling thousands on our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves,
Repel the rushing ocean--she shall wield
The thunderbolt of vengeance--she shall blast 130
The Despots that assail her.” As she ceas'd,

Such murmur from the multitude arose,
As when at twilight hour the summer breeze
Moves o'er the elmy vale : there was not one
Who mourn'd with feeble sorrow for his friend, 135
Slain in the fight of Freedom ; or if chance
Remembrance with a tear suffus'd the eye,
The Patriot's joy flash'd thro'. And now the rites
Of sepulture perform'd, the hymn to Heaven
They chanted. To the town the Maid return'd,
Dunois with her, and Richemont, and the man,
Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin loved.
They of pursuit and of the future war
Sat communing ; when loud the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd approaching herald. "To the Maid,"
Exclaim'd the Messenger, "and thee, Dunois,
Son of the Chief he loved ! Du Chastel sends
Greeting. The aged warrior has not spared
All active efforts to partake your toil,
And serve his country ; and tho' late arrived, 150
He share not in the fame your arms acquire ;
His heart is glad that he is late arrived,
And France preserved thus early. He were here
To join your host, and follow on their flight,
But Richemont is his foe. To that high Lord 155
Thus says my Master : We, tho' each to each
Be hostile, are alike the embattled sons
Of this our common country. Do thou join
The conquering troops, and prosecute success ;
I will the while assault what guarded towns 160

Bedford yet holds in Orleannois : one day,
Perhaps the Constable of France may learn
He wrong'd Du Chastel." As the herald spake,
The crimson current rush'd to Richemont's cheek.
" Tell to thy Master," eager he replied, 165
" I am the foe of those Court Parasites
Who poison the King's ear. Him who shall serve
Our country in the field, I hold my friend :
Such may Du Chastel prove." So said the Chief,
And pausing as the Herald went his way, 170
Gaz'd on the Virgin. " Maiden ! if aright
I deem, thou dost not with a friendly eye
Scan my past deeds." Then o'er the Damsel's cheek
A faint glow spread. " True, Chieftain !" she replied,
" Report bespeaks thee haughty, of thy power 175
Jealous, and to the shedding human blood
Revengeful." " Maid of Orleans !" he exclaim'd,
" Should the Wolf slaughter thy defenceless flock,
Were it a crime if thy more mighty force
Destroy'd the fell destroyer ? if thy hand 180
Had pierc'd the ruffian as he burst thy door
Prepar'd for midnight murder, would'it thou feel
The weight of blood press heavy on thy soul ?
I slew the Wolves of State, the Murderers
Of thousands. *JOAN!* when rusted in its sheath,
The sword of Justice hung, blam'ſt thou the man
That leſt his weapon for the virtuous deed ?"
Conrade replied. " Nay, Richemont, it were well
To pierce the ruffian as he burst thy doors ;

But if he bear the plunder safely thence, 190
And thou should'st meet him on the future day ;
Vengeance must not be thine : there is the law
To punish ; and if thy impatient hand,
Unheard and uncondemn'd, should execute
Death on that man, Justice will not allow 195
The Judge in the Accuser !” “ Thou hast said
Right wisely, Warrior !” cried the Constable ;
“ But there are guilty ones above the law,
Men whose black crimes exceed the utmost bound
Of private guilt ; court vermin that buzz round, 200
And fly-blow the King’s ear, and make him waste,
In this most perilous time, his people’s wealth
And blood : immers’d one while in crimson sloth,
Heedless tho’ ruin threat the realm they rule ;
And now projecting some mad enterprize, 205
To certain slaughter send their wretched troops.
These are the men that make the King suspect
His wisest, faithfulest, best Counsellors ;
And for themselves and their dependants, seize
All places, and all profits ; and they wrest 210
To their own ends the Statutes of the land,
Or safely break them : thus, or indolent,
Or active, ruinous alike to France.
Wisely thou fayest, Warrior ! that the Law
Should strike the guilty ; but the voice of Justice
Cries out, and brings conviction as it cries ;
Whom the Laws cannot reach the Dagger should.”

The Maid replied, " I blame thee not, O Chief !
 If, reasoning to thine own conviction thus,
 Thou didst, well satisfied, destroy these men 220
 Above the Law : but if a meaner one,
 Self-constituting him the Minister
 Of Justice, to the death of these bad men [seized,
 Had wrought the deed, him would the Laws have
 And doom'd a Murderer : thee, thy power preserved !
 And what hast thou exampled ? thou hast taught
 All men to execute what deeds of blood
 Their will or passion sentence : right and wrong
 Confounding thus, and making Power, of all,
 Sole arbiter. Thy acts were criminal, 230
 Yet, Richemont, for thou didst them self-approved,
 I may not blame the agent. Trust me, Chief !
 That when a People sorely are opprest,
 The hour of violence will come too soon,
 And he does wrong who hastens it. He best 235
 Performs the Patriot's and the Good Man's part,
 Who, in the ear of Rage and Faction, breathes
 The healing words of Love."

Thus communed they :

Meantime, all panic-struck and terrified,
 The English urge their flight ; by other thoughts
 Possess'd, than when, elate with arrogance,
 They dreamt of conquest, and the crown of France
 At their disposal. Of their hard-fought fields,
 Of glory hardly-earn'd, and lost with shame,
 Of friends and brethren slaughter'd, and the fate 24

Threatening themselves, they brooded sadly ; now
Repentant, late, and vainly. They whom fear
Erst made obedient to their conquering march,
At their defeat exultant, wreak what ills
Their power allow'd. Thus many a league they fled,
Marking their path with ruin, day by day
Leaving the weak and wounded, destitute,
To the foe's mercy ; thinking of their home,
Though to that far-off prospect scarcely Hope
Could raise her sickly eye. Oh ! then what joy 255
Inspir'd anew their bosoms, when, like clouds
Moving in shadows down the distant hill,
They mark'd their coming succors ! in each heart
Doubt rais'd a busy tumult ; soon they knew
The friendly standard, and a general shout 260
Burst from the joyful ranks ; yet came no joy
To Talbot : he, with dark and downward brow,
Mus'd sternly, till at length arous'd to hope
Of vengeance, welcoming his warrior son,
He brake a fullen smile. " Son of my age ! 265
Welcome, young Talbot, to thy first of fields.
Thy father bids thee welcome, though disgraced,
Baffled, and flying from a Woman's arm !
Yes, by my former glories, from a Woman !
The scourge of France ! the conqueror of Men !
Flying before a Woman ! Son of Talbot,
Had the winds wafted thee a few days sooner,
Thou hadst seen me high in honor, and thy name
Alone had scatter'd armies ; yet, my Child,

I bid thee welcome ! rest we here our flight, 275
And lift again the fword." So spake the Chief ;
And well he counsell'd : for not yet the sun
Had reach'd meridian height, when o'er the plain
Of PATAY they beheld the troops of France
Speed in pursuit. Collected in himself 280
Appear'd the might of Talbot. Thro' the ranks
He stalks, reminds them of their former fame,
Their native land, their homes, the friends they lov'd,
All the rewards of this day's victory.
But awe had fill'd the English, and they struck 285
Faintly their shields : for they who had beheld
The hallowed banner with celestial light
Irradiate, and the Miffion'd Maiden's deeds,
Felt their hearts sink within them, at the thought
Of her near vengeance ; and the tale they told 290
Rous'd such a tumult in the new-come troops,
As fitted them for fear. The aged Chief
Beheld their drooping valor : his stern brow,
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts :
Still he was firm, tho' all might fly, resolved 295
That Talbot should retrieve his old renown,
And period Life with Glory. Yet some hope
Inspir'd the Veteran, as across the plain
Casting his eye, he mark'd the embattled strength
Of thousands ; Archers of unequall'd skill, 300
Trigans, and Pikemen, from whose lifted points
A fearful radiance flash'd, and young Esquires,
And high-born Warriors, bright in blazon'd arms.

Nor few, nor fameless were the English Chiefs :
 In many a field victorious, he was there, 305
 The garter'd Fastolffe ; Hungerford, and Scales,
 Men who had seen the hostile squadrons fly
 Before the arms of England. Suffolk there,
 The haughty Chieftain tower'd ; blest had he fallen,
 Ere yet a Courtly Minion he was mark'd 310
 By public hatred, and the murderer's name !
 There too the Son of Talbot, young in arms,
 Moved eager he, at many a tournament,
 With matchless force, had pointed his strong lance,
 O'er all opponents, victor : confident 315
 In strength, and jealous of his future fame,
 His heart beat high for battle. Such array
 Of martiall'd numbers fought not on the field
 Of Crecy, nor at Poictiers ; nor such force
 Led Henry to the fight of Azincour, 320
 When thousands fell before him. Onward move
 The host of France ; and now their venturous
 Knights

Dismount ; their safety, and their country's weal,
 Trusting to their own strength. The MAID alone,
 Conspicuous on a coal-black courser, meets 325
 The war. They moved to battle with such sound
 As rushes o'er the vaulted firmament,
 When from his seat, on the utmost verge of Heaven
 That overhangs the Void, Father of Winds !
 HÆSVELGER starting, rears his giant bulk, 330
 And from his Eagle pinions shakes the storm,

High on her stately steed the Martial Maid
Rode foremost of the war : her burnish'd arms
Shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course
Runs glittering gaily to the noon-tide sun. 335
Her foaming courser, of the guiding hand
Impatient, smote the earth, and tost'd his mane,
And rear'd aloft with many a froward bound,
As though the Maiden's skill, and his own strength
Proud to display. The light gale with her plumes
Wantoned. Even such a fair and warlike form
Pelides moved from Scyros, where conceal'd
He lay, obedient to his mother's fears,
A seemly Virgin ; thus the Youth appear'd
Terribly graceful, when upon his neck 345
Deidameia hung ; and with a look
That spake the tumult of her troubled breast,
Fear, anguish, and upbraiding tenderneſs,
Gazed on the father of her unborn babe.

An English Knight, who eager for renown 350
Late left his peaceful mansion, mark'd the Maid.
Her power miraculous, and fearful deeds
He from the troops had heard incredulous,
And scoff'd their easy fears, and vow'd that he,
Proving the magic of this dreaded Girl 355
In equal battle, would dissolve the spell,
Powerless oppos'd to valor. Forth he spurr'd
Before the ranks ; she mark'd the coming foe,
And fix'd her lance in rest, and rush'd along.
Midway they met ; full on her buckler driv'n, 360

Shiver'd the English spear : her better force
Drove the brave foeman senseless from his seat,
Headlong he fell, nor ever to the sense
Of shame awoke, for rustling multitudes
Soon crush'd the helpless Warrior. Then the Maid
Rode thro' the thickest battle : fast they fell,
Pierced by her forceful spear. Amid the troops
Plunged her strong war-horse, by the noise of arms
Elate, and rous'd to rage, he tramples o'er,
Or with the lance protended from his front, [turns
Thrusts down the thronging squadrons. Where she
The foe tremble and die. Such ominous fear
Seizes the Traveller o'er the trackless sands,
Who marks the dread Simoom across the waste,
Sweep its swift pestilence : to earth he falls, 375
Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,
Deeming the Genius of the Desart breathes
The purple blast of Death. Such was the sound
As when the tempest, mingling air and sea,
Flies o'er the upturn ocean : dashing high 380
Their foamy heads amid the incumbent clouds,
The madden'd billows, with their deafening roar,
Drown the loud thunder's peal. In every form
Of horrour, Death was there. They fall, transfix'd
By the random arrow's point, or fierce-thrust lance,
Or sink, all battered by the ponderous mace :
Some from their coursers thrown, lie on the earth,
Unwieldy in their arms, that weak to save,
Protracted all the agonies of Death.

But most the English fell, by their own fears 390
Betrayed, for Fear the evil that it dreads
Increases. Even the Chiefs, who many a day
Had met the war and conquered, trembled now,
Appall'd by her, the Maid miraculous.

Thus the blood-nurtured Monarch of the wood, 395
That o'er the wilds of Afric, in his strength
Resistless ranges, when the mutinous clouds
Burst, and the lightnings thro' the midnight sky
Dart their red fires, lies fearful in his den,
And howls in terror to the passing storm.

But Talbot, fearless where the bravest fear'd,
Mowed down the hostile ranks. The Chieftain stood
Like the strong oak, amid the tempest's rage,
That stands unharmed ; and whilst the forest falls
Uprooted round, lifts his high head aloft, 405
And nods majestic to the warring wind.
Him, present danger but magnanimates :
He fought resolved to snatch the shield of Death
And shelter him from Shame. The very herd
Who fought near Talbot, tho' the Virgin's name
Made their cheeks pale, and drove the curdling blood
Back to their hearts, caught from his daring deeds
New force, and went like Eaglets to the prey
Beneath their mother's wing. Nor his high birth
Disgrac'd the Son of Talbot ; by his fire 415
Emulous he strove, like the young Lionet
When first he bathes his murderous jaws in blood.
They fought intrepid, tho' amid their ranks

Fear and Confusion triumph'd ; for such awe
Posseſſ'd the English, as the Etruscans felt, 420
When ſelf-devoted to the Infernal Gods
The gallant Decius stood before the troops,
Robed in the victim garb of ſacrifice,
And ſpake aloud, and call'd the Shadowy Powers
To give to Rome the conqueſt, and receive 425
Their willing prey ; then rush'd amid the foe,
And died upon the hecatombs he flew.

But Hope inspir'd the affailants. Xaintrailles there
Spread fear and death ; and Orleans' valiant Son
Fought as when Warwick fled before his arm. 430
O'er all preeminent for hardieſt deeds
Was Conrade. Where he drove his battle-axe,
Weak was the buckler or the helm's defence,
Hauberk, or plated mail ; thro' all it pierced,
Resiſtleſſ as the forked flash of Heaven. 435
The death-doom'd foe, who mark'd the coming Chief,
Felt ſuch a chill run thro' his ſhivering frame,
As the night traveller of the Pyrenees,
Lone and bewildered on his wint'ry way,
When from the mountains round reverberates 440
The hungry Wolves' deep yell : on every ſide,
Their fierce eyes gleaming as with meteor fires,
The famiſh'd troop come round : the affrighted mule
Snorts loud with terror : on his ſhuddering limbs
The big sweat starts ; convulſive pant his ſides ;
Then on he rushes, wild in desperate speed.

Him dealing death an English Knight beheld,
And spurr'd his steed to crush him : Conrade leap'd
Lightly aside, and thro' the Warrior's greeves
Fix'd a deep wound : nor longer could the foe, 450
Tortur'd with anguish, guide his mettled horse,
Or his rude plunge endure ; headlong he fell,
And perish'd. In his castle-hall was hung
On high his father's shiled, with many a dint
Graced on the blood-drenched plain of Azincour
His deeds the son had heard ; and when a boy,
Listening delighted to the old man's tale,
His little hand would lift the weighty spear
In warlike pastime : he had left behind
An infant offspring, and did fondly deem 460
He too in age the exploits of his youth
Should tell, and in the Stripling's bosom rouse
The fire of glory. Conrade the next foe
Smote where the heaving membrane separates
The chambers of the trunk. The dying man, 465
In his Lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
A well-beloved servant : he could sing
Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,
Songs for the Wassel, and when the Boar's head,
Crown'd with gay garlands, and with Rosemary,
Smoked on the Christmas board : he went to war
Following the Lord he loved, and saw him fall
Beneath the arm of Conrade, and expir'd,
Slain on his Master's body. Nor the fight
Was doubtful long. Fierce on the invading host

Press the French troops impetuous, as of old,
When, pouring o'er his legion slaves on Greece,
The Eastern Despot bridged the Hellespont,
The rushing sea against the mighty pile
Roll'd its full weight of waters ; far away 480
The fearful Satrap mark'd on Asia's coasts
The floating fragments, and with ominous fear
Trembled for the Great King. Still Talbot strove,
Tho' with vain valor, as when Ali rear'd
In the midnight war the warrior-withering cry ! 485
The aged Hero rear'd his two-edged sword,
And ever as he smote a foe, exclaim'd,
“ God is victorious ! ” in the battle's clang
Four hundred times from Ali's powerful voice
That sound of Death was heard : but vainly strove
The blameless Chieftain, by the Assassin's hand
Destin'd to end a life of frustrate hopes.

Young Talbot mark'd the Maid across the plain,
Careering fierce in conquest. Her to meet
He spurr'd his horse, by one decisive deed 495
Or to retrieve the battle, or to fall
With glory. Each beneath the other's blow
Bow'd down ; their lances shiver'd with the shock ;
To earth their coursers fell : at once they rose,
At once unsheathe'd their falchions, and rush'd on
To closer combat. But in vain the Youth
Essay'd to pierce those arms that even the power
Of Time was weak to injure : she the while
Thro' many a wound beheld her foeman's blood

Ooze fast. " Yet save thee, Warrior ! " cried the Maid,

505

" Me canst thou not destroy : be timely wise,
And live ! " He answered not, but lifting high
His weapon, drove with fierce and forceful arm
Full on the Virgin's helm : fire from her eyes
Flash'd with the stroke : one step she back recoil'd,
Then in his breast plung'd deep the fword of Death.

Him falling Talbot saw. On the next foe,
With rage and anguish wild, the Warrior turn'd ;
His ill-directed weapon to the earth
Drove down the unwounded Frank : he lifts the [fword
And thro' his all-in-vain imploring hands Cleaves the poor suppliant. On that dreadful day
The sword of Talbot, clogg'd with hostile gore, ^
Made good its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arm
Had slain, the Chieftain stood and sway'd around
His furious strokes : nor ceas'd he from the fight,
Tho' now discomfited, the English troops
Fled fast, all panic-struck and spiritleis ;
And mingling with the routed, Fastolffe fled
False to his former fame ; for he beheld 525
The Maiden rushing onward, and such fear
Ran thro' his frame, as thrills the African
When, grateful solace in the sultry hour,
He rises on the buoyant billow's breast
If then his eye behold the monster Shark
Gape eager to devour. But Talbot now
A moment paus'd, for bending thitherwards

530

He mark'd a warrior, such as well might ask
 His utmost force. Of strong and stately port
 The onward foeman mov'd, and bore on high 535
 A battle-axe, in many a field of blood
 Known by the English Chieftain. Over heaps
 Of slaughter'd, strode the Frank, and bade the troops
 Retire from the bold Earl : then Conrade spake.
 "Vain is thy valor, Talbot ! look around, 540
 See where thy squadrons fly ! but thou shalt lose
 No glory, by their cowardice subdued,
 Performing well thyself the soldier's part."

"And let them fly!" the indignant Earl exclaim'd,
 "And let them fly ! but bear thou witness, Chief !
 That guiltless of this day's disgrace, I fall.
 But, Frenchmen ! Talbot will not tamely fall,
 Or unrevenged." So saying, for the war
 He stood prepar'd : nor now with heedless rage
 The Champions fought, for either knew full well
 His foemen's prowels : now they aim the blow
 Infidious, with quick change then drive the steel
 Fierce on the side expos'd. The unfaithful arms
 Yield to the strong-driven edge ; the blood streams
 down [mark'd

Their batter'd mails. With swift eye Conrade
 The lifted buckler, and beneath impell'd
 His battle-axe ; that instant on his helm
 The sword of Talbot fell, and with the blow
 Shiver'd. "Yet yield thee, Englishman!" exclaim'd
 The generous Frank--"vain is this bloody strife :

Me shouldst thou conquer, little would my death
Avail thee, weak and wounded!" "Long enough
Talbot has lived," replied the sullen Chief:
"His hour is come; yet shalt not thou survive
To glory in his fall!" So, as he spake, 565
He lifted from the ground a massy spear,
And rush'd again to battle. Now more fierce
The conflict raged, for careless of himself,
And desperate, Talbot fought. Collected still
Was Conrade. Wheresoe'er his foeman aim'd 570
His barbed javelin, there he fwung around
The guardian shield: now pierc'd with many a stroke,
The Earl's emblazon'd buckler to the earth
Fell sever'd: from his riven arms the blood
Stream'd fast; and now the Frenchman's battle-axe
Drove unresisted thro' the shieldless mail.

Backward the Frank recoil'd. "Urge not to death
This fruitless contest," cried he; "live, Oh Chief!
Are there not those in England who would feel
Keen anguish at thy loss? a wife perchance 580
Who trembles for thy safety, or a child
Needing a Father's care!" Then Talbot's heart
Smote him. "Warrior!" he cried, "if thou dost
That life is worth preserving, hie thee hence, [think
And save thyself: I loath this useless talk." 585

So saying, he address'd him to the fight,
Impatient of existence; from their arms
Flash'd fire, and quick they panted; but not long
Endured the deadly combat. With full force

Down thro' his shoulder even to the chest, 590
Conrade impell'd the ponderous battle axe ;
And at that instant underneath his shield
Received the hostile spear. Prone fell the Earl,
Even in his death rejoicing that no foe
Should live to boast his fall. Then with faint hand
Conrade unlaced his helm, and from his brow
Wiping the cold dews, ominous of death,
He laid him on the earth, thence to remove,
While the long lance hung heavy in his side,
Powerless. As thus beside his lifeless foe 600
He lay, the herald of the English Earl
With faltering step drew near, and when he saw
His master's arms, " Alas ! and is it you,
My Lord ?" he cried. " God pardon you your sins !
I have been forty years your officer, 605
And time it is I should surrender now
The ensigns of my office !" So he said,
And paying thus his rite of sepulture,
Threw o'er the slaughter'd chief his blazon'd coat.

Then Conrade thus bespake him : " Englishman,
Do for a dying soldier one kind act !
Seek for the Maid of Orleans, bid her haste
Hither, and thou shalt gain what recompense
It pleases thee to ask." The herald soon,
Meeting the mission'd Virgin, told his tale. 615
Trembling she hasten'd on, and when she knew
The death-pale face of Conrade, scarce could *JOAN*
Lift up the expiring warrior's heavy hand,

And press it to her heart. "I sent for thee,
My friend!" with interrupted voice he cried, 620
"That I might comfort this my dying hour
With one good deed. A fair domain is mine ;
Let Francis and his Isabel possess
That, mine inheritance." He paus'd awhile,
Struggling for utterance ; then with breathless speed,
And pale as him he mourn'd for, Francis came,
And hung in silence o'er the blameless man,
Even with a brother's sorrow : he pursued,
"This *JOAN* will be thy care. I have at home
An aged mother---Francis, do thou soothe 630
Her childless age. Nay, weep not for me thus :
Sweet to the wretched is the Tomb's repose !"

So saying Conrade drew the javelin forth,
And died without a groan. By this the Scouts,
Forerunning the King's march, upon the plain 635
Of *PATAY* had arrived, of late so gay
With marshall'd thousands in their radiant arms,
And streamer glittering in the noon tide sun,
And blazon'd shields, and gay accoutrements,
The pageantry of murder : now defiled 640
With mingled dust and blood, and broken arms,
And mangled bodies. Soon the Monarch joins
His victor army. Round the royal flag,
Uprear'd in conquest now, the Chieftains flock,
Proffering their eager service. To his arms, 645
Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force
Compell'd, the embattled towns submit and own

Their rightful King. Baugencj strives in vain :
Jenville and Mehun yield ; from Sully's wall
Hurl'd is the banner'd Lion : on they pass. 650
Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
And by the Mission'd Maiden's rumour'd deeds
Inspirited, the Citizens of Rheims
Feel their own strength ; against the English troops
With patriot valor, irresistible, 655
They rise, they conquer, and to their liege Lord
Present the city keys. The morn was fair
When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
Of multitudes, for high solemnity
Assembled. To the holy fabric moves 660
The long procession, thro' the streets bestrewn
With flowers and laurel boughs. The Courtier throng
Were there, and they in Orleans, who endur'd
The siege right bravely : D'Orval, and La Hire,
'The gallant Xaintrailles, Bouffac, and Chabannes,
La Fayette, name that Freedom still shall love ;
Alençon, and the bravest of the brave,
The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
Soon to release from hard captivity
A dear-beloved brother. He was there, 670
Regnier of Sicily, the Sire of her,
'That great unfortunate, whose various woes
St. Albans knew, and Hexham's fatal field,
And the dark forest, where the Robber met
The midnight Wanderer and her child, and vow'd,
Aw'd by the Majesty of Fortitude,

His fword to serve them. By the Monarch's side
The Delegated Damsel pass'd along,
Clad in her batter'd arms. She bore on high
Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile, 680
And fix'd it on the altar, whilst her hand
Pour'd on the Monarch's head the mystic oil,
Wafted of yore by milk-white Dove from Heaven,
(So legends say) to Clovis, when he stood
At Rheims for baptism ; dubious since that day,
When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warrior's blood,
And fierce upon their flight the Alemanni preft,
And rear'd the shout of triumph ; in that hour
Clovis invok'd aloud the Christian God,
And conquer'd : wak'd to wonder thus, the Chief
Became Love's convert, and Clotilda led
Her husband to the font. The Miffion'd Maid
Then placed on Charles's brow the Crown of France,
And back retiring, gazed upon the King
One moment, quickly scanning all the paſt, 695
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witness'd : then at once,
As with a tempeſt-rushing noise of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamors. Now the Maid 700
Stood as prepar'd to speak, and waved her hand,
And instant silence followed. " King of France !"
She cried--" At Chinon, when my gifted eye
Knew thee disguis'd, what inwardly the Spirit
Prompted, I ſpake--arm'd with the ſword of God

To drive from Orleans far the English Wolves,
And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
All is accomplish'd. I have here this day
Fulfill'd my mission, and anointed thee
Chief Servant of the People. Of this charge, 710
Or well perform'd or wickedly, High Heaven
Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,
I know no limit to the happiness
Thou mayest create. I do beseech thee, King !”
(The Maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground
And clasp'd his knees) “ I do beseech thee, King !
By all the millions that depend on thee,
For weal or woe--consider what thou art,
And know thy duty ! if thou dost oppress
Thy people, if to aggrandize thyself 720
Thou tear'st them from their homes, and send'st
them forth
To slaughter, prodigal of misery !
If when the Widow and the Orphan groan
In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue ; 725
If when thou hear'st of thousands massacred,
Thou sayest, “ I am a King ! and fit it is
That these should perish for me.” If thy realm
Should, thro' the counsels of thy government,
Be filled with woe, and in thy streets be heard 730
The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
Of asking Hunger ; if at such a time
Thou dost behold thy plenty-covered board,

And shroud thee in thy robes of Royalty,
And say that all is well—Oh gracious God ! 735
Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
When the Spirits of the murder'd innocent
Cry at thy throne for justice ! King of France !
Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
And be the Orphan's father ! thus shalt thou 740
Become the Representative of Heaven,
And Gratitude and Love establish thus
Thy reign. Believe me, King ! that hireling guards,
Tho' flesh'd in slaughter, would be weak to fave
A tyrant on the blood-cemented Throne 745
That totters underneath him.” Thus the Maid
Redeem'd her country. Ever may the ALL-JUST
Give to the arms of FREEDOM such success.

F I N I S.

NOTE S.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Note First, p. 3. Line 10.

DUNOIS was wounded in the battle of Herrings, which was the last victory of the English, before the appearance of the Maid of Orleans.

Note Second, p. 5.

Line 53.—*Huc quicquid fetu genuit Natura sinistro
Misceretur. Non spuma canum, quibus unda timori est,
Vifcera non lyncis, non diræ nodus hyænæ
Defuit: infando saturatas carmine frondes.
Et quibus os dirum nascentibus inspuit, herbas
Addidit, et quicquid mundo dedit ifpa veneni
Aspicit astantem projecti corporis umbram,
Exanimes artus, invisaque claustra timentem
Carceris antiqui.* —— *LUCAN, LIB. VI.*

Note Third. p. 8.

Line 128.—HARFLEUR was taken in 1415. The Maid of Orleans first appeared in 1429. This agrees with the account of her age given by Holinshed, who calls her “a yong wench of an eightene years old; of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great hardie, and stout withall; an understander of counsels, though she were not at them; greet semblance of chastitie, both of bodie and behaviour; the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all hir busynesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse daies in the weeke.”

HOLINSHED, 600.

The Englishmen, notwithstanding all the damage that the French could worke against them, forraied the countrie, spoileed the villages, bringing manie a rich preie to the camp before Harfleur. And dailie was the towne assaulted: for the duke of Gloucester, to whome the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approching to the wals with his engins and ordinance, would not suffer them within to take anie rast.

HOLINSHED, 549.

Estouteville was Governor of Harfleur : the place was gallantly defended under him by Guitri Gaucour, and others of the French nobility ; but the garrison was weak, and the fortifications were in bad repair.

Note Fourth, p. 9.

Line 159.—“ Some writing of this yeelding up of Harfleur, doo in like sort make mention of the distresse whereto the people, then expelled out of their habitations were driven : insomuch as parents with their children, yong maids and old folke went out of the towne gates with heavie harts, (God wot) as put to their present shiftis to seek them a new abode.”

HOLINSHED, 550.

This act of despotic barbarity was perpetrated by Henry, that he might people the town with English inhabitants. “ This doth Anglorum prælia report, saieng (not without good ground I believe) as followeth :

Tum flentes tenera cum prole parentes
Virgineusque chorus veterres liquere penates :
Tum populus cunctus de portis Gallicus exit
Mœstus, inarmatus, vacuus, miser æger, inopsque :
Utque novas sedes quærat migrare coactus :
Oppidulo belli potiuntur jure Britanni !”

Note Fifth, p. 18.

Line 421.—Dreadful indeed must have been the miseries of the French from vulgar plunderers, when the manners of the highest classes were marked by hideous grossness and vices that may not be uttered. The following portrait of some of these outrages we give from the notes of Andrew's admirable history of Great Britain. “ Agricola quilibet, sponsam juvenem acquisitus, ac in vicinia alicujus viri nobilis & præpotentis habitans, crudelissime vexabatur. Nempe nonnunquam in ejus domum irruens iste optimas, magnâ comitante caterva, pretium ingens redemptionis exigeret, ac si non protinus solveret colonus, istum miserum in magna arca prostrudens, venustæ ac teneræ uxori suæ (super ipsam arcam prostratæ) vim vir nobilis adferret ; voce exclamans horrenda.” Audine Rustice ! jamjam, super hanc arcam constupratur dilecta tua sponsa, atque peracto hoc scelere nefando relinqueretur (horresco referens) suffocatione expirans maritus, nisi magno pretio sponsa nuper vitiata liberationem ejus redimeret.”

J. DE PARIS.

Let us add to this the detestable history of a great commander under Charles VII. of France, the bastard of Bourbon, who (after having committed the most execrable crimes during a series of years with impunity) was drowned in '441, by the constable Richemont, (a treacherous assassin, but a mirror of justice when compared to his noble contemporaries) on its being proved against him: "Quod super ipsum maritum vi prostratum uxori, frustra repugnanti vim adtuleret."

"Ensuite il avoit fait battre et decouper le mari, tant que c'etoit pitie a voir.

MEM. DE RICHEMONT.

Page 19.

Line 438.—Holinshed says, speaking of the siege of Rouen, "If I should rehearse how deerlie dogs, rats, mice, and cats were sold within the towne, and how greedilie they were by the poore people eaten and devoured, and how the people dai- lie died for fault of food, and yong infants laie sucking in the streets on their mother's breasts, being dead starved for hunger—the reader might lament their extreme miseries."

p. 566.

Note Sixth, ibid.

Line 439.—Harfleur.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Note First, p. 23.

Line 34.—Sir Isaac Newton, at the end of the last edition of his Optics, supposes that a very subtle and elastic fluid, which he calls ether, is diffused through the pores of gross bodies, as well as through the open spaces that are void of gross matter; he supposes it to pierce all bodies, and to touch their least particles, acting on them with a force proportional to their number or to the matter of the body on which it acts. He supposes likewise, that it is rarer in the pores of bodies than in open spaces, and even rarer in small pores and dense bodies, than in large pores and rare bodies; and also that its density increases in receding from gross matter; so, for instance, as to be greater at the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch from the surface of any body, than at its surface; and so on. To the action of this ether he ascribes the attractions of gravitation and cohesion, the attraction and repulsion of electrical bodies, the mutual influences of bodies and light upon each other, the effects and communication of heat, and the performance of animal sensation and motion. David Hartley, from whom this account of ether is chiefly borrowed, makes it the instrument of propa-

gating those vibrations or configurative motions which are ideas. It appears to me, no hypothesis ever involved so many contradictions; for how can the same fluid be both dense and rare in the same body at one time? yet in the Earth as gravitating to the Moon, it must be very rare; and in the Earth as gravitating to the Sun, it must be very dense. For, as Andrew Baxter well observes, it doth not appear sufficient to account how this fluid may act with a force proportional to the body to which another is impelled, to assert that it is rarer in great bodies than in small ones: it must be farther asserted that this fluid is rarer or denser in the same body, whether small or great, according as the body to which that is impelled is itself small or great. But whatever may be the solidity of this objection, the following seems unanswerable:

If every particle through the whole solidity of a heavy body receive its impulse from the particles of this fluid, it should seem that the fluid itself must be as dense as the very densest heavy body, gold for instance; there being as many impinging particles in the one, as there are gravitating particles in the other, which receive their gravitation by being impinged upon: so that, throwing gold or any heavy body upward, against the impulse of this fluid, would be like throwing gold *through* gold; and as this ether must be equally diffused over the whole sphere of its activity, it must be as dense when it impels cork as when it impels gold: so that to throw a piece of cork upward, would be as if we endeavoured to make cork penetrate a medium as dense as gold: and though we were to adopt the extravagant opinions which have been advanced concerning the progression of pores, yet however porous we suppose a body, if it be not all pore, the argument holds equally; the fluid must be as dense as the body, in order to give every particle its impulse.

It has been asserted that Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy leads in its consequences to Atheism: perhaps not without reason. For if matter, by any powers or properties *given* to it, can produce the order of the visible world, and even generate thought; why may it not have possessed such properties by *inherent* right? and where is the necessity of a God? Matter is, according to the mechanic philosophy, capable of acting most wisely and most beneficently, without Wisdom or Benevolence; and what more does the Atheist assert? If matter possess those properties, why might it not have possessed them

from all eternity? Sir Isaac Newton's Deity seems to be alternately operose and indolent; to have delegated so much power as to make it inconceiveable what he can have reserved. He is dethroned by vice-regent second causes.

We seem placed here to acquire a knowledge of *eff. et. s.* Whenever we would pierce into the *Adyta* of Causation, we bewilder ourselves; and all that laborious Conjecture can do, is to fill up the gaps of Imagination. We are restless, because *izvifible* things are not the objects of vision—and philosophical systems, for the most part, are received, not for their Truth, but in proportion as they attribute to Causes as susceptibility of being *seen*, whenever our visual organs shall have become sufficiently powerful.

Note Second, p. 25.

Line 71.—Balda-Zhiok. i. e. mons altudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.

Note Third, *ibid.*

Line 72.—Solfar-Kapper: capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium, quotquot veterum Lapponum superstitione sacrificiis religiosque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs, semimilliaris spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiositatis gratia aliquando me invisiſſe memini, duabus præaltis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat. LEEMIUS DE LAPONIBUS.

Line 75.—The Lapland women carry their infants at their backs in a piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle: opposite the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe through.

Mirandum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui vidisse contigit. Lappones hyeme iter fascientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et invia tēsqua, eo præsertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus obiecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse, lactantem autem infantein, si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in excavato ligno (Gieed'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cutis utuntur, in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatur jacet. LEEMIUS DE LAPONIBUS.

Note Fourth, *ibid.*

Line 96.—Jaibme Aibmo.

Note Fifth, p. 26.

Line 112.—They call the Good Spirit Torngarsück the other great but malignant spirit is a nameless female; she

dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth besets the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician must undertake a journey thither : he passes through the kingdom of souls, over a horrible abyss, into the palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.

See CRANTZ. Hist. of GREENLAND, VOL. I, 206.

Note Sixth, p. 30.

Line 215.—Otus and Ephialtes.

Note Seventh, ibid.

Line 218.—See the Edda, Fab. 24th of the illusions practised upon Thor by Skrymner.

Note Eighth, p. 33.

Line 310.—Revel. vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them ; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their Brethren that should be killed, as they were, should be fulfilled.

Note Ninth, p. 37.

Line 428.—The Slaves in the West-india Islands consider Death as a passport to their native Country.—This Sentiment is thus expressed in the Introduction to a Greek Prize Ode on the Slave-Trade, of which the Ideas are better than the Language or Metre, in which they are conveyed.

Ω σκοτού πυλας, Θανάτε, προλεπτον

Ες γενος σπιεδοις υποβευχθεν Ατα.

Ου ξενισθηση γενιων σπαραγμοις

Οιδ' αλοιγυμα,

Αλλα και χυλοισι χοροιτυποιοις

Κ' ασματων χαρα' φοβερος μεν εσσι,

Αλλ' ομας Ελευθερις συνοικεις,

Στυγη Τυφενν !

Δασκοιοις εχει πτερυγεσσαι σποι.

Α ! βαλασσοιν καθορωντες οιδμος

Αιθεροπλαγτοις υπο ποσο' ανεισι

Πατριδ έπ' αισαν.

Ευθα μαν Ερασαι Ερωμενησιν.

Αμφι πηγησιν κιτρικον υπ' αλοων,

Οσσ' υπο βροτοις επαεινον βροτοι, τα

Δεινος λεγοντι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the gates of Darkness, O Death ! hasten thou to a Race yoked to Misery ! Thou wilt not be received with lacerations of Cheeks, nor with funereal Ululation—but with circling Dances and the joy of Songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwellest with LIBERTY, stern GENIUS ! Borne on thy dark pinions over the swelling of Ocean, they return to their native Country. There, by the side of Fountains beneath Citron Groves, the Lovers tell to their Beloved, what horrors, being MEN, they had endured from MEN ! S. T. C.

Note Tenth, p. 40.

Line 502.—The Maid declared upon her trial, that God loved the Duke of Orleans, and that she had received more revelations concerning him, than any person living, except the King.

RAPIN.

Orleans, during his long captivity, “had learnt to court the fair ladies of England in their native strains.” Among the Harleian MSS. is a collection of “love poems, roundels and songs,” composed by the French Prince during his confinement.

Note Eleventh, p. 41.

Line 533.—According to Holinshed, the English army consisted of only 15,000 men, harassed with a tedious march of a month, in very bad weather, through an enemy’s country, and for the most part sick of a flux. He states the number of the French at 60,000, of whom 10,000 were slain, and 1500 of the higher order taken prisoners. Some historians make the disproportion in numbers still greater. Goodwin says, that among the slain there were one Archbishop, three Dukes, six Earls, ninety Barons, fifteen hundred Knights, and seven thousand Esquires or Gentlemen.

Note Twelfth, ibid.

Line 540.—A company of fugitives, headed by Robert de Bouronville, who had retired by times out of the battle, knowing the English camp was but weakly guarded, pillaged it during the engagement : in consequence of this alarm, Henry ordered the prisoners to be slain, except the most eminent.

Note Thirteenth, p. 42.

Line 577.—Henry judged, that by fomenting the troubles of France, he should procure more certain and lasting advantages, than by means of his arms. The truth is, by pushing the French too vigorously, he ran the risk of uniting them all against him ; in which case, his advantages, probably,

would have been inconsiderable; but by granting them some respite, he gave them opportunity to destroy one another; therefore, contrary to every one's expectation, he laid aside his military affairs for near eighteen months, and betook himself entirely to negociation, which afforded him the prospect of less doubtful advantages.

RAPIN.

Note Fourteenth, p. 43.

Line 606.—“ Yet although the armie was strong without, there lacked not within both hardie capteins and manfull soldiers, and as for people, they had more than inough: for as it is written by some that had good cause to know the truth, and no occasion to erre from the same, there were in the citie at the time of the siege, 210,000 persons. Dailie were issues made out of the citie at diverse gates, sometime to the losse of the one partie and sometimes of the other, as chances of warre in such adventures happen.”

HOLINSHED, 566.

Note Fifteenth, p. 44.

Line 612.—“ The Frenchmen indeed preferring fame before worldlie riches, and despising pleasure, (the enemie to warlike prowestesse) fware ech to other, never to render or deliver the citie, while they might either hold sword in hand or speare in rest.”

HOLINSHED, 566.

Note Sixteenth, ibid.

Line 625.—“ The King of England, advertised of their hautie courages, determined to conquer them by famine, which would not be tamed by weapon. Wherefore he stopped all the passages, both by water and land, that no vittels could be conveied to the citie. He cast trenches round about the walls, and set them full of stakes, and defended them with archers, so that there was left neither waie for them within to issue out, nor for anie that were abroad to enter in without his license.—The King's coofine germane and alie (the King of Portugale) sent a great navie of well-appointed ships unto the mouth of the river of Seine, to stop that no French vessel shoule enter the river and passe up the same, to the aid of them within Rouen.

“ Thus was the faire citie of Rouen compassed about with enemies, both by water and land, having neither comfort nor aid of King, Dauphin, or Duke.”

HOLINSHED, 566.

Note Seventeenth, ibid.

Line 633.—“ After he had prosecuted the siege of this place for some time, the Cardinal Ursino repaired to his camp, and

endeavoured to persuade him to moderate his terms, and agree to an equitable peace; but the King's reply plainly evinced his determination of availing himself of the present situation of public affairs. "Do you not see," said he, "that God has brought me hither, as it were by the hand? The throne of France may be said to be vacant; I have a good title to that crown; the whole kingdom is involved in the utmost disorder and confusion; few are willing, and still fewer are able, to resist me. Can I have a more convincing proof of the interposition of Heaven in my favour, and that the Supreme Ruler of all things has decreed that I should ascend the throne of France?"

HIST. OF ENGLAND, BY HUGH CLARENDON.

Note Eighteenth, p. 45.

Line 646.—Henry, not satisfied with the reduction of Caen, put several of the inhabitants to death, who had signalized their valour in defence of their liberty and property.

H. CLARENDON.

Note Nineteenth, ibid.

Line 659.—After the capture of the city, "Luca Italico, the Vicar Generall of the archbishoprike of Rouen, for denouncing the king accursed was delivered to him, and detained in prison till he died."

HOLINSHED. TITUS LIVIUS.

Note Twentieth, p. 46.

Line 672.—"A great number of poore fillie creatures were put out of the gates, which were by the Englishmen that kept the trenches, beaten and driven back againe to the same gates, which they found closed and shut against them, and so they laie betweene the wals of the citie and the trenches of the enemies, still crieing for help and releefe, for lack whereof great numbers of them dailie died."

HOLINSHED.

Note Twenty-first, ibid.

Line 681.—One of the deputed citizens, "shewing himself more rash than wise, more arrogant than learned, took upon him to shew wherein the glorie of victorie consisted; advising the king not to shew his manhood in famishing a multitude of poore, simple, and innocent people, but rather suffer such miserable wretches as laie betwixt the wals of the citie and the trenches of his siege, to passe through the camp, that theie might get their living in other places; then, if he durst manfullie assault the place, and by force subdue it, he should win both worldlie fame, and merit great meed from the hands of Al-mightie God, for having compassion of the poore, needie and in-

digent people. When this orator had said, the King, with a fierce countenance and bold spirit, reproved them for their malapert presumption, in that they should seeme to go about to teach him what belonged to the dutie of a conqueror, and therefore, since it appeared that the same was unknown to them, he declared that the Goddesse of Battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as Blood, Fire, and Famine, and whereas it laie in his choice to use them all three, he had appointed onelie the meekest maid of those three damsels, to punish them of that citie till they were brought to reason. This answer put the French ambassador in a great studie, musing much at his *excellent wit* and *hawtiness* of courage.”

HOLINSHED.

Note Twenty-second, p. 47.

Line 697.—Roan was betrayed by its Burgundian Governor, Bouthellier. During this siege, fifty thousand men perished through fatigue and the use of unwholesome provisions.

Note Twenty-third, ibid.

Line 702.—Roy d'Angleterre fist coupper la test a Allain Blanchart cappitaine du commun.

MONSTRELLET. FEUILLET, cxcvii.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Note First, p. 50.

Line 29.—Tanneguy du Châtel had saved the life of Charles when Paris was seized by the Burgundians. Lisle Adam, a man noted for ferocity even in that age, was admitted at midnight into the city with eight hundred horse. The partizans of Burgundy were under arms to assist them, and a dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs ensued. Du Châtel, then Governor of the Bastile, being unable to restrain the tumult, ran to the Louvre, and carried away the Dauphin in his shirt, in order to secure him in his fortress.

RAPIN.

Note Second, ibid.

Line 40.—Richemont caused De Giac to be strangled in his bed, and thrown into the Loire, to punish the negligence that had occasioned him to be defeated by an inferior force at Avranches. The constable had laid siege to St. James de Beuvron, a place strongly garrisoned by the English. He had been promised a convoy of money, which De Giac, who had the management of the treasury, purposely detained to mortify the constable. Richemont openly accused the treasurer, and

revenged himself thus violently. After this, he boldly declared, that he would serve in the same manner any person whatsoever, that should endeavour to engross the King's favour. The Camus of Beaulieu accepted De Giac's place, and was, by the constable's means, assassinated in the King's presence.

Note Third, p. 51.

Line 45.—“The Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy had agreed to bury all past quarrels in oblivion, and to enter into strict amity: they swore before the altar the sincerity of their friendship; the priest administered the sacrament to both of them; they gave to each other every pledge which could be deemed sacred among men. But all this solemn preparation was only a cover for the basest treachery, which was deliberately premeditated by the Duke of Burgundy. He procured his rival to be assassinated in the streets of Paris: he endeavoured for some time to conceal the part which he took in the crime; but being detected, he embraced a resolution still more criminal, and more dangerous to society, by openly avowing and justifying it. The parliament itself, of Paris, the tribunal of justice, heard the harangues of the Duke's advocate, in defence of assassination, which he termed tyrannicide; and that assembly, partly influenced by faction, partly overawed by power, pronounced no sentence of condemnation against this detestable doctrine.”——“This murder, and still more the open avowal of the deed, and defence of the doctrine, tended to dissolve all bands of civil society; and even men of honour, who detested the example, might deem it just, on a favourable opportunity, to retaliate upon the author. Burgundy had entered into a secret treaty with the Dauphin, and the two princes agreed to an interview, in order to concert the means of rendering effectual their common attack on the English; but how both or either of them could with safety venture upon this conference, it seemed somewhat difficult to contrive. The Duke, therefore, who neither dared to give, nor could pretend to expect any trust, agreed to all the contrivances for mutual security which were proposed by ministers of the Dauphin. The two princes came to Montceau: the Duke lodged in the castle, the Dauphin in the town, which was divided from the castle by the river Yonne; the bridge between them was chosen for the place of interview; two high rails were drawn across the bridge; the gates on each side were guarded, one by the officers of the Dauphin,

the other by those of the Duke. The princes were to enter into the intermediate space by the opposite gates, accompanied each by ten persons, and with all these marks of dissidence, to conciliate their mutual friendship. But it appeared that no precautions are sufficient where laws have no place, and where all principles of honour are utterly abandoned. Taneguy du Châtel, and others of the Dauphin's retainers, had been zealous partizans of the late Duke of Orleans, and they determined to seize the opportunity of revenging on the assassin the murder of that Prince. They no sooner entered the rails, than they drew their swords, and attacked the Duke of Burgundy. His friends were astonished, and thought not of making any defence; and all of them either shared his fate, or were taken prisoners by the retinue of the Dauphin."

HUME.

Note Fourth, p. 51.

Line 67.—A dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs had taken place, when Lisle Adam entered Paris at midnight, May 18, 1418. This, however, was only a prelude to a much greater commotion in the same city some days after. Upon news of what had passed, the exiles being returned to Paris from all quarters, the massacre was renewed, June the 12th. The constable Armagnac was taken out of prison, murdered, and shamefully dragged through the streets. The Chancellor, several Bishops, and other persons, to the number of two thousand, underwent the same barbarous treatment. Women and children died smothered in dungeons. Many of the nobles were forced to leap from high towers upon the points of spears. The massacre being ended, the Queen and the Duke of Burgundy entered Paris in triumph. MEZERAY. RAPIN.

Note Fifth, p. 53.

Line 114.—Charles, in despair of collecting an army which should dare to approach the enemy's entrenchments, not only gave the city of Orleans for lost, but began to entertain a very dismal prospect with regard to the general state of his affairs. He saw that the country in which he had hitherto, with great difficulty, subsisted, would be laid entirely open to the invasion of a powerful and victorious enemy, and he already entertained thoughts of retiring with the remains of his forces into Languedoc and Dauphiny, and defending himself as long as possible in those remote provinces. But it was fortunate for this good prince that, as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the

women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. MARY of ANJOU, his Queen, a princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure, which she foresaw would discourage all his partizans, and serve as a general signal for deserting a prince, who seemed himself to despair of success. His mistress too, the fair AGNES SOREL, who lived in entire amity with the Queen, seconded all her remonstrances. HUME.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Note First, p. 79.

Line 293.—Thomas Muir.

Note Second, ibid.

Line 294.—Though roused by that dark Vizier, RIOT
rude, &c. COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

Note Third, p. 85.

Line 489.—“ If they who mingled the Cup of Bitterness, drank its contents, we might look with compassion on the wickedness of great men : But alas ! the storm which they raise, “ beats heaviest on the exposed innocent,” and the cottage of the poor man is stripped of every comfort, before the Oppressors, who send forth the mandate of Death, are amerced of *one* Luxury or *one* Vice. If calamities succeed each other in a long series, they deprecate the anger of Heaven by a FAST ; which word (being interpreted) seems to signify—Prayers of Hate to the God of Love, and then a turbot feast to the rich, and their usual scanty meal to the poor, if, indeed, debarred from their usual labour, they can procure even this ! But if the cause be crowned by victory,

“ They o'er the ravaged earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad Hymns of Triumph—Hymns to God,
O'er the destruction of his gracious works,
Hymns to the father o'er his slaughter'd son.”

See CONCIONES AD POPULUM, or Addresses
to the People, by S. T. COLERIDGE.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Note First, p. 88.

Line 38.—The forest of Orleans contains, even now, fourteen thousand acres of various kinds of wood.

Note Second, p. 91.

Line 129.—“To succeed in the siege of Orleans, the English first secured the neighbouring places, which might otherwise have annoyed the besiegers. The months of August and September were spent in this work. During that space they took Mehun, Bangenci, Gergeau, Clery, Sully, Jenville, and some other small towns, and at last appeared before Orleans on the 12th of October.”

RAPIN.

Note Third, p. 94.

Line 193.—“The French King used every expedient to supply the city with a garrison and provisions, and enable it to maintain a long and obstinate siege. The Lord of Gaucour, a brave and experienced captain, was appointed governor. Many officers of distinction threw themselves into the place. The troops which they conducted were inured to war, and were determined to make the most obstinate resistance: and even the inhabitants, disciplined by the long continuance of hostilities, were well qualified, in their own defence, to second the efforts of the most veteran forces. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this scene; where, it was reasonably supposed, the French were to make their last stand for maintaining the independence of their monarchy, and the rights of their sovereign.”

HUME.

Note Fourth, ibid.

Line 208.—“They pulled down all the most considerable buildings in the suburbs, and among the rest twelve churches and several monasteries; that the English might not make use of them in carrying on the siege.”

RAPIN. MONSTRELLET.

Note Fifth, p. 99.

Line 342.—“By the treaty of Troyes, Charles was to remain in quiet possession of royal dignity and revenues. After his death, the crown, with all its rights and dominions, devolved to Henry and his heirs. The imbecility of Charles was so great that he could not appear in public, so that the Queen and Burgundy swore for him.”

RAPIN.

Note Sixth, p. 101.

Line 408.—“The besiegers received succors in the very beginning of the siege; but the Earl of Salisbury, who considered this enterprize as a decisive action, for the King his master, and his own reputation, omitted nothing to deprive the besieged of that advantage. He run up round the city, sixty forts. How great soever this work might be, nothing could divert

him from it, since the success of the siege entirely depended upon it. In vain would he have pursued his attack, if the enemies could continually introduce fresh supplies. Besides, the season, now far advanced, suggested to him, that he would be forced to pass the winter in the camp, and during that time be liable to many insults. Among the sixty forts, there were six much stronger than the rest, upon the six principal avenues of the city. The French could before with ease introduce convoys into the place, and had made frequent use of that advantage. But after these forts were built, it was with extreme difficulty that they could, now and then, give some assistance to the besieged. Upon these six redoubts the general erected batteries, which thundered against the walls."

RAPIN.

Note Seventh, p. 102.

Line 425.—“The bulwark of the Tournelles being much shaken by the besiegers’ cannon, and the besieged thinking it proper to set it on fire, the English extinguished the flames, and lodged themselves in that post. At the same time they became masters of the tower on the bridge, from whence the whole city could be viewed.”

RAPIN.

Note Eighth, p. 103.

Line 476.—Revelations, chap. xix. 17, 18.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

Note First, p. 109.

Line 98.—“It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the conclusion of one of their centuries, the sun and earth would be destroyed. On the last night of every century they extinguished all their fires, covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the sacred fire on the mountain of Huixachtla, was believed an omen of their safety.”

See the HISTORY of MEXICO, by the ABBE CLAVIGERO.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Note First, p. 126.

Line 122.—*Neque enim solis excussa lacertis
Lancea, sed tenso, balistæ turbine rapta,
Haud unum contenta latus transire, quiescit ;
Sed pandens perque arma viam, perque offa, relicta
Morte fugit : superest telo post vulnera cursus.*

LUCAN. III.

Note Second, p. 127.

Line 132.—The bayle or lists was a space on the outside of the ditch, surrounded by strong pallisades, and sometimes by a low embattled wall. In the attack of fortresses, as the range of the machines then in use did not exceed the distance of four stadia, the besiegers did not carry on their approaches by means of trenches, but began their operations above ground, with the attack of the bayle or lists, where many feats of chivalry were performed by the Knights and men at arms, who considered the assault of that work as particularly belonging to them; the weight of their armour preventing them from scaling the walls. As this part was attacked by the Knights and men at arms, it was also defended by those of the same rank in the place, whence many single combats were fought here. This was at the first investing of the place.

GROSE.

Note Third, ibid.

Line 141.—In France, only persons of a certain estate, called *un fief de bauber*, were permitted to wear a hauberk, which was the armour of a Knight. Esquires might only wear a simple coat of mail, without the hood and hose. Had this aristocratic distinction consisted in the ornamental part of the arms alone, it would only have been ridiculous. In the enlightened and free States of Greece, every soldier was well provided with defensive arms. In Rome, a civic wreath was the reward of him who should save the life of a citizen. To use the words of Dr. Gillies, “The miserable peasants of modern Europe are exposed *without defence as without remorse*, by the ambition of men, whom the Greeks would have styled tyrants.”

Note Fourth, ibid.

Line 143.—The burgonet, which represented the shape of the head and features.

Note Fifth, ibid.

Line 149.—Earls and Dukes frequently wore their coronets on the crests of their helmets.

Note Sixth, p. 128.

Line 159.—A breast-plate was sometimes worn under the hauberk.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

Note First, p. 150.

Line 158.—Next the bayle was the ditch, foss, graff, or mote; generally where it could be a wet one, and pretty deep.

The passage over it was by a draw-bridge, covered by an advance work, called a barbican.

GROSE.

Note Second, p. 151.

Line 163.—The pavais, or pavache, was a large shield, or rather a portable mantlet, capable of covering a man from head to foot, and probably of sufficient thickness to resist the missile weapons then in use. These were in sieges carried by servants, whose business it was to cover their masters with them, whilst they, with their bows and arrows, shot at the enemy on the ramparts. As this must have been a service of danger, it was that, perhaps, which made the office of Scutifer honourable. The pavais was rectangular at the bottom, but rounded off above : it was sometimes supported by props.

GROSE.

Note Third, *ibid.*

Line 185.—The cross-bow was for some time laid aside, in obedience to a decree of the second Lateran Council, held in 1139. “*Artem illam mortiferam et Deo odibilem ballistariorum aduersus Christianos et Catholicos exercere de cætero sub anathemate prohibemus.*” This weapon was again introduced into our armies by Richard I. who being slain with a quarrel-shot from one of them, at the siege of the Castle of Chaluz in Normandy, it was considered as a judgment from Heaven, inflicted upon him for his impiety. Guillaume le Bretons, relating the death of this King, puts the following into the mouth of Atropos :

Hac volo, non aliâ Richardum morte perire
Ut qui Francigenis ballistæ primitus usum
Tradidit, ipse sui rem primitus experiatur,
Quenque alios docuit in se vim sentiat artis.

GROSE.

Note Fourth, p. 152.

Line 193.—The fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah was the appointed lesson for our general fast in 1793. The tenor of the chapter is such as almost to prove an ironical intention in whoever selected it. “Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness : ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high. Is it such a fast that I have chosen ? a day for a man to afflict his soul ? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him ? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord ? Is not this the fast that I have chosen ? to loose the

bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and TO LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE, AND THAT YE BREAK EVERY YOKE."

VERSES 4, 5, 6.

Note Fifth, p. 152.

Line 205.—From the trebuchet they discharged many stones at once by a sling. It acted by means of a great weight fastened to the short arm of a lever, which being let fall, raised the end of the long arm with a great velocity. A man is represented kneeling to load one of these in an ivory carving, supposed to be of the age of Edward II.

GROSE.

Note Sixth, *ibid.*

Line 209.—Quarrels, or carreaux, were so called from their heads, which were square pyramids of iron.

Note Seventh, p. 158.

Line 381.—The espringal threw large darts, called Mu-
chette, sometimes winged with bras instead of feathers. These darts were also called Viretons, from their whirling abroad in the air.

Note Eighth, p. 162.

Line 478.—On entering the outer gate, the next part that presented itself was the outer ballium, or bailey, separated from the inner ballium by a strong embattled wall and tow-
ered gate.

Note Ninth, p. 169.

Line 696.—The Parliament, when Henry V. demanded supply, entreated him to seize all the ecclesiastical revenues, and convert them to the use of the crown. The Clergy were alarmed, and Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to divert the blow, by giving occupation to the King, and by persuading him to undertake a war against France.

HUME.

BOOK THE NINTH.

Note First, p. 177.

Line 29.—The Bastille.

Note Second, p. 184.

Line 223.—This thought is taken from GOETHE'S Sorrows of Werter.

Note Third, p. 201.

Line 709.—During the siege of Jerusalem, "the Roman commander, with a generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism, laboured incessantly, and to the very last moment,

to preserve the place. With this view, he again and again entreated the tyrants to surrender and save their lives. With the same view also, after carrying the second wall, the siege was intermitted four days. To rouse their fears, *prisoners, to the number of five hundred, or more, were crucified daily before the walls; till space, Josephus says, was wanting for the crosses, and crosses for the captives.*"

From the Bampton Lectures of RALPH CHURTON.

If any of my readers should inquire why Titus Vespasian, the Delight of Mankind, is placed in such a situation—I answer, for " HIS GENEROUS CLEMENCY, THAT INSEPARABLE ATTENDANT ON TRUE HEROISM !"

Note Fourth, p. 207.

Line 902.—" The grave matron does not perceive how time has impaired her charms, but decks her faded bosom with the same snow-drop that seems to grow on the breast of the Virgin."

P. H.

BOOK THE TENTH.

Note First, p. 218.

Line 265.—" She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy smile." QUARLES.

Note Second, p. 227.

Line 518.—This inscription was upon the sword of Talbot
—" Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos suos."



LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

P ROFESSOR E. Pearson.
Shapleigh, A. M. Samuel.
Bender, A. B. J.

A

Abbot John.
Adams Daniel.
Adams Phineas.
Adams Josiah.
Adams Henry.
Allen James.
Allen Wilkes.

B

Ball John.
Ballard William.
Bartlett William.
Bates Joshua.
Bayley Andrew.
Baylies Francis.
Bean Horatio.
Beede Thomas.
Bigelow Tiler.
Bond, jun. Thomas.
Boutell Timothy.
Brown Bartholomew.
Buckminster Joseph S.
Burnap Gates.
Burnham James.

C

Chandler William.
Clark John.
Cleaveland, jun. Parker.
Codman, jun. John.
Crocker Samuel M.
Cummings Jacob Abbot.

D

Dana Edward.
Dawes, tert. Thomas.
Dix John.

E
Elliot James H.
Everett James.

F

Fales Nathaniel.
Faulkner Luther.
Fiske Timothy.
Forrester John.
Frothingham William.

G

Gates Isaac.
Gorham John.
Green Charles William.

H

Hale Stephen.
Harris John.
 Haskell Abraham.
 Haskell Nathan L.
 Hastings, jun. Walter.
 Hitchborn Benjamin.
 Hodge Michael.
 Holbrook Abiel.

J

Jarvis Leonard, 2
Jewett James.

K

Kent Moody.
Kimball Daniel.
Knapp Jacob N.
Knapp John.

L

Lawrence Luther.
Lee Francis L.
Lincoln, jun. Levi.
Longley George.
Lord, A. B. Nathaniel, 2
Lowell Charles.

M

Manz Elias.
Mansfield Joseph.
Minott William.
Mitchell Afa.
Morse, A. B. Leonard.
Morse James.

N

Newman Henry.
Nurse Peter.

P

Paine, jun. William.
Parker Samuel D.
Parsons Obadiah.
Parsons Charles Chauncey.
Peirce Benjamin.
Perham Benoni.
Phinney Elias.
Pickering, jun. Timothy.
Pilsbury John N.
Pipon, A. M. John.
Porter Moses.
Pratt Ezekiel.
Prescott Samuel.

A

Abbot William, Amherst.
Adams Eli, Dublin, N. H.
Adams Ashur, Boston.
Atherton Abel W. Lancaster.
Avery, jun. John, Boston.
Austin William, Charlestown.
Ayers Nathaniel, Boston.

B

Baldwin Jedediah, Hanover.
Bass William, Boston.
Bates, jun. Daniel, Boston.
Belding W. C. Swansey.
Binney Horace, Philadelphia.
Blake, Esq. George, Boston.
Blake, Esq. Joseph, do.
Blanchard Wm. Wilmington.
Bowdoin Hon. James, Boston.

Prince, jun. John.
Putnam Henry.

R

Rice Charles.
Rockwood Ebenezer.
Rogers Robert.
Rogers Abner.

S

Saltonstall Leverett.
Sawyer, A. B. Artemas, 3.
Scale Abraham.
Sheaffe John M.
Spaulding Matthias.
Sprague Samuel J.
Swett Samuel.

T

Tappan Enoch.
Tibbets Samuel.
Tilden James.
Titcomb William.

W

Warren Joseph.
Watson Marston B.
Welles Benjamin.
Williams Nathaniel.

Boston,

Bradford Joseph N. do.
Brinley Robert, do.
Brown, M. B. Samuel, do.
Brown, Mrs. Avis, Providence.
Bulfinch Samuel, Boston.
Burley Thomas, do.
Burril George R. Providence.

C

Carter James, Boston.
Clement, jun. Thomas, Boston.
Cochran William, do.
Coe John, do.
Cooper Judge Samuel, do.
Cutler Charles, do.

D

Dana, jun. Francis, Cambr. 2.
Danforth Dr. Thomas, Boston.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

157

Davis, Esq. Isaac P.	Boston.	L	Lane Otis, Cambridge.
Davis, Esq. John,	do.		Linley Francis, Boston.
Davis Charles,	do.	M	Lyman, Dartmouth College.
Dean George, Salem.			
Deforest John H. Newfield, C.			
DeQuittance Joseph, Provid.			
Dexter, jun. Esq. Samuel, Charl.			
Dolliver, jun. Peter,	do.		
Dow Weare, Boston.			
Dows Thomas,	do.		
Dunham Josiah, Hanover, N.H.			
E			
Eckley Rev. Joseph, Boston.			
Edes Edward, Boston,	4		
Elliot Gen. Simon, Boston,	2	N	Newell Andrew, Boston.
Elliot James, Brattleboro' V.			Norman William, do.
Ellison James, Boston.		O	
Emerson Joseph, Framingh.	3		Orr Benjamin, Keene, N. H.
F		P	
Fay Samuel, Pref. Concord,	2		Paine Thomas, A. M. Boston.
Frothingham John, Portland.			Parker John R.
G			do.
Gair Joseph, Boston.			Parfons Gorham, Esq.
Gardner, Esq. John, Milton.			do.
Geyer John W. Boston,	2		Perkins Samuel G. Boston.
Gibbs Miss, Newport,	2		Perkins Thomas H. Boston.
Gilman Tristram, Dartm. C.			Perkins Cyrus, Dartm. Coll.
H			Phillips Jonathan, Boston,
Hagger Jonas, Boston.			Plant Samuel,
Haskins Thomas, do.		R	do.
Hafwell Robert, do.			Rand Dr. Isaac. jun. Boston.
Hedge Abraham, Hanover.			Renaud Anthony.
Higginson, jun. Stephen, Bost.			Rice, Esq. Merrick, Lancaster.
Hodgkinson John,	do.		Rice Major John, Boston.
Hopkins, J. D.	do.		Richards Joseph,
Hunt, jun. Samuel,	do.		do.
Hunt Frederick, Dart. Col.			Russell, Major Benj. do.
J			Russell, Esq. J. M. Charlesto.
Jackson, Esq. Edward, Boston.			6
K			Russell John, Boston.
Kidder, Esq. John, Boston.		S	
Kirkland, Rev. J. T. do.			Salisbury Josiah, Boston.
			Sargent Henry,
			do.
			Seaver Peter S. Savannah.
			2.
			Selridge, A. M. T. Oliver,
			Boston.

Shaw William S. Quincy.	Thayer D. Boston.
Shore John, Providence.	Tudor William, jun. Boston.
Simonds, jun. Joseph, Lexington.	W
Smith Nathaniel, Boston.	Walter Rev. William, Bost. 4
Smith William, Fayetteville. 4	Walter Arthur, do.
Sohier J. B. Boston.	Warren John C. do.
Soley John, Charlestown.	Watson George, do.
Spaulding Lyman, A. M. Windsor, Vermont.	Wayne Caleb P. do.
Stillman Samuel, Boston.	Webster Redford, do.
Stimson Jeremiah, do.	Welch Francis, do.
Storrou Thomas W. do.	Wheelwright, jun. Job. do.
Sullivan William, do.	White Jonathan, do.
Sullivan Richard, do.	Whitwell Benj. Augusta, District of Maine.
T	Winflow, Major Isaac, Boston.
Temple John Greenville, Esq.	Winflow Joshua, do.
Thatcher, jun. Peter, Boston.	Winthrop, Esq. Thomas, do.

THE Editor of JOAN OF ARC has received a late Volume, by the same Author. Several Gentlemen, on whose accuracy of taste he has ample reason to rely, having expressed, as they were pleased to term it, an irresistible desire of possessing these Poems, he hereby proposes to publish them,—the volume to be delivered to subscribers, bound in boards and lettered, for Fifty Cents.

REVIEW OF SOUTHEY's POEMS, VOL. 22D. PAGE 297.

NO one who possesses a true relish for poetry, we conceive, will open with indifference a volume by the author of "Joan of Arc." He will, perhaps, be prepared to expect somewhat of negligence and inequality, but he will certainly look for examples of that vivid force of imagination, and that warm colouring of expression, which essentially distinguish the Poet from the artificial measurer of syllables.

The volume begins with a piece of some length, entitled *the Triumph of Woman*, built on the story of the poetical prize offered by Darius, as related in the first book of Esdras. It is an elegant and pleasing composition. The joyous affections do not appear to be those that are most congenial to the writer's mind.

Some *Poems on the Slave Trade* follow, consisting of sonnets, and an address to the Genius of Africa. One of the sonnets we shall copy. It will prove that the author's feelings are sufficiently alive!

'Oh he is worn with toil! the big drops run
Down his dark cheek; hold—hold thy merciless hand,
Pale tyrant! for beneath thy hard command
O'erwearied Nature sinks. The scorching Sun,
As pitiless as proud Prosperity,
Darts on him his full beams; gasping he lies
Arraigning with his locks the patient skies,
While that inhuman trader lifts on high
The mangling scourge. Oh ye who at your ease
Sip the blood-sweeten'd beverage! thoughts like these
Haply ye scorn: I thank thee, gracious God!
That I do feel upon my cheek the glow
Of indignation, when beneath the rod
A fable brother writhes in silent woe.'

Passing over some small pieces, we come next to *Inscriptions*, in the manner of Akenside. Some of these are sentimental, some chiefly descriptive, though pointed with a moral. One of the latter, *for a tablet on the banks of a stream*, strikes us as peculiarly beautiful.

'Stranger! awhile upon this mossy bank
Recline thee. If the Sun rides high, the breeze,
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound
Of running waters soothe thee. Mark how clear
It sparkles o'er the shallows, and behold
Where o'er its surface wheels with restless speed
Yon glossy insect, on the sand below
How the swift shadow flies. The stream is pure
In solitude, and many a healthful herb
Bends o'er its course and drinks the vital wave:
But passing on amid the haunts of man,
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted tide. Seek'st thou for HAPPINESS?
Go stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of INNOCENCE, and thou shalt find her there."

We shall proceed to a theme perfectly novel, the *Botany-bay Eclogues*. The sort of music, which the touch of genius can draw from this wild instrument, will appear from the

following specimen;—which we presume, will move some concordant string in every feeling heart:

‘ Time, Morning. Scene, the shore.*

‘ Once more to daily toil—once more to wear
 The weeds of infamy—from every joy
 The heart can feel excluded, I arise
 Worn out and faint with unremitting woe;
 And once again with wearied steps I trace
 The hollow-sounding shore. The swelling waves
 Gleam to the morning sun, and dazzle o'er
 With many a splendid hue the breezy strand.
 Oh there was once a time when ELINOR
 Gazed on thy opening beam with joyous eye
 Undimm'd by guilt and grief! when her full soul
 Felt thy mild radiance, and the rising day
 Waked but to pleasure! on thy sea-girt verge
 Oft England! have my evening steps stole on,
 Oft have mine eyes surveyed the blue expanse,
 And mark'd the wild wind swell the ruffled surge,
 And seen the upheaved billow's bosomed rage
 Rush on the rock; and then my timid soul
 Shrunk at the perils of the boundless deep,
 And heaved a sigh for suffering mariners.
 Ah! little deeming I myself was doom'd
 To tempt the perils of the boundless deep,
 An Outcast—unbeloved and unhewail'd.
 ‘ Why stern Remembrance! must thine iron hand
 Harrow my soul? why calls thy cruel power
 The fields of England to my exil'd eyes,
 The joys which once were mine? even now I see
 The lowly lovely dwelling! even now
 Behold the woodbine clasping its white walls
 And hear the fearless red-breasts chirp around
 To ask their morning meal:—for I was wont
 With friendly hand to give their morning meal,
 Was wont to love their song, when lingering morn
 Streak'd o'er the chilly landskip the dim light,
 And thro' the open'd lattice hung my head
 To view the snow-drop's bud: and thence at eve
 When mildly fading sunk the summer sun,
 Oft have I loved to mark the rook's slow course

* ‘The female convicts are frequently employed in collecting shells for the purpose of making lime.’

And hear his hollow croak, what time he sought
 The church-yard elm, whose wide-embowering boughs
 Full foilaged, half conceal'd the house of God.
 There, my dead father ! often have I heard
 Thy hallowed voice explain the wonderous works
 Of Heaven to sinful man. Ah ! little deem'd
 Thy virtuous bosom, that thy shameless child
 So soon should spurn the lesson ! sink the slave
 Of Vice and Infamy ! the hireling prey
 Of brutal appetite ! at length worn out
 With famine, and the avenging scourge of guilt,
 Should dare dishonesty—yet dread to die !

‘ Welcome, ye savage lands, ye barbarous climes,
 Where angry England sends her outcast sons—
 I hail your joyless shores ! my weary bark
 Long tempest-tost on Life's inclement sea,
 Here hails her haven ! welcomes the drear scene,
 The marshy plain, the briar-entangled wood,
 And all the perils of a world unknown.
 For Elinor has nothing new to fear
 From fickle Fortune ! all her rankling shafts
 Barb'd with disgrace, and venom'd with disease,
 Have pierced my bosom, and the dart of death
 Has lost its terrors to a wretch like me.

‘ Welcome, ye marshy heaths ! ye pathless woods,
 Where the rude native rests his weary frame
 Beneath the sheltering shade ; where, when the storm,
 As rough and bleak it rolls along the sky,
 Benumbs his naked limbs, he flies to seek
 The dripping shelter. Welcome ye wild plains
 Unbroken by the plough, underv'd by hand
 Of patient rustic ; where for lowing herds,
 And for the music of the bleating flocks,
 Alone is heard the kangaroo's sad note
 Deepening in distance. Welcome ye rude climes,
 The realm of Nature ! for as yet unknown
 The crimes and comforts of luxurious life,
 Nature benignly gives to all enough,
 Denies to all a superfluity.
 What tho' the garb of infamy I wear,
 Tho' day by day along the echoing beech
 I cull the wave-worn shells, yet day by day
 I earn in honesty my frugal food,
 And lay me down at night to calm repose.

No more condemn'd the mercenary tool
 Of brutal lust, while heaves the indignant heart
 With Virtue's stifled sigh, to fold my arms
 Round the rank felon; and for daily bread
 To hug contagion to my poison'd breast;
 On these wild shores Repentance' favour hand
 Shall probe my secret soul, shall cleanse its wounds
 And fit the faithful penitents for Heaven.'

The two subsequent eclogues are more in the humorous strain: but the last, entitled *Frederick*, is exquisite and sublime misery.

We think it superfluous to particularize all the remaining pieces, sonnets, odes, elegies, ballads, &c. on various topics, but mostly pensive or fanciful; scarcely any of them without strokes of pathos and warm touches of description, some of them irresistibly moving, and some strikingly picturesque. The volume concludes with a *Hymn to the Penates*, which, though less poetical than Akenside's *Hymn to the Naiads*, (whence the idea was obviously taken) is more interesting to the heart, by pictures of life and feeling. The following passage will perhaps account for a cast of sentiment, which throws a sombre hue over most of the productions of this writer:

' Hear me, ye POWERS benignant! there is one
 Must be mine inmate—for I may not chuse
 But love him. He is one whom many wrongs
 Have ficken'd of the world. There was a time
 When he would weep to hear of wickedness
 And wonder at the tale; when for the oppressor
 He felt a brother's pity, to the oppressor
 A good man's honest anger. His quick eye
 Betray'd each rising feeling, every thought
 Leapt to his tongue. When first among mankind
 He mingled, by himself he judged of them,
 And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom deaf,
 And took them to his bosom. FALSEHOOD met
 Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,
 And lovely as *Apega's sculptured form,
 Like that false image caught his warm embrace
 And gored his open breast. The reptile race

* One of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabis. If one of his subjects refused to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apega; the statue of a beautiful woman, so formed as to clasp the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.'

Clung round his bosom, and with viper folds
 Encircling, stung the fool who fostered them.
 His mother was SIMPLICITY, his fire
 BENEVOLENCE; in earlier days he bore
 His father's name; the world who injured him
 Call him MISANTHROPY. I may not chuse
 But love him, HOUSEHOLD GODS! for we were nurst
 In the same school.'

It can scarcely be necessary for us, after the quotations which we have made, and the general view that we have given, formally to recommend this volume to the notice of our poetical readers, and its author to their esteem. Genius is a despotic power, and irresistibly commands homage.

Monthly Review.

 This volume, which costs in England 5s. Sterling, will be printed in the form of JOAN OF ARC, and delivered to subscribers, bound in boards and lettered, for FIFTY CENTS.

The Editor observes, that the two works, viz. Joan of Arc and these Poems, which cannot be purchased together in London, in boards, for less than 26s. are here offered for One Dollar 37½ Gents, elegantly executed.

JOSEPH NANCREDE

Has received, by the last vessels from London, a fresh assortment of new and, in other respects, valuable Publications, which, added to the stock of Books already on hand, forms a collection of upwards of twenty thousand volumes, principally English, in the various branches of Science, and ancient and modern Literature. As great pains and much time were bestowed on the choice, it is hoped it will be found as judicious and as interesting as any in the United States. In THEOLOGY, LAW, POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, HISTORY and VOYAGES, particular attention has been paid to selecting all that is rare and valuable in the English language; all new works and scarce tracts, many of which were never seen before in America, are comprised in this assortment.

Gentlemen of Science and of taste in general:—Young gentlemen intended for the superior departments of commercial life, or the learned professions, have now an opportunity of completing or of forming their libraries, from the latest and best editions of the best works, and on the most reasonable terms.

The Monthly Review, Critical Review, New Annual Register, European Magazine, Medical Review, and Annals of Medicine are regularly imported, and may be had at the above Store. All other Books of any magnitude or amount, imported on the shortest notice, and on the most moderate commission.

The following are among his last importation.

BELOE's Aulus Gellius, 3 vols. 8vo. *New.*

— Herodotus, 4 vols. 8vo.

— Miscellanies, 3 vols. 12mo.

Nicholson's Chemical Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to.

Hartley on Man, with notes, 3 vols. 8vo.

— abridged by Priestley, 8vo.

Kaim's Historical Law Tracts, 8vo.

— Sketches of the History of Man, 4 vols. 8vo.

Salmon's Stemmatum Latinitatis, 2 vols. large 8vo. *A — new work of great merit.*

Buffon's Natural History, 18 vols. 8vo.

abridged, 2 vols.

Tillotson's Works, 12 vols. 8vo.

Lardner's Sermons, 11 vols. 8vo.

Jortin's Sermons, 7 vols. 8vo.

History of France, 3d and 4th vols. 8vo.

of Spain, 3 vols. 8vo.

Clayton's History of the House of Medici, 2 vols. 4to.

Knox's British Empire, 2 vols. 8vo.

Melmoth's Translation of Cicero, 3 vols. 8vo. *A complete and elegant translation.*

Shakespeare, 7 vols. 8vo. *An edition of 1798, complete with a Glossary.* *This is the last and best edition.*

ELEGANT EDITIONS OF Milton's Paradise Lost.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Thomson's Seasons.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Hervey's Meditations.

Bibles, 8vo. and 12mo.

Virgil, } Wakefield's edit.

Horace,

Quintillian, by Rollin.

Harding's Prayer Book.

Telemachus, 4to.

Goldsmit, 7 vols.

Edwy and Edilda. *A pastoral*

[tale.]

Terry's Voyages.

Winterbotham's China, 8vo.

Dictionary of Surgery, 18vo.

Adams's Universal History, 3 vols. 8vo. *A la: and well received work.*

Watson's Gazetteer. *New.*

Salmon's do.

Malham's Navigation. *Author of Naval Gazetteer.*

History of Athens, 4to.

Darton's Testaments. *Elegant large print.*

Monthly Magazine.

Monthly Review.

Sporting Magazine; complete.

Duke of Berwick.—*For military men.*

Butterworth on Religion.

— on Government.

Adventurer, 4 vols. 12mo.

Addison's Works, 3 vols. 12mo.

Anatomical Dialogues. *Useful for Students.*

Anson's Voyages, 12mo.

Henry's History of Great-Britain. *Classical men praise this work highly.*

Spallanzani's Voyage through Sicily.

Simson's Euclid, 8vo.

Sale's Korân, 2 vols. 8vo.

Reid's Essays, 2 vols. 8vo.

Paley's Horæ Paulinæ, 8vo.

Paufanias's Greece, 3 vols. 8vo.

Protestant Preacher, 2 vols. 8vo.

New Eloisa, by J. J. Rousseau, 3 and 4 vols.

Emilius and Sophia, 4 vols.

Social Compact.

Sturm's Reflections, 3 vols. 12mo.

Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works, 5 vols. 8vo.

Ladies' Library. *Useful and cheap.*

Modern Europe, 5 vols. 8vo.

Robertson's America, 3 and 4 vols. 8vo.

— History of Charles V. 3 vols. 8vo.

Roland's Appeal, 2 vols. *Second Edition.*

Saurin's Sermons, 6 vols. 8vo.

Stewart's Philosophy, 1 vol. 8vo.

Thomson's Life of Suetonius.

Murphy's Tacitus, 4 vols. 4to. and 8vo. with maps.

Anacharsis's Travels, 8vo.

- Chronologist of the War, 12mo.
Smith's Wealth of Nations, 3 vols. 8vo. and 12mo.
Elements of Morality, 3 vols. 12mo.
Letters from Scandinavia, 2 vols. 8vo.
Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, 6 vols. 8vo.
Maury on Eloquence, 8vo.
Montague on Republics, 8vo.
Phillips on Inland Navigation, 4to.
Bruce's Travels, 5 vols. 4to.

abridged, 1 vol. 12mo. *Just published.*
Rollin's Ancient History, 8 vols. 8vo.
New Edition of the British Encyclopedia, 3 vols. folio.
Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon, 4to.

Greek do. 4to.
Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, 4 vols. 12mo. *New Edition.*

Greece, 2 vols. 8vo.
Life of Chatham, 3 vols. 8vo.
Varieties of Literature, 2 vols. 8vo.
Wolstoncraft's Tour through Sweden, &c.
Church of St. Siffrid. *A new novel.*
Swift's Works, 27 vols. and 18 vols.
Theatre of Education, by Madame Genlis, 4 vols. 12mo.
The Nun, by Diderot. } *These two posthumous works*
James the Fatalist, by do. } *of Diderot were presented*
to the first National Assembly, by Prince Henry of Prussia.
Ash's Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo.
Adams on the Globe, 8vo.

on the Microscopes, 4to.

's Geometrical Essays, 8vo.
Barclay's Dictionary, 8vo.
Brown's Dictionary of the Bible.
Chaptal's Chemistry, 3 vols. 8vo.
Watson's Theological Tracts, 6 vols. 8vo.
History of the New World.
Bisset on Democracy. *Late.* —

Ulloa's Voyages, 2 vols. 8vo.

Pyle's Paraphrase.

Letters of a Hindoo Rajah. *Late.*

Vanillo Gonzales, by the author of Gil Blas.

Voltaire's Universal History, complete.

Preston on Masonry.

Memoirs of Sully, 6 vols. 12mo.

— of Cardinal de Retz, 4 vols. 12mo.

Marmontel's New Moral Tales, 3 vols. 12mo.

Millot's History of England, 4 vols. 12mo.

Life of George Ann Bellamy, 5 vols. 12mo.

House of Brandenburgh, 2 vols. 12mo.

Hermit of Caucasus, a novel, 2 vols. 12mo.

Ganganelli's Letters, 3 vols. 12mo.

Gazetteer of France.

— of the Netherlands.

Dryden's Virgil, 4 vols. 12mo.

Cibber's Works, 5 vols.

Lillo's Works, 2 vols.

Hume's History of England, 8 vols. 8vo. English edition.

Winterbotham's View of America.

Dow's History of Hindostan, 3 vols. 8vo.

Address to a young Lady on her Entrance into the World, 2 vols. 8vo.

Bonnet on Christianity, 8vo.

Beauties of the Spectator.

Brown's Classical Dictionary : a late publication.

Beaume's Manual of Chemistry, 12mo. very useful.

Chénier's Present State of Morocco, 2 vols. 12mo.

Evans's Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World.

Florian's new Tales, 12mo. a new edition, elegant.

Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, composed by himself. 2 vols. 4to. elegant.

Gisborne's Duties of Women, 8vo. strongly recommended.

Old Maids, 3 vols. 8vo. By a Friend to the Sisterhood.

Mr. Hayley, one of the most elegant writers and poets in England, has drawn from a BARREN SUBJECT, a fruitful and entertaining treatise—on the situation and treatment of old maids—on the envy and ill-nature of old maids—on the particular good qualities of old maids ---on the reverence paid to old maids, by our northern ancestors---on the infinite increase of old maids, after the Christian era.

Godwin's Enquirer; principally on Education. This work went through several editions in the course of a few months in England.

Grotius, English, 3 vols. 8vo.

Geographical Dictionary, 18mo. A neat edition.

Grieve's History of Kamtschatka, 4to. Very scarce and valuable.

Gallatin's Sketch of the Finances of the United States, 8vo.

Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to.

Hume's Dialogues on Natural Religion.

Hunter's Observations on the Life of Christ, 2 vols. 12mo.

History of France abridged, 12mo.

India Trader's Pocket Companion, 8vo. half bound.

Italian Monk, a play, by James Boaden.

Illustrations of the Prophecies, by J. Towers, 2 vols. 8vo. Late.

James's Selections from Sillery, (*Madame Genlis.*)

Knave or Not; a new comedy, by Holcroft.

Lesslep's Travels in Kamtschatka during the Years 1789 and 1790, 2 vols. Late and well received.

Latimer's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo.

Lempriere's Tour, 8vo.

Classical Dictionary.

Milns's Well-Bred Scholar, 8vo.

Studies of Nature, 8vo. with plates.

- Martin's Rousseau's Botany, 8vo. *A beautiful thing.*
- Mickle's Lusiad, by Camouens, 4to.
- Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, 8vo.
- Meare's Voyage, 2 vols. 8vo. *Late.*
- Napleton's Advice to a Student at the University.
- Ossian's Poems, 2 vols. 8vo. *Late.*
- Onanism, by Tiffot, 12mo.
- Perry's elegant English Dictionary, 12mo.
- Pindar's Works, 4 vols. 8vo. *Uncommonly elegant.*
- Pye's Sketches, moral, literary and political. *An elegant performance,* 8vo.
- Prideaux's Life of Mahomet, 8vo.
- Potter's Euripides, 2 vols. 4to. *Elegant.*
- Playfair's Commercial and Political Atlas, which represents at a single view, by means of copper-plate charts, the most important Public Accounts, Revenues, Expenditures, Debts and Commerce of England. By William Playfair. To which is added, Charts of the Revenues, and Debts of Ireland, done in the same manner, by James Corry, Esq. A new edition, improved. Illustrated with forty copper-plates, 4to. boards.
- Rochon's Voyage to Madagascar, 8vo.
- Religion of Nature, by Woolaston, 4to.
- Roman Conversation, 2 vols. 8vo.
- Sketches of the Hindoos; chiefly relating to the history, religion, learning and manners of the Hindoos, with a concise account of the present state of the natives of Hindostan. The second edition enlarged, in two volumes.
- Selections from the French Anas, 2 vols. 12mo.
- Spelman's Translation of Xenophon, 8vo.
- Seally's Geographical Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to. half bound.
- Sheldon on the Absorbents, 4to.
- Savary's Greece and Egypt. A new edition.
- Townson's Travels in Hungary, with an Account of Vienna in 1793, 4to.
- Ulysses' Travels through Naples, 8vo.

t
-
n
,